



★ PHOTOPLAY

25¢

JULY

WHY WE ROOSEVELTS ARE MOVIE FANS By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
HOW TO HAVE A STAR'S FUN ON YOUR INCOME By MARJORIE HILLIS
Madeleine Carroll Leads Photoplay's Brilliant Summer Fashion Parade—See Page 53



FRANCES DRAKE
Columbia Pictures

"My favorite...luscious Form-a-Lur with a bright bodice top tapered to a slim waist."



MARY ASTOR
Columbia Pictures

"Slenderizing design and classic simplicity make this pastel suit my choice." Notice the attractive braid trim.



ANNE SHIRLEY
RKO Player

"This is my darling," lovely Anne Shirley says. "Skin-smooth in fit with an unusual weave that looks hand crocheted."



MARY CARLISLE
Paramount Player

"This is my suit," says Miss Carlisle. "Its gorgeous crinkly texture clings so modestly to curves. Grand for action."



BETTY GRABLE
Paramount Player

"I love this bright-as-the-Tropics style with gay colors embroidered on shining satin," Miss Grable says.



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Form-a-Lur

EVEN IN ACTION

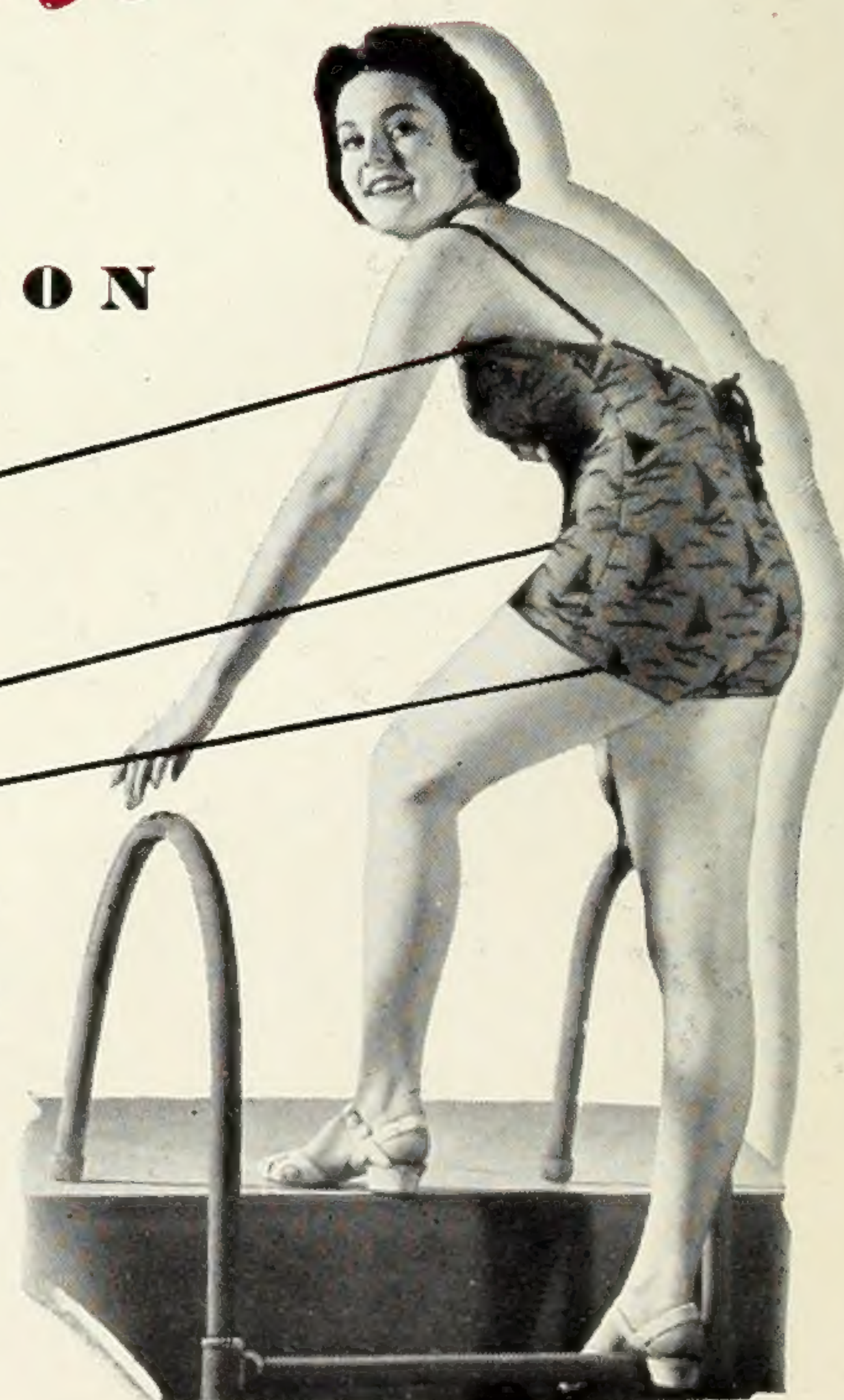
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CAN'T WRINKLE

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Form-a-Lur clings like another skin! Bend, stretch, play . . . there's no slipping or sliding . . . no ugly wrinkles even when wet . . . no binding at legs or arms! It's utterly new streamline beauty.



The New 1938

Bradley

SWIM SUITS

The Rise and Fall of Lilly Jones

World Tribune

DECEMBER 12, 1915

SOCIETY



Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue, announce the birth of a daughter, Lilly, at the Harbonage Hospital, on May 1st.

June 1897

Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue gave a cocktail party last night at the Waldorf for their lovely debutante daughter, Lilly, who is home from Miss Genches School for the holidays. Among the guests were: Mr. Talcott, Talcott, II.

Dec. 1915

Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, announce the engagement of their debutante daughter, Miss Lilly Jones, to Mr. Talcott Talcott, II, son of Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Talcott of 9000 Park Ave.

May 1916

Newport, R. I. Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue, New York City, today denied the rumor that the engagement of her daughter, Lilly, to Talcott Talcott, II, heir apparent to the sodawater fortune, had been broken. "There is nothing to it," said Mrs. Jones, on the veranda to her lovely estate, "The Pines." "I am sure that both my daughter and Mr. Talcott would also deny it if they could be reached. Unfortunately my daughter is enroute to Europe, and Mr. Talcott, I believe, is off on a yachting trip."

Town Topics. Hi de ho and ho di hum—what little debby missed out on a lot of bucks and a walk up the aisle with a biggy, just because she wasn't quite fastidious enough?

June 1916

Lilly Jones, lovely debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue, who has just returned from abroad, will be among the flower girls at the League for Service Ball to be held next Thursday.

Sept. 1916

Lilly Jones, charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, has organized the Junior Guild of Service Knitters. Their entire output will go to needy service men in nearby camps.

Sept. 1917

Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones announce the engagement of their daughter, Lilly, to Ensign Jasper Chubb, U.S.N. Mr. Chubb is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Chubb, of Sandblast, Nebr.

Nov. 1917

Tenants

Wiley M. public sent assessor that his to the downtown

said, 1000 as "not present asked give him as possible estimate and be informed opriated.

sads also Binniger's on that unties be pro-the tunnel. and con-in every of of ants they to be made lief Bu-ns both r them moving then

Town Topics. A little birdie whispered to me that all is not as merry as a marriage bell between a certain mellowing Park Avenue belle and her brave sailor-boy (in the commissary department), the latter having sailed overseas with the engagement ring back in his pocket.

Jan. 1918

Lilly Jones entertained for the Friends of Ancient Art at the Fortnight Club, last evening.

Feb. 1922

Lilly Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue, will open an interior decorating shop in the East 50s on or about May 1st. Miss Jones' shop will be known as "Interiors Entime" and will specialize in modern interiors. Miss Jones has just returned from the interior of the Continent where she studied Bulgarian fabrics and color schemes.

March 1925

Exquisite furnishings and objects d'art will be at auction in the Banderson Galleries on June 1st. Among the objects on display will be practically the entire interior of the "Interiors Entime" shop of Miss Lilly Jones.

May 1926

Town Topics. Three times and out. What plump society woman missed out on one husband, then another, and then on business—and all for the same reason?

July 1926

The animal world has no stouter champion and defender than Lilly Jones, well-known New York society woman. Always an animal lover, Miss Jones has transformed part of her Westchester estate into a haven for homeless cats.

Sept. 1930

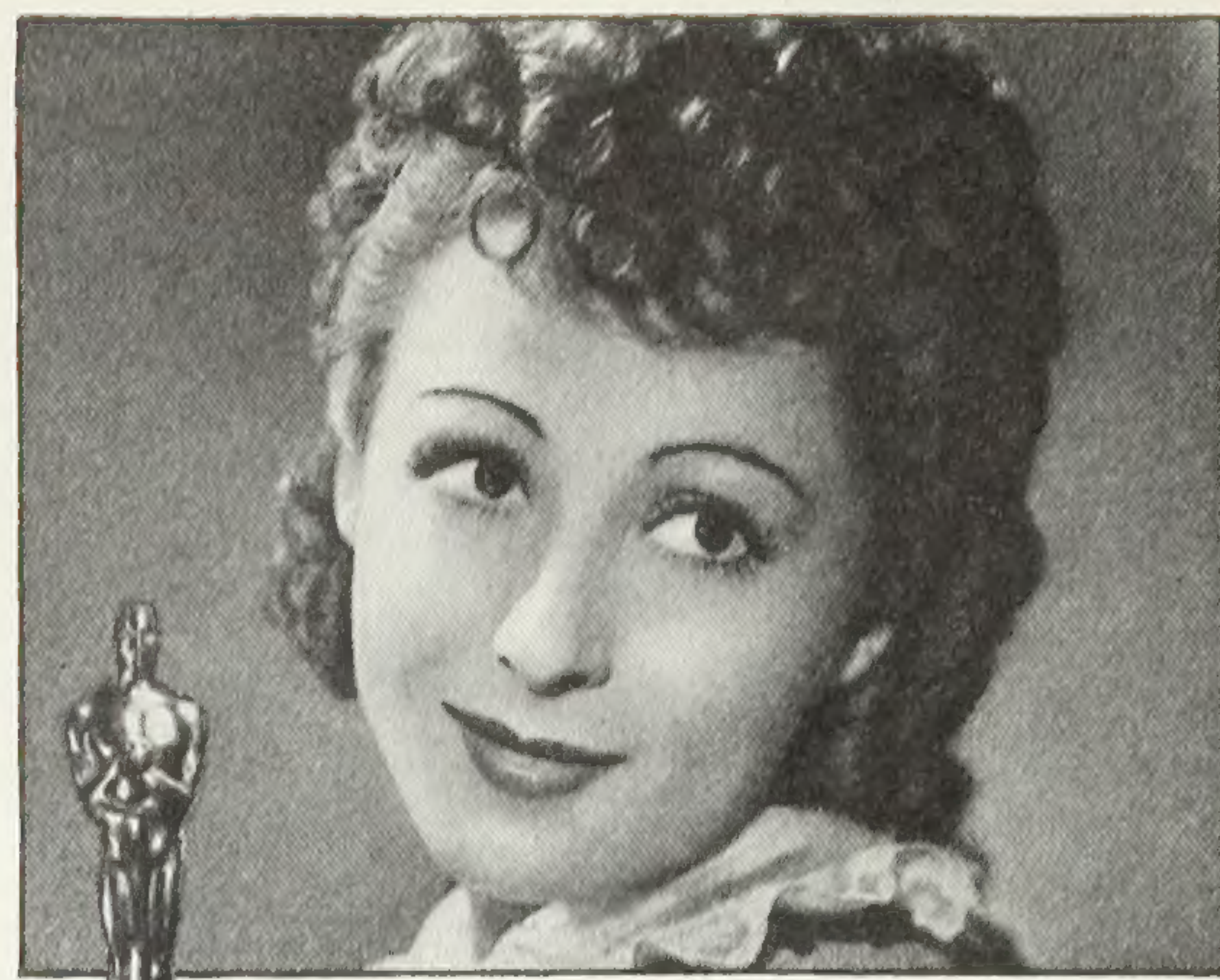
"I've planned such a venture ever since the war," said Miss Jones. "It gives me great pleasure to provide comfort and food, at Rest Haven, for any homeless cat no matter how mangy."

Lilly Jones will address the Ebelle Club Saturday. Her subject will be "Tombstones—Their Charm and Antiquity."

May 1937

● In social or business life, there is no fault more damning than halitosis (unpleasant breath). It is usually due to food fermentation in the mouth. Everyone offends at some time or other—needlessly, too, because all that is needed to halt fermentation and put the breath beyond suspicion is Listerine Antiseptic, used as mouth wash or gargle.

LISTERINE for HALITOSIS (bad breath)



**TWO YEARS IN A ROW
THE PRIZE AWARD!**

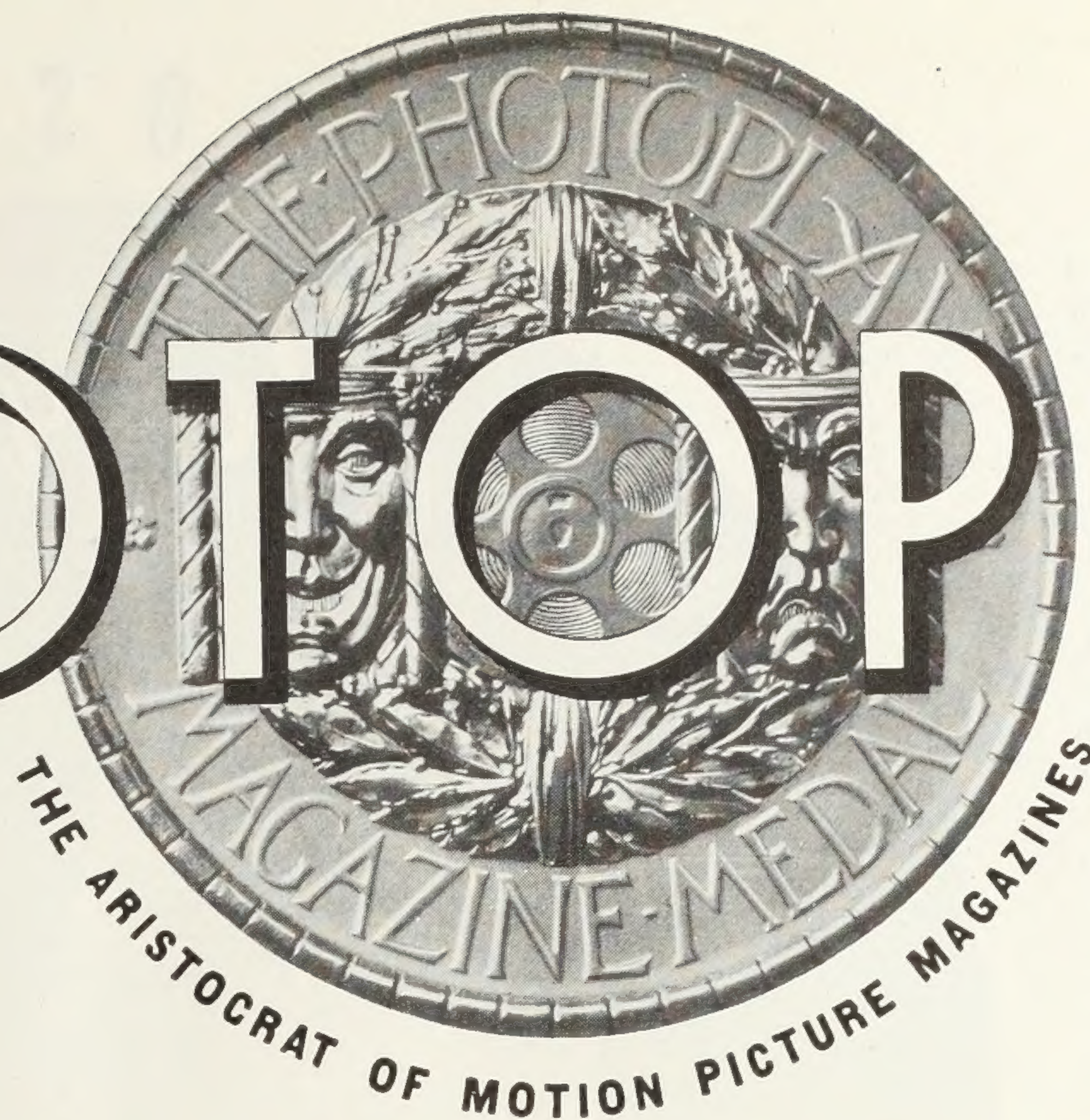
Beautiful Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!

Luise Rainer as **"THE TOY WIFE"**

...who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in... "life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may" ...you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

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FIRST PRIZE—\$25.00

THE WINNER!

SITTING down to the breakfast table, I open the morning paper, and the first thing to give my day a bad start is the headlines, screaming the possibilities of a foreign war. My wife, spying said headlines, starts worrying how soon I'll be sent over.

While I go out to start my car, she starts bemoaning the presence of the week's wash ahead of her. Getting into the car, I am not astonished to find the battery dead. As usual, I'm late for work.

For the next eight hours, I have to listen to the boss harping about the recession and his vain attempt to cut down overhead. At the quitting whistle, I go home to more worries, still wondering how long my job will last.

Home—ah—the wife's washer went on the bum. The foreign situation is worse. The battery is still dead. The recession is still on. Oh, well. We've still got enough left, after fixing washer and buying battery, to go see a doctor, whom we need badly by now.

I get out the latest medical directory (latest issue of PHOTOPLAY) and see what they advise in our case. Dr. Waterbury heartily recommends Drs. Deanna Durbin and Herbert Marshall in "Mad About Music" as a tonic—or for a severe case, recommends that able surgeon for the blues, Dr. Shirley Temple. Doctor Temple treats us with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and what a pleasant prescription that is!

And after taking one of the treatments recommended by Professor Waterbury under the capable hands of any of our swell Hollywood doctors, we leave our neighborhood "blues sanitarium" (theater) feeling completely rejuvenated. The foreign crises are forgotten. A country with such fine ideals as ours won't send us over unless for our own safety—then we'll be rarin' to go. The wife, thinking over the funny incidents of the previous night's treatment, has the wash done before she knows it. And as for me—thanks to Drs. Waterbury, Durbin, Temple, etc., the new battery went right off, I got to work on time, and the boss—well, he took the same treatment, and he's forgotten there ever was a recession.

J. L.

Westmont, N. J.

The Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture announces that out of every dollar spent by the American public for any type of amusement whatsoever, twenty-nine cents is for motion pictures. Each family spends between ten and sixteen dollars a year in admissions, and here's one PHOTOPLAY reader who seems to think he gets his money's worth!

SECOND PRIZE—\$10.00

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY!

I think one of the greatest credits to the screen, and one of the finest gifts to the public, is Sonja Henie. We cannot have too many pictures where there is skating on ice, as long as "Skating Through Life" Sonja is the skater. I will never forget the Friday night I attended the weekly prize fights at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium. My companion was a cabinetmaker, an all-around film studio worker. He had worked on the ice rink, getting it ready for Sonja and the picture "Happy Landing." He was telling me, as we saw her enter with other film celebrities, that she never forgot faces and names; that she was nice and spoke in a friendly way to all the studio workers.

In a jiffy, my friend had left his seat, and to my surprise I saw him confront Sonja inside the main entrance. I saw her smile, and put out her hand. Quickly he came back, and said, "Hurry, Sonja is waiting for her escort to pick

up the tickets. I told her I had a Danish friend I wanted her to meet." Well, I was a bit surprised, but I hurried back with him. I greeted her in Danish, and she smiled and took my proffered hand, giving me a clever, friendly comeback in her own language. Then her escort turned up, and she returned our farewell wave, as her admirers closed in upon her beaming self.

To me she is not only a great skater and actress and a fellow Scandinavian, but a deep,

With St. Bernard "Buck" as arbiter, the Fighting Irishers Dennis O'Keefe and Maureen O'Sullivan declare a long truce in M-G-M's new film, "Hold That Kiss"

intelligent bright light of friendly joy. Those who surround her are very fortunate indeed.

MARTIN H. HERLICK,
Long Beach, Calif.

Returning from a hugely successful skating tour, Miss Henie is now working on her newest picture for 20th Century-Fox, "My Lucky Star." Opposite her will be Richard Greene, a young Englishman, new to American pictures, and rumored to have more than a professional interest in the little skater.

(Continued on page 68)

BOOS AND

Bouquets



PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

NEW STARLIGHT FOR HOLLYWOOD



The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

DANIELLE
DARRIEUX

The girl whose exquisite beauty... charm of performance... has made her the most beloved stage and screen star in all Europe... The star of the sensational MAYERLING... which all America has taken to its heart!

DANIELLE DOUGLAS
DARRIEUX • FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in
"THE RAGE
OF PARIS"

with

MISCHA HELEN LOUIS
AUER BRODERICK HAYWARD

*Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning
and Felix Jackson*

*Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made
"3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL"*

Produced by B. G. de SYLVA

CHARLES R. ROGERS

Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.



HELEN BRODERICK



MISCHA AUER

Creature of a thousand new moods of femininity!

BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ ACTION FOR SLANDER—Korda-United Artists

This is Clive Brook's best picture in years. Playing an English army man, he falls in love with a brother officer's wife, is accused of being a card shark, tries to vindicate himself in court. Fine direction allows exceptional suspense and a superlative cast assists. Buy British and go. (April)

★ ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO, THE—Goldwyn-U. A.

The travels and romantic mishaps of the Venetian stalwart who opened the trade routes from Europe to Asia in the 13th Century. Gary Cooper is ably supported by Sigrid Gurie (a newcomer), Basil Rathbone, Alan Hale, Binnie Barnes and others. Humor and excitement in settings of incredible beauty. Distinguished. (April)

★ ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warners

The universal appeal of the reckless courage and chivalry of the philosopher-bandit of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again (in Technicolor this time) by Errol (what a man) Flynn. You will happily enjoy Olivia de Havilland as *Maid Marian*, Alan Hale as *Little John*, Eugene Pallette as *Friar Tuck*, Claude Rains as *Prince John* and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment. (June)

★ ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, THE—Selznick-U. A.

Two little stars, Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, once more prove David Selznick (discoverer of Freddie Bartholomew) a genius in choosing new talent. Mark Twain's loved classic of Mississippi village life in 1845 is faithfully and beautifully reproduced in Technicolor, and *Muff Potter* (Walter Brennan), *Aunt Polly* (May Robson), and *Huckleberry Finn* (Jackie Moran) are all here. Need we say more? (April)

ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS—M-G-M

The polish of Melvyn Douglas as the renowned French *Raffles* overcomes the lackluster of this antiquated story of missing "jools." With the aid of Warren William, Douglas convinces the gem of his heart, Virginia Bruce, that he is innocent of stealing her baubles. Average. (April)

★ BARONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE—20th Century-Fox

A confused political satire built around a domestic's attempts to get elected to Parliament in Hungary. He succeeds and the havoc it creates in his social relationships is amusingly outlined by Bill Powell, Annabella, Henry Stephenson and Joseph Schildkraut. The actors are much better than the story material. (May)

BATTLE OF BROADWAY, THE—20th Century-Fox

A new team of gusty enemies, Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, take over where *Quirt* and *Flagg* of yesteryear left off. The boys are Legionnaires attending the convention in New York City. Anything can happen, and does. Raymond Walburn aids in the comedy and Louise Hovick adds some snap too. (June)

BELOVED BRAT, THE—Warners

A sadly unconvincing story of a spoiled, rebellious child's transformation into a cherub through the kindness of a reform school superintendent. Bonita Granville, Dolores Costello, Natalie Moorhead and Donald Crisp are in the cast, but the picture is a yawn. (May)

★ BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, THE—Paramount

Offering a diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville brings back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two years' absence. Kirsten Flagstad, the famous Wagnerian, sings Brünnhilde's "Battle Cry," Tito Guizar warbles Spanish ballads, Martha Raye and Ben Blue clown; Bob Hope and Shirley Ross duet, but the whole show belongs to Fields! (May)

BLACK DOLL, THE—Universal

Mystery and lowdown comedy abound in this, the latest of the Crime Club series. It deals with the attempt of C. Henry Gordon to conceal a murder and his own extermination by *The Doll*. Nan Grey is lyrical, Donald Woods is lackadaisical, Edgar Kennedy is simply hysterical. (April)

★ BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount

Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper in a reckless, highly amusing comedy of no manners, directed by Ernest Lubitsch with his usual gay skill. Cooper, believe it or not, has had seven wives before he meets the penniless daughter of a nobleman, who thereupon becomes the eighth and leads him a merry chase. David Niven and E. E. Horton are able coplayers. Celluloid sex at its best. (May)

★ BRINGING UP BABY—RKO-Radio

This chronicles the chase of a young heiress after a shy collector of bones for a museum, and their problem in hiding a baby panther on a Connecticut farm. Katie Hepburn and Cary Grant give their respective rôles their best; May Robson as the eccentric aunt, Charley Ruggles as a big game hunter, and above all, the leopard and Asta of "Thin Man" fame, make this a magnificently funny picture. (May)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL—Paramount

This time it's diamonds that lead to a killing and subsequently to John Howard's rushing off from his wedding to Louise Campbell to trail Porter Hall. John Barrymore is the unco-operative inspector; Reginald Denny is Howard's man Friday. The players have had the same rôles so long they're perfect. (June)

CHANGE OF HEART—20th Century-Fox

Love here finds a novel way to take the conceit out of a misguided executive; the result is mildly entertaining. Gloria Stuart is the gal who uses Cupid as Bergen uses McCarthy; Michael Whalen is the one who profits by the experiment. Two-bit material. (April)

CONDEMNED WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Though grim and pretty dreary, there's much interest and excitement in this picture which tells of the plight of women convicts who need help rather than punishment. Sally Eilers is the outstanding prisoner; Louis Hayward the forward-looking psychiatrist in love with her. A new slant on a social problem. (June)

★ DIVORCE OF LADY X, THE—Korda-United Artists

Merle Oberon's lusciousness, the enticements of the English countryside in Technicolor, and a side-splitting characterization of a drunken nobleman by Ralph Richardson, are well worth your admission. The silly story involving mistaken identity will bore you, but pay no attention and go anyway. (April)

DOUBLE DANGER—RKO-Radio

This might be labeled "On the Trail of the Missing Preston Foster," for it is he, in the guise of a gentleman crook, who keeps policemen late for their chicken stew. Whitney Bourne is an attractive accomplice. Vapid. (April)

★ EVERYBODY SING—M-G-M

More pictures like this and the recession would be over! It's funny, bright with music, the cast happily chosen, the production good. It concerns a mad family with Billie Burke (mother), Reginald Owen (father), Judy Garland (daughter), Fanny Brice (maid) and Allan Jones (chef). Their antics will delight you. (April)

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—M-G-M

This frothy domestic comedy revolves around a quarrel between newlyweds Bob Montgomery and Virginia Bruce over the question of their respective careers. Their attempts to bluff each other are confused by Binnie Barnes, who makes a run for Bob, and Warren William, who tries to play catch with Virginia. It's all very gay. (June)

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Warners

Only the bright presence of Carole Lombard saves this witless comedy from disaster. The action shuffles a cinema queen into a situation with a penniless Frenchman (Fernand Gravet), who then becomes a chef in her household. Ralph Bellamy is her wooden-headed lover, Allen Jenkins and Marie Wilson stooge. Just charge it up to the California flood! (June)

★ GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—M-G-M

In a vague version of David Belasco's old-time favorite, Nelson Eddy emerges as a Wild West Robin Hood, Jeanette MacDonald as the owner of a saloon (yes indeed). Walter Pidgeon is the sheriff out after Nelson for hate, Jeanette for love. The lusty days of padres and Indians are beautifully photographed in Technicolor, and the duets of the two principals offer you a prize package. (June)

★ GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Warners

Based on the battle between farmers and miners in the lowlands of California's Sacramento Valley, this is rugged, gripping drama, its scenic beauties enhanced by Technicolor. George Brent, Olivia de Havilland and Claude Rains are extremely competent in their respective rôles. Highly recommended. (April)

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Universal

Everybody is very nice and performs excellently, but this is a tired, slow story of a pair of outmoded vaudevillians who buy a small-town hotel. Alice Brady and Charles Winninger are bright spots in a desert of dullness. Tommy Riggs, of radio fame, entertains with his *Betty Lou* imitations. (June)

★ HAPPY LANDING—20th Century-Fox

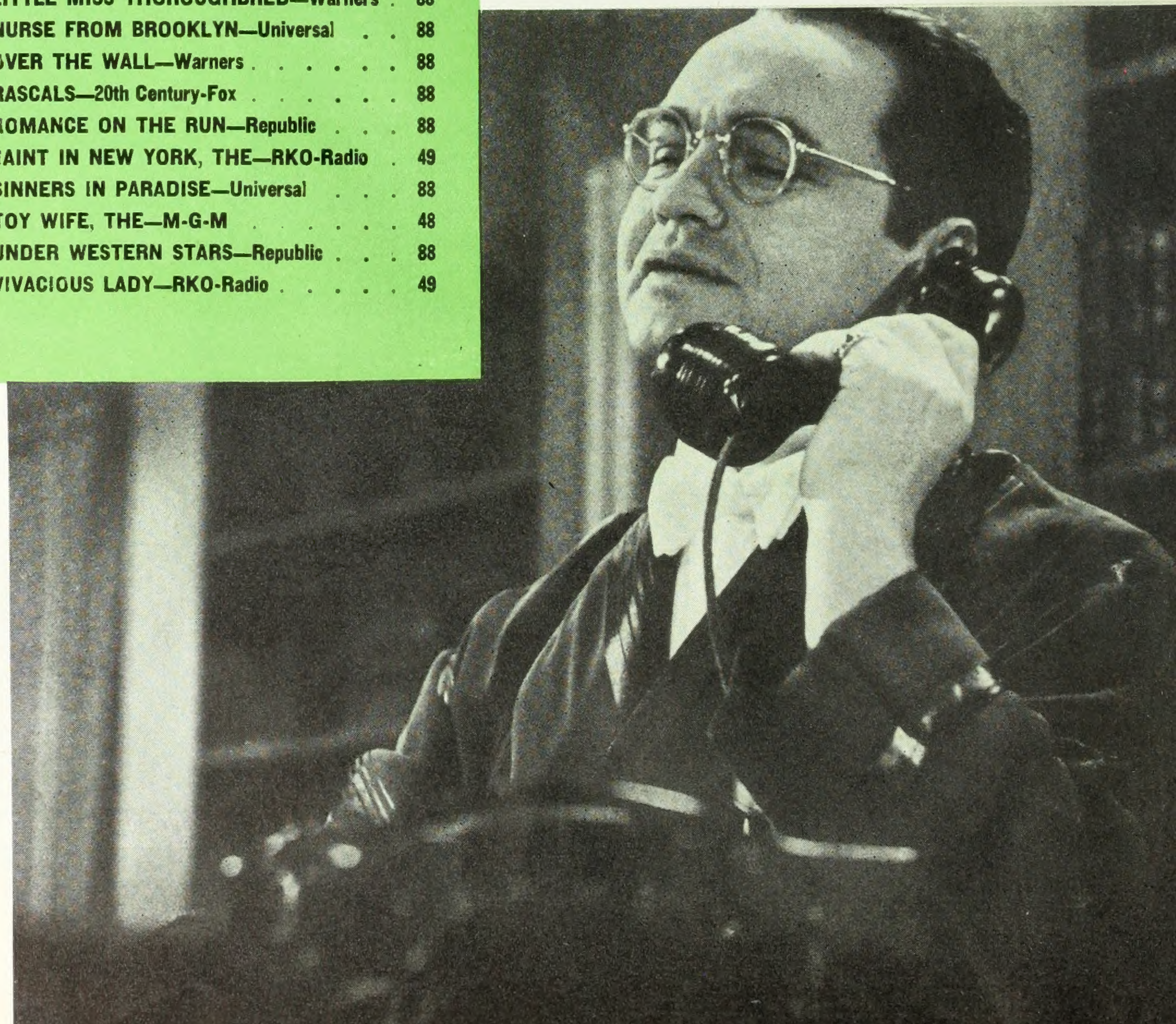
Here are prime requisites for good cinema—spectacle, fine music, comedy and, first and last, Sonja Henie. The thin story concerns Cesar Romero's dalliance with a little Norwegian who, of course, manages to become A-1 skater of the world under Don Ameche's tutelage. Hot swing by Raymond Scott; Ethel Merman's voice; a ballet on ice—swell! (April)

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Prime screen gangster Edward G. Robinson turns the tables on himself. In "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," he plays a sleuthing medico who runs racketeers ragged



HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!



"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"



HEAR ... for the first time on the screen—
The SCHNICKELFRITZ BAND

& 4 Brilliant Song Hits
"Day Dreaming" • "A Stranger
in Paris" • "The Latin Quarter"
"I Wanna Go Back to Bali"



Starring
RUDY VALLEE

ROSEMARY LANE • HUGH HERBERT
ALLEN JENKINS • GLORIA DICKSON
MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and
Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo
From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics
by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

FROM GREAT STORIES COME THE GREATEST PICTURES!

... and here is the story
the author of "Treasure
Island" always considered
his best!... now on the
screen for the first time!
...spectacularly produced
by 20th Century-Fox!

*Strangely they met... gallantly
they risked their lives for each
other... a valiant three against
a nation's vengeful might!*

Robert Louis Stevenson's
Kidnapped

with
WARNER BAXTER • FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

in the role you always
wanted him to play

in his first picture since
"Captains Courageous"

ARLEEN WHELAN

the year's emotional discovery in her sensational debut

C. AUBREY SMITH • REGINALD OWEN
JOHN CARRADINE • NIGEL BRUCE • MILES MANDER
RALPH FORBES • H. B. WARNER • ARTHUR HOHL
E. E. CLIVE • HALLIWELL HOBBS • MONTAGU LOVE

and a cast of 5,000

Directed by Alfred Werker
director of "The House of Rothschild"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by
Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

A NEW TRIUMPH IN BIG-PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Two people who want to get away from the Hollywood that has made them famous: Fredric March and Joan Crawford (seen above with husband Franchot Tone at Phil Selznick's cafe). Why? . . .



. . . perhaps because of the same alarming situation that is making many people stay away from the movies today—and which Miss Waterbury discusses here

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IN the month just passed, Hollywood production reached an all-time low . . . in weeks where in previous years forty-five to fifty pictures would have been shooting, as few as twenty-seven were in the works . . . in the "home offices," meanwhile, producers were shaking haggard heads over box-office statements . . . we, the public, were staying home in droves . . . and why not? . . . we can get every movie star of any importance whatsoever almost any night on our radios . . . free . . . and usually in good skits. . . .

Until the last several months I have always chosen the movies I attended very carefully . . . like any other bargainer in entertainment, I tried only for the best . . . but recently I have been literally going to every picture shown . . . and I have been appalled, not so much by the poorness of the pictures shown, but by their total lack of understanding of you and me and what we want to amuse us. . . .

Two things have stood out most . . . the nutsy comedy cycle and the musical comedy in which acts popped up without any more relationship to each other or the plot than so many empty beer bottles . . . now the "vaudeville" type of musical movie is a good enough sort of entertainment . . . and so, too, is the nutsy comedy . . . only we want other things by way of contrast . . . other dramas . . . some tears . . . some conflict . . . not this persistent abandonment of all common sense. . . .

WE have many causes for complaint . . . but we are not complaining . . . we are indulging in actions that speak louder than any words . . . we are staying home. . . .

For example . . . Metro announced that it was making no more "B" pictures . . . which, in effect, means Metro hates the double bill . . . and by putting out pictures that run for two hours it would have an effective weapon against the second or "B" picture in the average theater. . . .

All very well and good if Metro will put out pictures in which the drama holds our interest for two hours . . . "Test Pilot" is a swell, exciting picture but two hours of it, in my opinion, is too long . . . "The Girl of the Golden West" would have been a fifty percent better production if it had been cut off a reel or so . . . do away with "B's" . . . that's fine . . . but don't do it by making A into B pictures. . . .

MODERN life is packed with drama . . . we have war and conquest in Europe . . . we have strikes and labor troubles at home . . . all over the world we see men haggard with unemployment and women wondering if they dare give birth to the babies that are already on the way . . . we have kids getting out of school not knowing what kind of a job, if any, they can find for all of their fine diplomas that prove they majored in this or that . . . and Hollywood isn't reflecting one bit of that. . . .

Don't misunderstand . . . I am neither for films getting highbrow or deadly serious . . . I still want entertainment and amusement when I go to the theater and I believe you do, too . . . but I want something that relates to me and my problems . . . you and yours. . . .

Virginia Bruce in "The First Hundred Years" is a successful businesswoman married to a

less successful businessman . . . a situation that faces many thousands of American women today . . . that plot could have been made an interesting theme . . . but, in the movie, they solved it by having her go back to her husband . . . because—and get this—her lawyer finds out through Virginia's trying to get a new insurance policy that Virginia is going to have a baby . . . that's their portrait of a 1938 businesswoman for you . . . having to have her lawyer discover by such an involved route that she was going to be a mother. . . .

Kay Francis in "Women Are Like That" takes over her husband's business when he takes to drink and succeeds at it magnificently . . . she is about to be married to another man when her husband comes back . . . so, while the fiance sleeps off a cold, she succumbs once more to her husband's charms . . . all of which is supposed to be mighty funny. . . .

NOW, all right . . . maybe all businesswomen are jokes . . . I don't really believe it, but I'll argue that way for the sake of getting my point over right now . . . but those two pictures started out seriously . . . Virginia and Kay were presented to you as heroines . . . that is, somebody to admire, with tough problems on their hands . . . and both pictures end up by showing you what saps both those women were. . . .

Think of the women who are facing the prob-



WOMEN'S LIVES Made Easier —every month

BY THIS time, practically all women are *curious* about Tampax. But those who actually use it are *crazy* about it . . . Housewives, office workers, college girls, sports lovers—all are adopting this neat hygienic unbulky method of sanitary protection. Investigate Tampax now!

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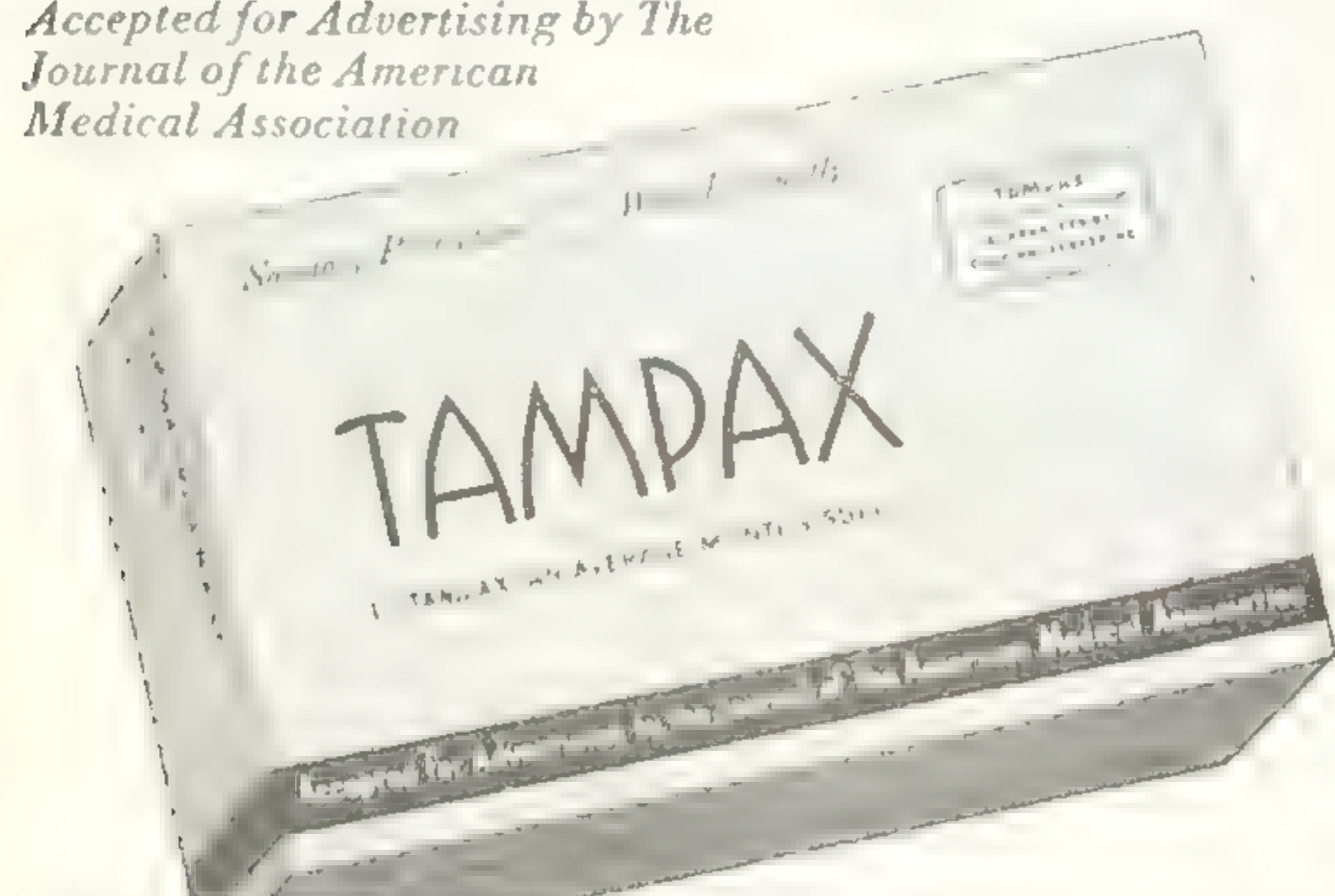
Hygienic, highly compressed, each in patented applicator. 35c for full month's supply. Smaller introductory size now available at 20 cents.

● In any costume—complete daintiness and protection



No bulk with Tampax . . . Nothing can show . . . *Odor banished* . . . Sold at drug and notion counters (if not at yours, use coupon below).

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lem of a husband who drinks too much . . . think of the stoic heroism they represent as they try to hide such a tragedy from the world . . . think of their futile attempts to make their man conquer a habit that is consuming him . . . and know how you are going to feel when you see Kay Francis' character made a laughing stock in "Women Are Like That." . . .

I believe you are going to be so annoyed by being cheated into thinking you were going to get something true and real which is later, because of the ineptness of the writing in it, turned into farce that you are going to stay away from the movies for the next week. . . .

I AM perfectly aware that it is much easier to be critical than constructive . . . but I have what I believe is a constructive suggestion to make . . . let the important people of Hollywood get away from Hollywood every so often and meet a few of us people who represent their audiences. . . .

For it is Hollywood, itself, that is selling Hollywood short. . . .

Consider this . . . the number of great painters, composers, writers, actresses, or representatives of whatever art you choose . . . who have come from the ranks of wealth and society . . . you can count them on the fingers of one hand of a three-fingered man . . . but today, all the people who "matter" in Hollywood are rich, very rich . . . and, with very rare exceptions, every one of them is socially ambitious . . . Gary Cooper married into the social register . . . so did Randy Scott . . . so did Fred Astaire who is so proud of being the sole actor member of the swanky New York Racquet Club . . . Kay Francis, who mixes little in Hollywood, parties gaily in New York with the hoity-toity set . . . Robert Montgomery's conversation bristles with exclusive "money" names . . . I could pile up examples endlessly. . . .

All of which social ambition is no crime certainly . . . but just as certainly it is killing to art and creativeness . . . it is death to the reacting to the problems of you and me who wonder whether, out of this week's wages, it is wiser to get a needed new pair of shoes or start going to the dentist's to have that aching back tooth filled. . . .

I simply cannot believe that any person can be deeply concerned with the fate of the average man while sitting astride a polo pony. . . .

INTERESTINGLY enough, the more sensitive Hollywood personalities are aware that something is wrong and want to get away from the town that has made them famous . . . Joan Crawford, that caldron of ambition, violently studying music five hours a day . . . wants to do a Broadway play . . . and then yearns to embark on a concert tour . . . Fredric March has already tried one stage play and will probably try another . . . scratch the average Hollywood writer, turning out scripts at unbelievable sums, and you will discover an unfinished novel . . . all these things are symptomatic of the creative unrest out there. . . .

Hollywood must become important enough to itself and the world to make people want to live and die for it . . . its creators shouldn't feel that, for their best expression of their art, they must leave it . . . and no more should anyone who goes there have only one idea . . . how much money can I get for this idea or talent or whatever it is he is selling. . . .

But everyone does feel that way and it is Hollywood's own fault for making money of paramount importance in its own scheme of things . . . huge estates, great yachts, strings of polo ponies, important wines, jewels . . . those are the things the mind of Hollywood concentrates upon . . . not truth, not reality, not art . . . when they talk

about making a picture "good" it is because it is provable that a good picture makes more money than a bad picture . . . when they put a fortune in a production it is because they believe that fortune will get a greater fortune back. . . .

LET the creators of Hollywood come back to our way of living a few days of each year, at least . . . let them put their limousines aside and ride on a crowded subway just to rediscover how amazingly far a nickel, which they wouldn't hand out as a tip, can go toward getting a man to his job . . . let them try shopping in a bargain basement for a six-dollar dress marked down to four-fifty on a hot, busy Saturday afternoon . . . let them try bargaining for a price on a baby's funeral procession. . . .

I know the average star going about in such a way would be mobbed by autograph fans, but the writers and the producers wouldn't . . . since nobody knows or cares what they look like . . . the actors will portray what the producers tell them to show . . . if the producers and writers would snoop around a little, perhaps they would discover that our problems are just what they have always been . . . life and death and love . . . we don't have to worry over our taxes since they touch so few of us . . . we don't have to puzzle very much about subtle shades of emotions since we are usually too tired to bother with them . . . but we still do have to figure how to pay the rent and buy food and clothes . . . and the great compensating miracle of love is more known to us than it is even to them . . . since one love is all-important to us while they have a chance at twenty. . . .

Life and death and love and laughter . . . those are the things we want from Hollywood . . . put those things in our pictures and there will be no more need to worry in the future over box-office statements. . . .

Are all businesswomen jokes? Miss Waterbury takes sides—but definitely—on that question. She uses in her argument M-G-M's "The First Hundred Years," in which Warren William, Virginia Bruce and Alan Dinehart (below) appeared



DAINTY *golden-voiced* DEANNA DURBIN

is keen about Lux...

Deanna gets a thrill out of clothes—"She's as finicky about their care as I am," says her mother. "I won't trust silks and woollens (nice cottons or linens, either) to anything but Lux," Mrs. Durbin adds.

 LUX keeps washable frocks and blouses charmingly feminine—lingerie fresh and sweet—stockings sleekly smart. All dainty things safe in water alone are safe in gentle Lux. It's easy to get a reputation for exquisite daintiness when you stick to Lux. It has no harmful alkali, as harsh soaps have—does away with the cake-soap rubbing that's apt to weaken threads. This superb care that the screen stars adore costs next to nothing—yet it saves dollars in clothes upkeep!

LIKE ALMOST EVERY GIRL her age, Deanna loves the sleek flattery of silk stockings. She is very particular about their looking just so. Naturally, they're always Luxed. "I don't want Deanna to be troubled with annoying runs," explains Mrs. Durbin.

DEANNA'S FAVORITE COLOR is blue and she likes simple lingerie touches. "We prefer dresses that are Luxable," her mother explains. "Then it's easy to have them always spick-and-span."

AT UNIVERSAL, as at other leading Hollywood studios, Lux is specified in the wardrobe department for the care of everything washable. It insures freshness and daintiness... saves thousands of dollars in upkeep and replacements.



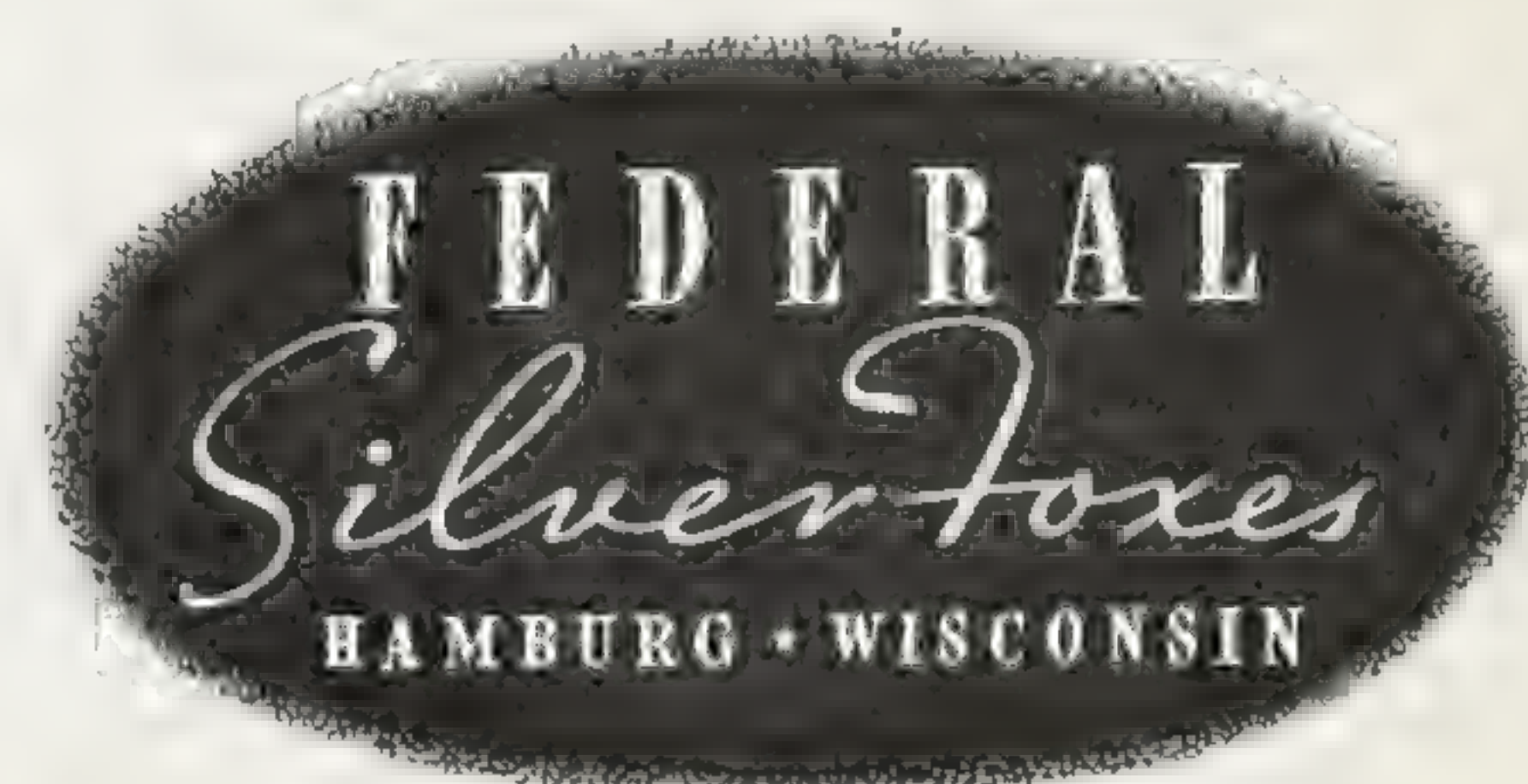
IN HER PICTURES, TOO, Deanna wears Luxables. See her in UNIVERSAL'S new picture, "THAT CERTAIN AGE."

Daintiness wins



"OF COURSE IT'S A LUXURY... BUT
it's a luxury I can enjoy
ALL Seasons"

You'll take your FEDERAL scarf on your summer vacation trip; you'll build your fall wardrobe around its flattering beauty; you'll throw it over your shoulders and make a gorgeous wrap of your untrimmed winter coat. It's a joy to have a becoming and luxurious fur that you can wear smartly straight through the year. FEDERAL Fox is that and more—these thick, soft, stunningly silvered skins have *lasting* loveliness. Better stores everywhere feature FEDERAL Fox . . . look for the name clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of the pelt.



Born

The Loretta Young of today—the exquisite star of "Three Blind Mice"—with her co-star, Joel McCrea

Age ten—at Ramona Convent. Now a confirmed romanticist, but still the ugly duckling baby sister of the Young family



For Romance



Baby Gretchen—stark realist

LORETTA YOUNG'S DRAMATIC LIFE STORY OF HAPPINESS AND HEARTACHE

BY HOWARD SHARPE

BANNERS sometimes wave invisibly when a child is born. Forecasting, pageants in the sky sweep past, and melodic signals ring. These things tell, as they must have told on that certain afternoon twenty-five years ago when Gretchen Young first howled her way into the living, that here is a special spirit born to glamour. Where this person goes, things will happen. And all the important dreams and fictions, always, will have reality; and tragedy and laughter and heartbreak will follow closely.

Gretchen Young—she calls herself Loretta, now—was dedicated at her birth to romance. This her two beautiful sisters and her charming, tall father and her lovely mother would have denied, laughing, since she was a homely child. She was gangly and when she turned over in

Age fourteen—not grown-up in the eyes of her mother, but yet determined enough to change her name to Loretta and sign a long-term contract with First National

her crib she did the bumps, although there was nothing rhythmic in the movement.

Small Gretchen grew with alarming rapidity into a world and home that made a place for her willingly, when there was little room to spare: you must know that Mr. Young followed railroad jobs sporadically about the country, so that his family left the house on Salt Lake City's Hollywood Avenue where Gretchen was born before she had a chance to see it. Railroad men do not make much money, and the houses were always cottages. . . .

She was the youngest of the tribe until a brother was born, which was later; but she received neither the pettings nor the spoils which fall usually to the lot of baby sisters. Her clothes came to her from the experienced needle of her mother, but via first Polly Ann and then Betty Jane. The dresses were worn and cut down and mended by this time, and were hardly calculated to enhance an awkward little kid with vaguely sandy hair and teeth with braces.

This, however, was minor tragedy, contributing to the oppressive weight of knowing—before she knew anything else—that she was the tail-end duckling, plain if not ugly, whose lot must inevitably be that of watching while the others acted, staying behind while the others proceeded. Visitors came to call, and they lifted Polly Ann with heaving motions to ample bosoms, and they cooed; Betty Jane, just past the toddling stage, they mauled delightedly.

FROM her envious perch near the mantel Gretchen observed, leering. Remarks concerning her were addressed to Mrs. Young, conciliatory always, and Gretchen listened, and slowly out of this there grew in her a furious resentment. It exploded one day, when the two older girls were dressing to go to a party.

Gretchen came to the door of their bedroom and stood on one foot, eyeing the confusion. "I'm going, too," she said finally.

"No, dear," her mother mumbled faintly through the pins in her mouth. "Later—when you're grown up. . . ."

The child turned and trotted to the hall closet. She got her hat and coat, put them on, and went out. Ten minutes later and six blocks away from the house Mrs. Young heard pattering footsteps behind her; Gretchen, breathless, joined the little group on the sidewalk.

"I'm going," wailed Gretchen shrilly, and did not cower when Discipline came down immediately on the seat of her panty-waist.

"That," said Mrs. Young sternly, "is for crossing five intersections alone, in all this traffic. Now I'll take you home."

Through that afternoon, sitting calmly in the corner of the dining room, with hands folded, Gretchen considered her day. She thought, *so that's a spanking. It only hurt a little. And I got six blocks away. If I'd gone ten blocks I'd have got the same spanking.*

Logic stirred slowly in her four-year-old mind. Suddenly she sat upright, grinning. She

thought, *I win. I'll just do what I want, and take the spanking. And some day—some day, when I'm too big for spanking. . . .*

But that was later.

That was later, after Wilson had set up his International Dolls' House at Geneva and come home triumphantly to an America newly at peace; after the charming John Young had for the last time handed his meager pay check to his tired twenty-six-year-old wife and, one night, had gone away, carrying his toothbrush and his name and his memories, never to return; long, even, after Mother, looking desperately around her, had gathered her brood together, dumped them aboard the first train West, and descended hopefully upon California, where relatives offered sanctum.

HOLLYWOOD, in 1918, was a bustling little prairie with a rambling, brand-new center called the Hollywood Hotel and—in Culver City and Burbank—a studio or two. People were interested in the place. They read the stories of incalculable riches pouring into studio coffers and pouring right out again into the laps of new-made stars, who thereupon built palaces in the hills and threw fifty-thousand-dollar parties and rode in mauve Rolls-Royces, behind mauve livery. People read these things, glanced in the nearest mirror, folded up the clippings and entrained for the promised land by the thousands, fingers outstretched for a place in the pie.

They had to have somewhere to eat and sleep, while awaiting discovery by casting directors. Mrs. Young, born a hostess, was shrewd of necessity; she borrowed money, rented a boarding house, made sure that neither her beds nor dumplings were lumpy, and settled nervously down to supporting her four offspring and their incredible appetites.

Gretchen accepted the Great Change in stride, with immeasurable pleasure. Here, suddenly, was color and movement and excitement after the many drab months. Here were sand piles; here were other little girls with long braids which, when pulled, created momentary breathless flurries which satisfied her bursting vitality; here were adults who exclaimed over the loveliness of the two older sisters, yes—but who tossed lollipops and fine indigestible gumdrops at Gretchen as consolation.

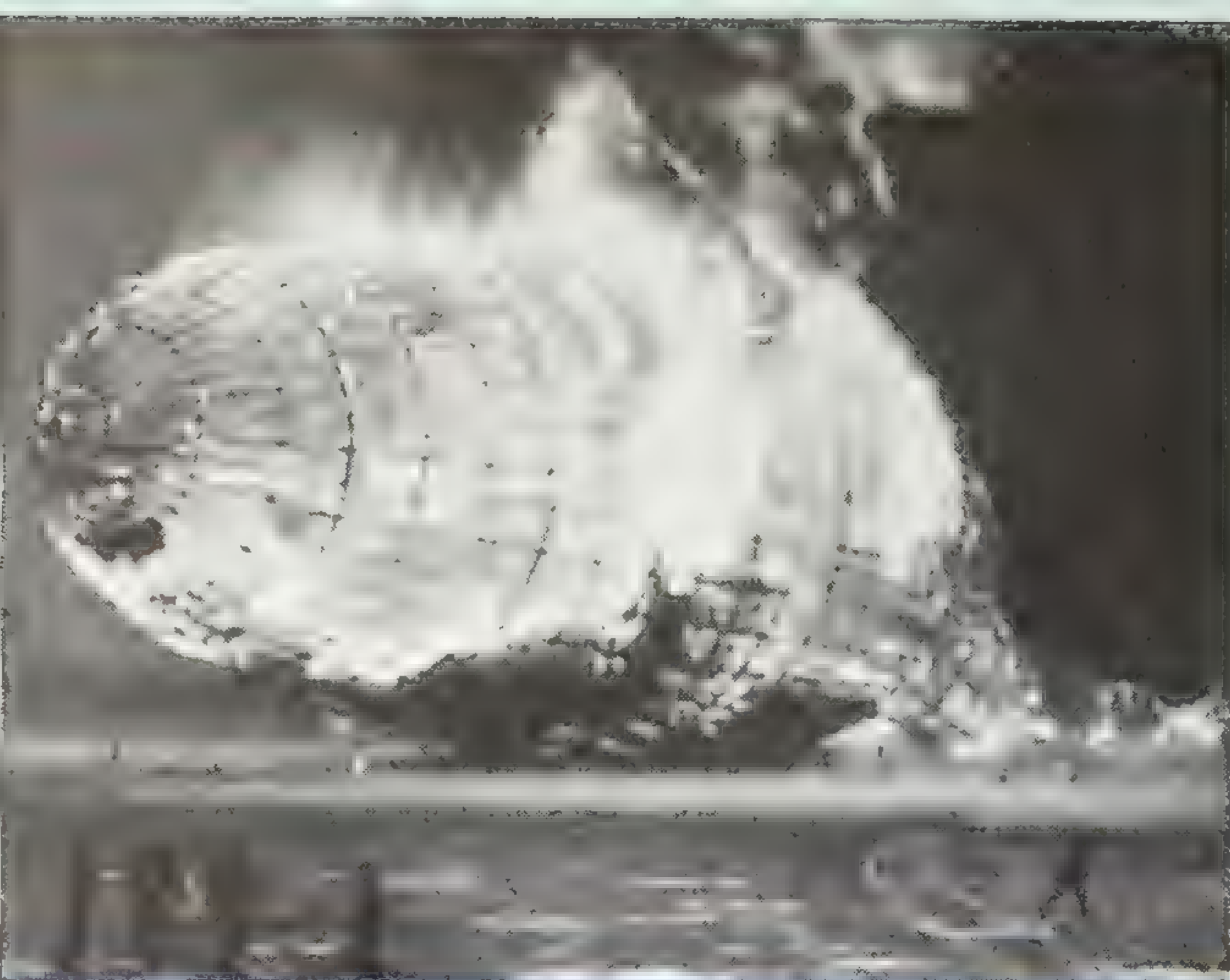
They were a varied company, a storybook come to life, living in the next rooms to hers: the bearded man who recited Shakespeare and grumbled incessantly against the indifference to his talents of someone named Zukor; the dancer, pale and slim, who sometimes danced alone in the garden but who coughed rather dreadfully afterwards, always. She went away suddenly one night, in an ambulance. And there was the woman who sang, so loudly, and the boy with the blonde wavy hair, with the soft voice, and the fat man who kept white mice—*You must not touch them, Gretchen, nor go up*

(Continued on page 86)





"The Hurricane"



A newsreel view of the Hindenburg disaster



A Mickey Mouse cartoon



"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"

WHY WE ROOSEVELTS



It is a pleasure and a privilege to see

Hollywood—stars, studios, films—

through the eyes of the First Lady of

our land and her White House family

It is strange how for some of us our interest in people as individuals seems to tinge everything we do! The very best movies in the world might be shown in the White House and, if I have work to do, I would probably leave all my guests and sit at my desk all evening. If someone said to me however, "So and So, whom you met last January at the Birthday Balls, and whom you liked so much, is in that movie," I would probably decide that my work could be done between eleven and one a. m. and sit through the movie and enjoy it. I would have to have that personal interest in an individual before I would be tempted to see the play. That is the secret of the great popularity of movie stars, I suppose.

The rest of the family do not seem to be affected to quite the same degree that I am, however. They are all just natural movie fans. Jimmy and Betsy will come in in the evening during their busy winter months and say, "We are going to the movies; don't you want to come with us?" I raise my hands in horror and say: "Heavens, when I have more than I can do on this desk, I certainly am not going to the movies!" They go gaily off, jeering at me.

When the children come home for holidays or week ends there is always a demand for movies in the White House and, of course, it is practically the one and only relaxation which my husband has and it is a rare thing that a week goes by without at least one movie being shown for him.

Of course, we always have newsreels and, even when I do not stay for the long movie, I

On her trip to Hollywood, Mrs. Roosevelt formed impressions of many stars, from Temple to Taylor, studied the studios carefully. Now, in this article, she tells why she thinks the stars of today are popular and issues a challenge to producers of tomorrow





"The Life of Emile Zola"



"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"



A newsreel view of the Coronation



"Little Miss Broadway"

ARE MOVIE FANS

These are some of the movies requested at the White House—and the versatile Roosevelts had definite reactions to them all

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

wait to see those, for they seem to bring the whole world before us. We can see things which happen hundreds of miles away just as though we were on the spot. I contend that seeing things is almost a necessity in this visual-minded period of our development, and the newsreels are probably doing as much as the radio, newspapers and magazines to make people world-minded today.

Sometime I hope they will go a step further and do an educational job by stepping back into history and bringing the past before us so that we may better understand the happenings of the present. I remember once being given a preview of a film which depicted present conditions in a foreign land. Interesting as it was to me, I realized all the way through that the average theater-goer would need to know what conditions had existed in that country for two or three hundred years before, or he could not really understand the story which the film was trying to tell. Perhaps we are going to find ourselves learning history and becoming better world neighbors someday as a result of new uses to which the movies may lend themselves.

The newsreels, interesting as they are however, are only the appetizer for the real film.

I THINK a little trip to Hollywood would make every movie-goer more appreciative of the films which he sees. I spent one morning seeing three of the big movie studios. My time was so limited that I could only get an impression of each one but it was a breath-taking experience.

From Warner Brothers I carried away the vision of real streets with buildings—in Paris, in Spain, East Side New York City—and of a research department where a whole wall was lined with hardware of different periods and reference books that were so enticing that I would have gladly offered myself as a candidate for a job among them!

From Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I think my impression was one of marked efficiency. A tremendous scene moved before my eyes and then I was shown how certain illusions can be created and I realized more vividly every minute how many skills may be used in the creating of moving pictures. I had thought of it first as largely acting and writing; when, as a matter of fact, it

is engineering and painting and a painstaking student's job.

At the Twentieth Century-Fox studio I was so taken up with Shirley Temple that I thought of little else, so I suppose what stayed with me there is the impression of the choice of the right person for the right film. After all, in the movies as in the legitimate theater, half the success is in the casting.

With this visit as background and the very pleasant acquaintanceships made at the time of the Birthday Balls each year when I have a chance to meet and talk with some of the movie stars, my interest is growing greater. I must see whatever films my acquaintances are in and I understand a little better all that goes into giving us this entertainment.

For the youngest members of the family it is never very hard to choose a film. Mickey Mouse always is successful and calls for much applause and squeals of joy, but the grandchildren are not the only ones who enjoy Mickey Mouse. The President never has an evening of his own planning without at least one Mickey Mouse film. Walt Disney's extraordinary film, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," has charmed everyone, old and young alike. Some of the little children are frightened by the witch, to be sure, and they weep, but the older members of the family liked it from beginning to end. Even one hard-boiled columnist who has few enthusiasms wrote of it in glowing terms.

One of the movies which I shall never forget was "The Life of Emile Zola," very well acted by Paul Muni, I thought. "The Buccaneer" with Fredric March, "Tom Sawyer," "Arsene Lupin Returns," "Hurricane" and many others that I cannot recall have been given this winter at the White House and all of them, I think, were a pleasant evening's entertainment and well worth seeing.

OF course, as far as we are concerned, the movies are used purely as a method of relaxation and entertainment, but every one of us realizes that it is not only as an amusement that the movies are important. Here is something which may be used to shape public opinion, to bring before a tremendously wide audience a great variety of facts and thoughts which can be a powerful imaginative stimulus. I do not mean

that we are at present using it to the full extent to accomplish these ends, but that it may do all of this in the future is very possible.

There are undoubtedly many movies which have done great harm. I can remember years ago being dragged from my fireside in our cottage on Campobello Island, off the coast of Maine, to attend a movie in the little town of Eastport, Maine. I came away from that movie outraged, for society, spelled with a capital "S," was pictured not only as corrupt and immoral, but so unbelievably stupid that I could hardly stand having it looked upon as a true picture of any kind of life by the youth of our country. That old type of picture has practically disappeared, and also there is rapidly disappearing today the type of picture which glorifies the gangster and criminal. They made us more sympathetic with the rascal than with the righteous man. We do occasionally see this still. I do not feel so strongly about it as I should perhaps, for I have so often found in real life that the rascal was attractive and had charm that I am not so sure but what it is well to make this discovery both in literature and on the stage, in order that we may learn to look beneath the surface and not be taken in too easily by appearances.

However, it is harmful to make small boys want to be the head of a gang, and I am very glad we have begun to show that it is possible to have qualities that evoke admiration, and still be a policeman or a "G" man, or even an everyday good citizen. Every now and then, I also get letters filled with concern from mothers and teachers who feel that certain movies actually put into dull or criminally inclined minds methods of procedure, thus stimulating the imagination which has a criminal bent to practical action.

The answer is, of course, that the public demands excitement and sometimes seems decidedly sadistic, enjoying a cruelty and horror on the stage or in a film which they might not be able to stand in real life. This is a curious trait of human nature; but it is true that producers must, to a certain extent, cater to the demands of the public and that if we wish to change anything in the movies, on the radio, on the stage, in the newspapers, we must change

(Continued on page 84)



Above: an old and exclusive picture of four of the famous quintet. Reading, right to left: Dick Barthelmess, Ronnie, Bill and Warner. Again, Clive Brook with Dick, the two who left Hollywood for England. Beneath: Warner and Bill; and bottom, Ronnie and Warner

AND THEN THERE WERE

They kept their huntin' and fishin' to themselves; the result of the shootin' (in shadow form), they gave to their worshipping public.

THESE five good fellows became friends in various ways, through work or play. Tennis drew some of them into the same set. Ronnie and Bill worked in a picture together. Warner was the least prominent of them when the clique was in its infancy. He was a fan of Ronnie's. He admired Ronnie so much that he did everything but ask for his signature. He found out who was Ronnie's barber and had his hair cut in the selfsame, well-bred English lines. It took him a long time to discover where Ronnie bought his suits and his shirts—but he did it, and before long you could see Warner in imported tweeds, loose jackets, flannel trousers; and, if his clothes did not immediately acquire the shabby, casual look of an English squire, all that was needed was that his valet should wear them around for a year or so to get them to the right degree of shabbiness.

One day Warner actually was introduced to Ronnie. He angled pretty shamelessly for an introduction among all of their mutual friends; finally got it from the Ernest Torrences.

Ronnie was a little amused by Warner at first (he had heard about this fan of his) . . . but Warner has too much personality on his own account to remain anyone's shadow, and soon the two became the fast friends they are to this

BY MOLLY CASTLE

IN the last decade of the last century, five important male babies were born: two of them in England, three in the United States.

Maybe there was the right kind of star around at that time, and maybe it was in sextile to the ascendent (as they say in horoscopy) and feeling pretty good about it. This star must have shed very special rays down on those five babies, because, in due course, they all became stars themselves.

The gay twenties found this quintet not only sitting pretty in Hollywood, but also sitting in each other's pockets, a compact little clique of five, a

clique which was very exclusive and very difficult to crash. The password, which must have been suggested by one of the two whose star first rose in England, was, "My dear chap. . . ."

Their names, in case you haven't guessed, are Clive Brook, Dick Barthelmess, Ronnie Colman, Bill Powell and Warner Baxter.

For years, these five were leaders, not only in the suburb of Hollywood but also in the even more exclusive Malibu Beach. With the British reserve that three of them had acquired by choice and in the other two just grew, they spent their time huntin', shootin' and fishin'.



WILLIAM POWELL



RONALD COLMAN



WARNER BAXTER

T H R E E

day—with Ronnie just one jump ahead of Warner, but Warner hopping along merrily just behind.

Years went by and one of them, Clive Brook, went back where he came from. Then there were four. More years, and another, Dick Barthelmess, went back to where Clive Brook came from. And then there were three. There are still three . . . Warner, Ronnie, Bill . . . and so, though life didn't begin at forty for them, it keeps right on going. . . .

THE secret of the appeal of these three is quite simple. They are not callow youngsters; they are men who know their world.

They are a little tired, a little disillusioned, wholly understanding of the small weaknesses and frailties of women. Their weariness appeals to the maternal in women (I speak, you understand, of their screen personalities). There's not a woman in any of their audiences who wouldn't like to run her fingers through their hair, smooth the creases out of their foreheads, lend a lap in which they might rest their heads.

There isn't an adult woman in any one of their audiences who doesn't picture herself as being the one, the only one, who would really understand them, respond to their sophisticated, chivalrous, disillusioned love-making. No woman imagines herself being the first woman in their lives, but every single one imagines herself the last. That's the secret of this trio's success.

But men like them, too. They're stout fellows, decent chaps, even if they do understand women. They're men who would stand by a pal. Look at the way they've stood by each other.

Friendship between men is a fine thing. When Bill Powell was in trouble, he turned instinctively to his two great pals. They're not fair-weather friends; they're tried and trusted intimates.

When, brokenhearted, Bill said goodbye to his Jean for the last time, it was Warner who was waiting for him there in the hospital. After the funeral, Bill went off on Ronnie's yacht to regain his balance, to recover a little from the shock. And as soon as he was able, he set out for London, and was welcomed there by the other two gang members, Clive and Dick. In his great trouble, it was his friends who saved him. "Now," they say jointly, "we're going

An exclusive quintet made Hollywood its oyster for years.

Then two sailed away, leaving this trio to prove that real friendship can be had only on a long-term contract

to take Bill in hand, pull him together. We must find him fresh interests and maybe get him a nice girl to go around with. Someone who will cheer him up and make him laugh, who'll be gay and yet sensible and who won't take him too seriously. Someone like—well, why not?—Sonja Henie. She's a great little sport."

RONNIE is the yachtsman of the group. More than public acclaim, much more than the worship of fans, almost as much as friendship, he loves his boat. Where do you imagine Ronnie was when the crowds were pressing around the portals at the world premiere of his latest picture? Somewhere off the coast of Mexico.

It is Ronnie's great ambition to make a yachtsman out of Warner. Warner isn't so enthusiastic. He likes the sea—but there seems an awful

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A QUEEN COMES BACK



There could be but one choice for the rôle of Marie Antoinette, comi-tragic queen of the French — Norma Shearer

THE great set was ablaze with lights, brilliant with color. Elegant, wigged and powdered *grandes dames* and their *beaux* moved about the huge stage. The air was charged with excited chatter. The bustle of a great event swelled to the eaves.

It was the start of the first day's shooting on "Marie Antoinette," the biggest, most expensive, most incredibly lavish motion picture Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would make for months, and probably years, to come.

Suddenly the heavy stage door swung open and a woman entered. The crowd sensed drama. Talk melted like snow.

She started alone across the wide floor. Her face was white as chalk. A tall, silvered wig rose above her cameo profile and from its peak aigrettes streamed back in gossamer streaks. Over a cascading gown she wore a polo coat.

When she saw them all looking at her, she smiled. It seemed to take in the whole stage.

A thin man with grizzled hair stepped up and put his arm around her. In a second, people crowded about, shaking her hand—carpenters with hammers, grips with soiled overalls. Hairdressers, make-up men, picture snatchers, extras.

She broke away finally and made her way to a little apple-green dressing table that stood in the corner. The scars and service scratches of a dozen years spoke through its new paint. It was the same dressing table she had used in the first picture she had ever made—and in every one since.

She sat down and patted powder back by the corners of her eyes where it had washed away.

The thin man moved close. "Whenever you're ready, Honey," said Woody Van Dyke.

"Just a minute," she answered.

That's how Norma Shearer came back to work.

"**MARIE ANTOINETTE**" is much more than a comeback picture for Norma Shearer. It's more than a film that cost \$500,000 before an actor was cast and is likely to cost upwards of \$3,000,000 before it is finished. It's more than the most carefully prepared movie re-creation of a historical era ever attempted. It is more than the fruit of a great Hollywood studio's maximum effort. It is more than any material thing. It is a testimonial to one of the greatest real life loves Hollywood has ever known.

Without the perfect love of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, there would have been no "Marie Antoinette," for, without Norma Shearer—
(Continued on page 22)

*A tender story of a
valiant woman and of
how, today, she is mak-
ing a dream come true*

BY
KIRTLEY
BASKETTE



Gladys George, the Madame Du-
barry of M-G-M's "Marie Antoin-
ette," the mistress of the old king,
Louis XV. Honored by the heads
of Europe, for the way to the
king's grace led through her salon,
she was, according to history, to
suffer her first rebuff at the hands
of the fourteen-year-old Dauphine,
Marie, who publicly refused to
speak even one word to the cour-
tesan, thereby throwing the court
—and all of Europe—into turmoil



Above: Albert Van Dekker as the
Comte de Provence, Louis XVI's
envious younger brother, the enemy
of the charming gay queen. Left:
Tyrone Power as Axel, Comte de
Fersen, Swedish nobleman, and the
one man whom Marie truly loved.
At the age of eighteen, on one of
his trips to Paris, he meets the
queen at a masked ball—she flirts
with him—and thus begins one
of the greatest and most mov-
ing romances of French history



Left: Anita Louise as
Princesse de Lamballe,
the naïve young noble-
woman who was one of
the queen's best friends.
Right: John Barrymore
as old King Louis XV,
whose morals were a bit
questionable but whose
heart went out to the
childlike Marie whom
he had chosen to be his
grandson's wife—and
the future French queen



PORTRAITS BY
REGINA McANANY

er's memories of that love, she would not have returned to the screen to star in it.

The other day, in a brief lull on the set, Norma Shearer said, "I could never have attempted this if my enthusiasm for 'Marie Antoinette' hadn't persisted through everything." Then her eyes filled and she turned away.

There is no eloquence in that statement—only in what lies behind it. And that is a play of personal drama unmatched by any picture in the history of Hollywood.

FIVE years ago, Irving Thalberg came home to Norma Shearer one evening fired with an idea. He wanted to film the bittersweet, comi-tragic life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of the French. They discussed it, as they discussed everything, together. The popular conception of the professional relationship between Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg is that he guided her completely in everything. The truth is she often disagreed with him; she has always had a mind of her own.

"I don't want to play a queen," she told him "I don't want to be a regal marionette out of a history book."

It might have ended there. But Irving Thalberg handed Norma a book and asked her to read it. "I think you'll find she wasn't just a queen," he said.

When Norma Shearer closed the cover of Stefan Zweig's biography of Marie Antoinette she told her husband she had changed her mind. She wanted to play Marie Antoinette on the screen above everything else. "You're right," she said, "she was more than a queen. She was a woman."

From then on it became a dream they shared.

Irving Thalberg's health broke sharply right after that. The first enthusiastic preparations were abandoned. Norma sailed with him and their son to Europe for curative baths and stimulating airs. When they returned Norma had been off the screen a dangerously long time. She needed to start a picture at once. But "Marie Antoinette" was hardly half prepared. They decided not to bring their dream to life in a shoddy manner. Norma Shearer went into "Riptide" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." She had barely finished these when her daughter, Katherine, was born.

Again "Marie Antoinette" was put off. Again, when Norma's career demanded another picture, they decided to keep their dream unhurried. She did "Romeo and Juliet."

All this time Irving Thalberg went ahead on "Marie Antoinette," despite his weak heart and the demands of other pictures on his limited strength.

Then, suddenly, Irving Thalberg died.

It seemed their dream had died with him. The shock left Norma Shearer confused and incapable of making plans. Her perfect partner was gone; there seemed no reason for her to continue on in an empty career. She had two fatherless children to raise. She had the huge bulk of his four million dollar estate to manage. In her mind was one unquestioned belief—that she would never make another picture.

But at M-G-M preparations for "Marie Antoinette" never ceased. And never with anyone but Norma Shearer in mind. They knew what Norma's numbed senses could not tell her. That her life had been wrapped up in motion pictures too long. That she could not stay away; that sooner or later she'd realize her love for Irving Thalberg would pull her back and make their dream come true.

HUNT STROMBERG had been a close friend of Thalberg's. He knew Thalberg's determination to make "Marie Antoinette" the finest appointed picture ever produced. He knew that this had meant everything to two people who loved each other very much. He resolved to carry out the Thalberg tradition to the minutest detail.

The result was the greatest campaign for lux-



At first the set was tense with the drama of the great Shearer comeback. So Norma played a clever trick, the cast roared, all tension was gone. The old gay Norma had come back again—Hyman Fink's shot of her on the set leaves no question of that

urious authenticity ever attempted in the history of the screen. The research and preparation for Norma Shearer's return in "Marie Antoinette" is a romance in itself.

Stromberg marshalled all the tremendous production resources and talent of M-G-M. The research department assembled over one thousand French books on the Louis' and their lavishly elegant courts. Pouring over these they compiled two bulging volumes crammed with intimate personal details about each of the *sixty* historical characters who appear on the screen. It was a masterpiece of research. By the time their work was completed, every member of the great historical tableau lived vividly—not as a dim figure of history, but as a person.

THEY found, for instance, that Louis XV bathed only seventeen times from cradle to grave! That the ambition of Louis XVI's life was to make twenty clocks strike at the same time. That Marie Antoinette had holes in the toes of her slippers when she knelt before the guillotine. That Madame Dubarry kept perfumed poodle dogs who lived on chocolate bonbons and wore red pants, frock coats, lace collars and tricornered hats!

They re-created from fact and fable such clear portraits of the fastidious pre-Revolutionary French that as one actor said, "There is no acting problem here. There is nothing left for the imagination!"

While research and script were woven together in Hollywood, Stromberg, himself, head-

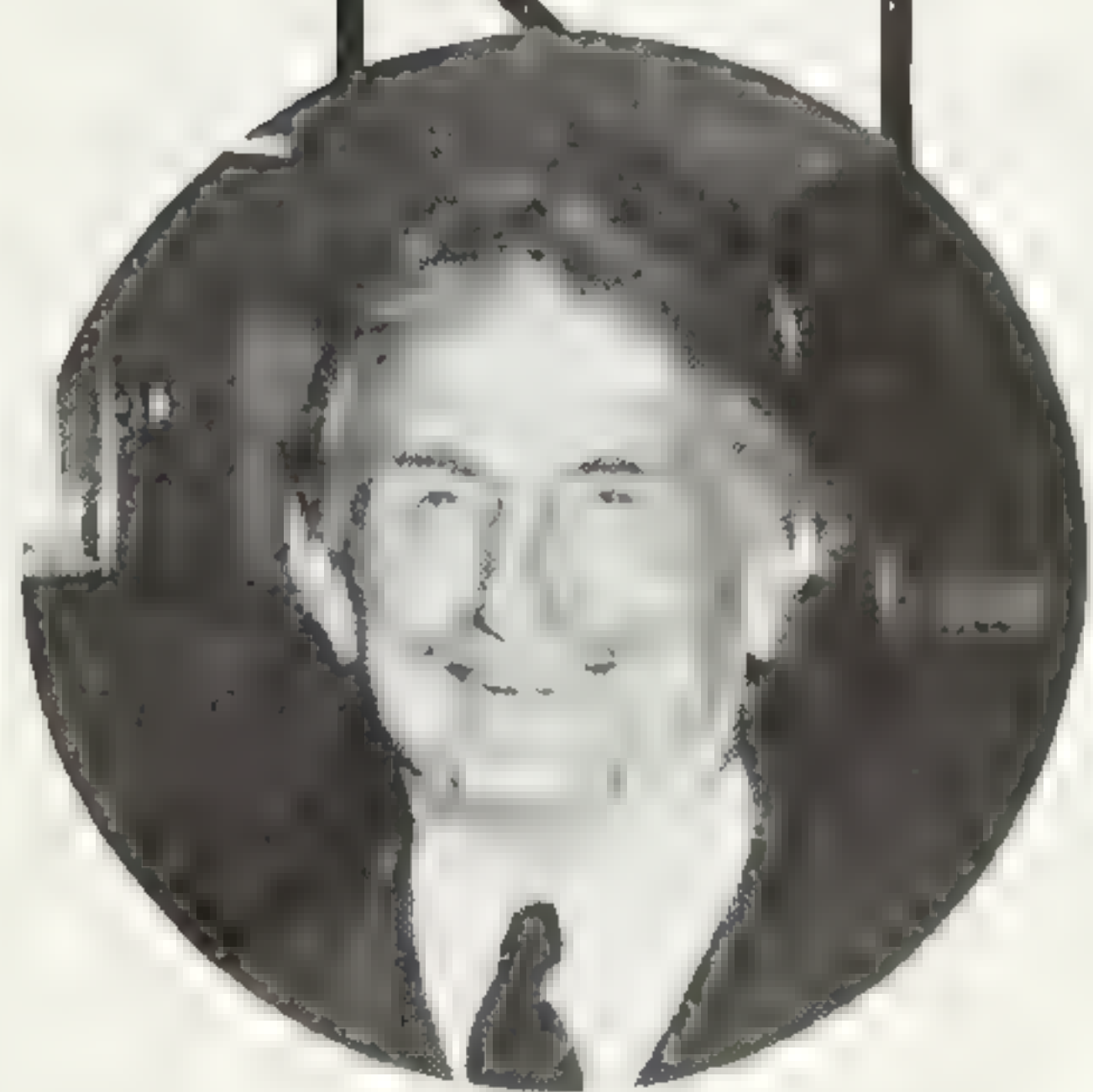
ed a squad of M-G-M's ace production talent to comb Europe for relics of Antoinette's glamorous reign. Stromberg badgered the French government into letting him photograph the King's and Queen's bedroom in the palace at Versailles, a thing hitherto strictly taboo.

Adrian, M-G-M's famous dress stylist, hiked off to Vienna to ferret out every known Hapsburg portrait of Marie Antoinette's generation—for she was a Hapsburg before she went to France to be Louis' bride. The search yielded only one tiny authentic miniature of the youthful archduchess, but a mountain of manuscripts, prints, sketches and yellowed records of a ghostly glory.

In Paris, Adrian spent months roaming the crooked streets of Revolutionary Paris searching for anything from which to reconstruct the Bourbon dandies and their fashions, fancies, and foibles. He visited hairdressers whose ancestors had trimmed the wigs and curled the coiffures of the dainty courtiers of the period. He traced down families of Swiss wig-makers—for five thousand headpieces would have to be made, each in the correct style of six different periods of French court fads. He combed the knitting mills of France for weavers whose grandfathers had told them hazy tales of the rich splendor of court costumes. He found long forgotten samples of gold cloth and brocades that had graced many a French dandy's prancing figure at the minuet. He dug up Antoinette's very jewels and the jewels of her friends. He

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BACK TO ADVENTURE



BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

*Photoplay's publisher sees in
"The Adventures of Robin Hood"
a challenge to stuffy sophistica-
tion and a renewal of the vital
spirit that is America's heritage*

"**S**OPHISTICATION" is a dangerous thing. Take the dictionary meaning of "sophisticated" for proof. To be sophisticated is to be "deprived of native or original simplicity . . . to be artificial."

Yet the modern world wants to be sophisticated. The word has become a term of praise, not of derogation. And undoubtedly in answer to this mistaken desire, there has recently been a trend in motion pictures toward sophistication—toward artificiality, smartness, cynicism. The more "sophisticated" a picture was, the more it was to be admired.

And that is the reason, it seems to me, that "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is more than simply a new picture—more than just entertainment. It is a breath of fresh air in an over-luxurious room. It is the pendulum starting its swing back toward native and original simplicity, toward honesty, vigor, and unashamed zest for living.

It would be hard to imagine anything less sophisticated than this picture. Its story is an old one—a well-loved legend, part of the heritage of English-speaking people. But the director, Michael Curtiz, has proved that new life and enthusiasm can be brought to the oldest of

stories. "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is packed full of intensely dramatic situations.

Errol Flynn, playing the title rôle, is a bold, dashing, lovable villain. He leaps up stairs with the agility of a panther. He scales walls, climbs up to balconies, with the ease, swiftness and grace of a cat. He fights like a demon and makes whirlwind love.

Now, all this is frankly romance, a beautiful legend. But like all the legends which are cradled deep in the hearts of men, it contains truths not found in scientific treatises—nor yet in hothouse dramas or silly comedies.

It glorifies ideals instead of worldly schemes, courage instead of doubt. It takes the glamour away from stuffy drawing rooms and places it where it belongs—in the out-of-doors.

It brings back that love of adventure which has been responsible for all the really worthwhile things man has achieved here on earth.

"Robin Hood," and the other pictures to come which it will undoubtedly inspire, will perform an immense service to the people of this nation. It is impossible to see it without wanting to feel the blood coursing through your veins, to feel the sun and wind on your forehead, to experience the thrill of vigorous action, to approach life with the zest which only perfect health can give. It is impossible to see it, even, without wanting to revive that fine old sport of archery, which is only now coming back into popularity.

The people of America need a change in their viewpoint—just such a change as pictures like "Robin Hood" embody in themselves. We are forgetting that we are a young nation. We yearn for the sophisticated life, forgetting that sophistication means artificiality and an arid lack of simplicity. We forget, too, that the nations which have approached their problems from a too-intellectual angle have always, as history shows, been on their way to decadence.

Our own glorious growth and progress have been the fruit of an adventurous, high-hearted spirit, the same spirit with which "Robin Hood"

abounds. We have our own beautiful legends—only they are not legends. Like "Robin Hood," they actually happened, before we turned our backs on simplicity and vigor. It is up to us to find that simplicity and vigor once more, in order to keep on growing, in order to keep on progressing.

There are but few pictures that one cares to see the second time, but Michael Curtiz' "Robin Hood" belongs in that class.



Errol Flynn is a bold Robin Hood, making whirlwind love to Maid Marian (Olivia de Havilland)—all sheer romance, yet deep in this lovely legend lies truth and inspiration





ROUNDERS'

GUIDE

Where do they go? What do they do?—those Hollywood sophisticates.

A famous bon vivant reports all

Drawing by Floherty, Jr.

THE most glamorous city on earth contains more than a handful of the most sophisticated people.

Americans everywhere want to know everything about these people. They are certainly more fabled than anyone alive today elsewhere.

Just *what* do they do? Where do they go? What do they eat and drink? Who clothes them and who decorates their homes? What are their favorite sports? And a hundred and one other riddles.

Like any other major city, the spots a Hollywood sophisticate frequents change as often as his whims; therefore, there must be men of vision thereabouts who can work fast in the doing-over process.

Right at this moment, sophisticated Hollywood is tennis and polo mad. It will spend all of its extra shekels at this time of year (spring and summer) in outdoing the other guy in either sporting event. You'd be surprised at the stars who covet the net, and who wish they could emulate Helen Jacobs, Kay Stammers and von Cramm.

All winter long in their off-set hours they've been whacking a wicked racquet down at Palm



TO HOLLYWOOD

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

Springs. All spring they've been practicing on the tennis courts of friends and at that very exclusive spot, the West Side Tennis Club. They've spent a fortune at the Beverly Hills sporting goods shops in properly equipping themselves for the fray they hope to get into when midsummer's tournaments come along.

The sophisticated East may eye the Casino at Newport, R. I., with favor, but not so the rest of America, who will want to know the net rating of Wendy Barrie and Paulette Goddard, Charlie Farrell and Errol Flynn, Sally Eilers and Betty Grable, Jack Cummings and Gary Cooper, and Frank Shields and Ralph Bellamy.

The comparatively new Will Rogers Polo Field suffered considerably from the big flood which swept over Los Angeles in March. It put out of commission for many months the Uplifters' Field at Santa Monica, and did its share of damage to the Riviera Field in Bel-Air, but there are enough polo fans to do up these discrepancies in the best brown imaginable. Since Will's death, polo has been on the downgrade; but Leo Carrillo and Spencer Tracy decided this spring to bring polo back with a bang. Besides, everyone likes to watch Gary Cooper, Hal Roach, Walt Disney and Walter Wanger bear madly down upon one another. Here is a man's game in the best sense of gentlemanly manliness. No true red-blooded American can stand aside when Wally Beery, Clarence Brown, Jack Holt and Frank Borzage come roaring down the sod, mallets high. The crowd that squat about the turf in their imported cars yell their lungs out when a good stiff game is in progress.

Later they'll all meet at Don the Beachcomber's unique South Sea Island bar, for one of those famous Dr. Funk or Zombie drinks. Don will wager that anyone, save a Hollywood sophisticate, cannot consume more than two or three without the urge to go quite native.

Don is a wise Beachcomber. In Honolulu, on June first, he opens for filmland's best a duplicate spot together with a series of Tahitian huts, rentable at minimum fee to all his filmland clients. His rum—he has ninety-one different brands from the Caribbean Islands and the South Seas—is the most palatable I've ever tasted, and that for me, my fine friends, is really quite an important concession.

Since Don the Beachcomber first opened, forty-five gentlemen have copied his idea in Hollywood. All spots have folded, save eleven. Of these eleven, Sugie's place in Beverly Hills still manages to get the crowd. It is here that Georgie Jessel and Errol Flynn occasionally go; and sometimes Johnny Weissmuller and Howard Hughes.

But Don has been more discreet. He's built one complete "shack" for screenland's elite, with a number of discreet places to "get away from it all." Such people as Tom Brown, Mischa Auer, Annabella, Charlie Chaplin, Tim Durant and a host of others dive into Don's hide-out every evening with the assurance that they won't be photographed, autographed, and besieged by an army of sight-seers.

HOLLYWOOD is the least dressy place in the country today. In fact, you can wear pajamas all day (and night) long and no one will be the wiser.

But on Friday and Saturday evenings, after you've cocktailed and "tead" to suit your taste, you have to put on a bit of the dog or the crowd will give you the "Southern Sasparilla"—which isn't fun!

So out you step for a bite to eat at Lamaze's, in the Strip (as that section of town is called 'twixt Beverly Hills and Hollywood); or Selznick's Versailles, overlooking the lights of town; or the Town House's Zebra Room; the Ambassador's Cocanut Grove; the Beverly Wilshire's Florentine Room.

To each, goes filmland in a body, clad in dinner jacket and milady's foxiest jewels. To each, go as many tourists as have been lucky enough to get in. Sometimes they flock to the Victor Hugo out in Beverly Hills, and a few give large and exclusive dinner parties at home.

Afterwards (not earlier than eleven), the colony proceeds almost in a body to Billy Wilkerson's beauteous Trocadero, America's best known chic nitery next to John Perona's El Morocco in New York; or the Clover Club near by. In fact, Hollywood society is very much divided on the two spots, in their likes and dislikes about the town.

The Hotel Biltmore Bowl is another spot which attracts the movie crowd; and so does the

Ambassador's Cocanut Grove on Tuesday—on its special movie night.

Name bands from various sections of the country regale the boys and gals of pictureland at most of these spots. Eddy Duchin, Rudy Vallee, the Conchitas, Jan Garber and a host of others have come and gone all year long.

The trick dances, such as the Big Apple, Little Pear, Fragrant Peach, the Shag and so forth have practically gone out, the Viennese Waltz and the Guatemalan Rhumba have come back in. No one loves the latter so much as Marlene Dietrich, Lili Damita, June Lang, Carole Lombard, Joan Marsh, Mary Rogers, Paulette Goddard, Martha Raye and Eleanor Powell. But to see Louis B. Mayer, Joe Schenck, Cesar Romero, Eddie Sutherland, Lloyd Pantages, Gene Markey, Josef von Sternberg, George Raft, Gene Towne and Bill Robinson is a treat indeed.

There are some who claim that that beautiful thing "Vieni-Vieni," said to be Hitler's favorite piece, is the pièce de résistance at all of the chic night spots this year. Of those who dance to it, Anita Louise, Madeleine Carroll, Marian Marsh, Merle Oberon, Loretta Young, Luli Deste and Marion Davies outshine all others. And as for the men, there are always Winnie Sheehan, Gene Markey, Edmund Lowe, Richard Arlen, Ed Sullivan, Will Hays, Douglass Montgomery, Robert Young and Jack Barrymore.

MOST of the night spots mentioned above close between two and three in the morning, and then the crowd drifts on to La Conga, the Hollywood Brown Derby, Rex Bell and Clara Bow's popular "It" Café, Burp Hollow and "The Drunkard" (incidentally, this latter is now in its fifth year in Hollywood).

Sometimes the evening is wound up at dawn, down in "Omar's Dome" in Los Angeles proper or one of the black and tan spots down there, which correspond to Harlem in New York.

Some there are who motor out to Santa Monica's Grand Hotel for a breakfast out over the languorous Pacific Ocean; others prefer Von Klein's "The Berries" in Cahuenga Canyon, where the best meats and meat sandwiches in the entire far West are served; still others roam down to Olivera Street in the Spanish section of

(Continued on page 75)



A good pianist of the stand-a-lot-of-punishment variety (in this case, Smith Ballew) solves the entertainment problem at many a Hollywood party

Jimmy Stewart is among the flock of stars who have found a camera provides a cheap but altogether fascinating hobby for every day of the year

HOW TO HAVE A STAR'S FUN ON YOUR INCOME

Besides economizing in the pursuit of pleasure, the stars also know how to avoid big bills in keeping beautiful. Jeanette MacDonald demonstrates one method everyone can enjoy

Ginger Rogers' soda bar satisfies everyone's yen to play "soda jerker," and also helps to balance her party budget





The Tones consider badminton wonderful sport, and yet not too expensive

Dick Powell advocates Ping-pong for fun and also for entertainment penny saving

Hollywood's younger set has discovered that bicycling is ideal for having a wonderful time, good for the figure and, last but by no means least, very easy on the pocketbook

BY MARJORIE HILLIS

As in Podunkville—so in Hollywood

—"the best things in life are free,"

says the author of "Orchids On Your

Budget;" "Live Alone and Like It"

you've heretofore thought of only as the title of a song: "The best things in life are free." Or, anyway, startlingly inexpensive.

TAKE, to begin with, the Hollywood party. Now, there's a chance to spend a lot of money if there ever was one. Champagne served out of magnum bottles, peacocks' tongues and similar delicacies to eat, and international favorites to do the entertaining at so much a head—so very much a head.

But when Ginger Rogers, for instance, has some people in to spend the evening, does she go in for all this? As a matter of fact, she buys some ice cream, some assorted fruit syrups, bananas, maraschino cherries, and lots and lots of bottled soda water. Then she turns her guests loose on the collection and lets them make their own ice-cream sodas and banana splits, thereby solving at one fell swoop the twin problems of food and entertainment. Did you ever meet anyone who didn't have a sneaking ambition to mess around in back of a soda counter? It goes back to the mud-pie instinct in children. And besides, ice cream is much cheaper than liquor. Try it yourself some time, and see.

Ginger Rogers gives dinners, too—formal affairs. She has a barbecue pit in her back yard, and that's where she serves the dinner—small steaks, pots of baked beans, and a green salad, handed around on stone platters.

Of course, you may not have a barbecue pit, but if you have a back yard or a garden you can build one, easily and inexpensively. And if you haven't the back yard, you can achieve the really important thing about these parties—which is their spirit of informality—in other ways. A buffet supper with a chafing dish or electric grill is one way. Giving your guests carte blanche in your kitchen is another.

WHAT is today's biggest fad in Hollywood? Not buying yachts or foreign motors; not anything that means spending lots of money. It's knitting, just plain, ordinary knitting. Walk in on one of Kay Francis' or Bette Davis' afternoon parties, and you'll think you've stepped into

Aunt Hattie's sewing circle by mistake. There are all those exotic ladies, sitting around and knitting—and loving it.

Everybody's doing it. One director at Warner Brothers made a big hit with all his stars and players by bringing yarn and needles to the studio and putting them all to work between scenes, knitting little squares for an afghan. He not only made a hit, but he got a nice afghan out of it, too.

When Joan Crawford, who is an expert, wants to give a present to a friend, she invariably knits it herself.

Of course, there's a very human reason for the way the stars enjoy an occupation your grandmother used to call work. A completed sweater is something in which to take a lot of pride. And it doesn't seem to make any difference if a star has won the Academy award—she still finds herself gloating proudly over that first sweater, despite its occasional dropped stitches or that funny way it fits around the shoulders. Because, you see, it's something she's done all by herself.

To get back, temporarily, to those Hollywood parties: when Ann Sothorn entertains, she simply sees to it that somewhere in the crowd there is a good pianist, of the rough-and-ready, stand-a-lot-of-punishment variety. Then she forgets her entertainment problem, while her guests spend hours grouped around the piano, playing and singing every old song they can remember.

Or she makes a game out of it. The pianist plays a few bars of some old song, and the guests have a contest to see who can guess the name of it, tell what year it was popular, and relate some personal memory connected with that year. The George Murphys are whizzes at this sort of thing, and so is Franchot Tone.

THIS brings us to the subject of games in general. The person who introduces a brand-new game in Hollywood is made, socially, for life. And the game doesn't have to be expensive to play, either—the only requirement is that it be ingenious. The Game, or Indications, as it is

(Continued on page 78)

LIVE like a star on your budget?

Well, I don't expect to convince you that you can, just by saying so. Because, at first glance, that seems as ridiculous a statement as anybody in her right mind—or wrong mind either, for that matter, ever made.

"The woman," you'll say, "just doesn't know my budget!"

But I think I do. It's just a little bit smaller than the amount you need to do all the things you'd like to do. Most budgets are like that, my own not excepted.

On the other hand, they are pretty glamorous creatures, these movie stars whose lovely faces and perfect figures are flashed before us on the screen. They must lead pretty glamorous lives. They are not only beautiful, but rich and popular, and they live in the fabulous land of Hollywood where everything is gayer and grander than everywhere else. No need for them, surely, to think about anything so crass as a budget.

When they want to have fun, they go ahead and have it, without bothering to count the cost. Or do they?

Let's peer into a few private lives and see what really goes on there. What we find out is going to surprise you. Moreover, it's going to prove the very real truth of a saying which



*A timeworn joke bit the dust when
Bob Young married a girl with an
understanding and unusual mother*

BY IDA ZEITLIN

THERE'S another woman in Bob Young's life. He not only admits it, but sings hosannas about it. His face lights up when her name is mentioned. He talks about her with a fervor most men reserve for their wives or sweethearts or children. He never fails to kiss her on sight—"He wouldn't care if the President were standing there," she informs you, beaming with love and pride. He dances with her in public, and she sometimes cooks for him in private. Her name is Maud Henderson and she's his mother-in-law.

I came upon the fact by accident. He was chewing on a drumstick in his dressing room. "Part of last night's dinner," he announced. "Maid's day out. My mother-in-law cooked it. Say, there's a woman I could talk about forever."

The traditional mother-in-law joke, so-called, has long grown stale and tasteless. On the other hand, such feeling as shone in Bob's eyes was a rare sight. I inquired further.

"Why? Because *she's* rare, I suppose. Because the word humane must have been invented for her. Because I've never met her like in tolerance and understanding and seeing the other fellow's side before she sees her own. You know, many of us struggle to be unselfish

Item one: Maud Henderson, right, mother of Betty Lou Young (above with Bob and Don Ameche) loves to laugh; item two: she loves to dance; item three: she's proved she can mind her own business. All reasons why she doesn't fit into the traditional mother-in-law pattern; why, too, she is the "other woman" in Bob Young's private life



because we're taught we should be. She doesn't have to struggle, she was born that way. And don't let that give you the idea that she's one of these meek old parties who sits with her hands folded and looks saintly. She isn't old, she isn't meek, and if she ever sat for longer than two minutes with her hands folded, you'd be running for the doctor.

"She loves to laugh. She's got more bounce than a rubber ball. She'll come home from the dentist after having had three or four teeth

pulled, and, instead of moaning, she'll start remembering the time she swallowed a couple of inlays and have us in hysterics, telling about it. She meets real trouble the same way. She may cry her eyes out in her bedroom, but, when you see her, she's either ready to battle whatever it is or face the inevitable.

"With us, there's never the problem of, 'Isn't it time we had Mother over?' We can't get her over often enough. Nor the problem of how to

(Continued on page 82)

THE Camera

SPEAKS

Study in reflection: Joan Bennett of "The Texans" caught in a moment of lovely tranquillity

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM WALLING

ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT
ITS PICTORIAL BEST



Twenty-three years ago moving pictures took up the crusade against syphilis in a bold adaptation of the play "Damaged Goods." Fresh from the Broadway stage sensation was leading man Richard Bennett, father of Constance and Joan



The next year illegal operations were daringly attacked in the powerful "Where Are My Children?" Above, Tyrone Power, Sr., as Richard Walton, strongly denounces his wife and her selfish friends for the sin of depriving their husbands of children

For Adults Only

Although "The Birth of a Baby" aroused nationwide controversy, Photoplay reveals that the social message film is nothing new. Here, in exclusive pictures, is its sensational history

By 1933 medical groups had so acknowledged moving pictures as powerful weapons in the fight against venereal diseases that "Damaged Lives" was endorsed by the American Social Hygiene Association. The film's cast included Diane Sinclair (below), Lyman Williams, Marceline Day, Cecelia Parker, George Irving and Victor Potel





When narcotics killed Wallace Reid, Mrs. Reid (Dorothy Davenport) declared war against dope, including in her campaign "Human Wreckage." Above, Mrs. Reid and Bessie Love as the dope addict. James Kirkwood and George Hackathorne also had rôles

The white slave theme was so dangerous in 1916 that the producer of one film dared not print the cast names. In 1924 "Missing Daughters," on the same subject, included such well-known stars as Pauline Starke, Eva Novak, and Robert Edeson

ONLY a producer not a member of the Association of Motion Picture Producers attempts the "For Adults Only" film. An Association member must obtain the Hays Office approval on every picture. This precludes the social message picture, for the Association Code states: (1) "Sex hygiene and venereal diseases are not subjects for motion pictures." (2) "White slavery shall not be treated." (3) "Scenes of actual childbirth, in fact or in silhouette, are never to be presented."

An independent producer must, however, submit his film to a state or city censorship board. State boards have been set up in New York, Ohio, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland. In the remaining states, local boards exist in "key cities."

Difference in censorship opinion is shown by the case of "The Birth of a Baby," shown in Minneapolis, but banned in New York; and "Tomorrow's Children," approved by Pennsylvania and Ohio, but turned down by Maryland, Virginia, Kansas and New York.

Equally spectacular is the recent film, "Assassin of Youth," exposing the evils of the Marihuana weed or the "reefer" cigarette. Whether this film and its predecessors have succeeded in their avowed aim to educate the public on social subjects is still a moot point

"Tomorrow's Children," a frank study of sterilization, was released in 1934. Application for a license in N. Y. State was refused. When the case was appealed in 1937, the refusal was upheld on the grounds that the film was "immoral"



ERROL

Prominent among the young benedicts of Hollywood is the versatile Flynn, husband of the volatile Damita. Celtic descendant of Fletcher Christian of "Bounty" fame, Warners' "Robin Hood" is a rover at heart, an author at will, an actor by nature. Having spent the first quarter of his life roaming five continents, he took a hand at the English stage, was spotted by Warners, imported hastily westward. A personable young man with a flair for sailing ships and wearing British tweeds, he admits to one suppressed desire—to be a bartender

Photograph by Elmer Fryer





KATE

In a town that is a dealer in phenomena, she has become a legend—the vivid, vibrant Hepburn. She is fancy's child who works for a living and Hollywood is her workshop. A worthy Thespian with an indomitable will to conquer, she was a prime "play actor" in her native Hartford at seven; an amateur actress at seventeen; the talk of the motion-picture industry at twenty-seven. To her friends, this dynamic Linda of "Holiday" is a shy, earnest, lovable young redhead; to her directors, "one of those rare individuals that we know as genius"

Photograph by A. L. Schafer



1. The male half of this picture is the famous son of a famous actor father. The girl in the case was the subject of a short poem written by a noted woman novelist in the December issue of this magazine

2. Off screen, these two lovers are old married people. The Southern lady is wed to a noted director; the man, one of the screen's prime butlers, is twice-told papa

3. This pair makes love to each other frequently. She's a native of Philadelphia; he was born in Providence, is now a popular radio star as well as an M-G-M player, has been in movies since 1933



7. A fervid technique—and it seems to please the dark-eyed girl who was voted the screen's best-dressed woman. The featured male player was once the rollicking film mate of Victor McLaglen

8. A more reticent version of the kiss by a tiny blonde noted for brilliant footwork and by the young hero who figured in that first close-up in the top row

9. "It's All Yours" is this English star's last film, but she seems to be keeping her silent partner in suspense right here. Perhaps it's because she's wary of the popular blonde comedienne who is his wife



14. The Riviera saw her recently, while he is the father of two daughters, one blonde, one brunette, who are even now attracting directors' attention

WHO'S KISSING

Third in Photoplay's popular series of "Guess Who" games—a test of your knowledge of these torrid close-up champions



1. Rather nose-y about his wooing is this swain of Claudette Colbert's in "I Met Him in Paris." His subject here is the pretty blonde Mrs. Phil Berg

5. "B"oy loves "G"irl in this one. "G" (male—and once a lumberjack) has brown hair and gray eyes; "B" owns an enterprising cosmetic business, is one of three sisters in a family that is noted on the stage

6. The young man on the left was once a crooner, is now a bandleader. His feminine accomplice, Miss M. B., has a soft drawl, thirteen years in films, sixty-eight movie rôles and no husbands to her credit



10. Her initials are M. D., but it was leg art in which she specialized. Her colleague is another M. D.—and married

11. This brunette will soon be a baroness; the gentleman in profile won fame in films as Philo Vance

12. Husband and wife, these two, since 1935. Her mother-in-law by a previous marriage is now the wife of the man, who is pictured at the top right

13. Love—when spitcurls were in and censors out. She's French, with an Irish husband; he's Don Jose of Monogram's "Rose of the Rio Grande"

WHOM?

If these lips betray you and you can't guess their rightful owners, turn to page 76 for a list of the correct answers



15. The Grand Finale—by a lady who made "Blondie of the Follies" in 1932 and then retired and by a Spanish lover, film actor these twenty-five years



Joe E. Brown and daughters answer the call of the side show vendor



A program vendor has a fair customer in the person of Anita Louise

Among the ardent circus fans—Tyrone and Janet



Jane Withers is blissfully unaware of the "Down in front" edict



Unusual celebrity grab shot—front row: the Ronald Burt (Una Merkel), Curtis Kenyon squiring Madge Evans. Rear row: can you find

STARS AS AUDIENCE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HYMAN FINK



The ticket line-up includes Natalie Draper and husband Tom Brown



Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant find it all pretty hair-raising

In the rush for seats
Ken Murray lends a
helping hand to Betty
Grable and Mary Brian



Serious spectators:
Mary Astor and her
husband Manuel Mar-
tinez Del Campo



*The worm turns at last!
This time it's the film
folk who pass judgment
on the annual show of
shows, Hollywood's favor-
ite Al G. Barnes Circus*



LIGHTS

AND

SHADOWS

Soldier of fortune seeking fame is Ray Milland, late of the English stage, now favored young son of Paramount. Welsh by birth, British by education, the new male lead of "Tropic Holiday" looks back on a life that has led him from the blue jeans of a ranchman to the regal uniform of the King's Royal Guards. Having first gained entree to films by reason of his horsemanship, his profile and his spontaneous talent, he spent one year courting the Hollywood that now is courting him

PHOTOGRAPH BY
EUGENE ROBERT RICHEY

The call number for stardom is up, too, for Andrea Leeds. An amateur college movie brought her to the attention of West Coast directorial brains; her own intense talent makes her coolly competent to fulfill the "Letter of Introduction" which Universal is now issuing. Used first as a foil in a kiss test, she was delegated to the cutting room floor; cast as the young suicide in "Stage Door," she was lifted promptly and permanently to her own place in lights, notably in "The Goldwyn Follies"

PHOTOGRAPH BY
RAY JONES





Katie's streamlines first showed up to advantage in this love scene with Colin Keith-Johnston in the 1932 stage success, "The Warrior's Husband"

These gems, unearthed by Photoplay, may not rate the Metropolitan, but we hang them here in our cinematic masterpiece department



A 1925 tango or a love fade-out? At any rate, in melting into Jack Pickford's arms, La Bennett completely forgets her vaccination



Oh, for those dear old days when Mrs. Tone had more pep and less poise! Can you imagine the self-contained Crawford today in an abandoned scene like this one? It's from the 1931 "Dance, Fools, Dance" when Joanie was still a dancing daughter. The handsome stalwart in shorts is Lester Vail

The famous Gable dimple betrays the identity of the black wigged person, who, in those Portland Theater days, used the name of William C. Gable. At Clark's left is Josephine Dillon, later to be his first wife



Three pictures that prove Lon Chaney didn't corner the make-up market. Top: a decidedly unhandsome John Barrymore in a 1921 rôle in "Clair de Lune" . . . Charlie Chaplin (above) as a perfect Napoleon . . .



. . . and this was not the laconic president, the late Calvin Coolidge, but veteran actor Lucien Littlefield striking a pose in the famed Coolidge manner



SHOOTING





STARS

. the hobby of many PHOTOPLAY readers

1. The inimitable Powell, astride a burro belonging to a fan in Kennedy Meadows, Cal., is snapped by Mrs. M. Shade. Awarded first prize

2. This success shot of Madeleine Carroll was taken right in the middle of Santa Fe Street in Pasadena by a Californian, Ivan Essayan

3. Willard Calderbank, Canadian on vacation in Hollywood, caught Alice Faye hurrying from her radio rehearsal at the Wilshire Ebell Theater

4. Tennis Tournament time is the hey-day of the star-shooters. Jack Pashkovsky had the luck to spot Melvyn Douglas in the midst of the crowd

5. Robert Dunbar, radioman of an Air Corps bomber stationed at March Field, Cal., where "Test Pilot" scenes were shot, "candidly" Tracy and Loy

6. A scoop picture of Miss Temple enjoying herself on her Hawaiian vacation, for which honors go to Patricia Feeney of Detroit, Michigan

7. As one fan to another—polo enthusiast Bob Montgomery posed on the field of a Santa Monica Country Club for star devotee Mina Gilbert

8. Mary Alyce Jacobs knew how much Photoplay readers would appreciate this picture of Jean Harlow, taken on the grounds of the star's own home

9. An exciting moment for Cantor and Durbin, recorded by Ivan Essayan's camera. Photo taken at the train when the two stars left on their N. Y. trip

10. That Morris-Lane team had a lot of fun one Sunday at a public beach at Santa Monica. Al Hart talked to them, thinks they're both "very nice"

11. John Kinsley, another lucky airman stationed at March Field who watched the "Test Pilots" at work, got this first-hand view of the smiling Gable

12. Nelson Eddy evidently loves to be caught by the camera—at least, when it was Mrs. Frank Thomas who snapped him at the famous Vendome Cafe



12



Sylvia Sydney

On screen, the city girl sticks to her city streets in Paramount's "You and Me"; off screen, she's turned rural with a farm in New Jersey

Photograph by William Walling

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



Informality in a formal setting: as Joan, in a daring version of the strapless dinner gown, concentrates on Joel McCrea's lapel, Cesar Romero concentrates on the first course

Gary Cooper isn't giving Georgie Burns the cold shoulder. It's merely proof of how the night spots pack 'em in on Saturday night

A little o' this; a little o' that; a dash of truth; a flavor of hearsay—net result: a spicy concoction of news from the stars' own home town

The Truth About the "Ecstasy Girl"

PERHAPS nowhere else in the world do people regret so heartily their youthful mistakes. Under the merciless spotlight, their every thought and deed, their every action, past and present, is brought to light, sometimes with heartbreaking results.

We are thinking now of Hedy Lamarr. No more beautiful woman has ever stormed the doors of moviedom than Hedy, grey-eyed, raven-haired Viennese known as the "Ecstasy Girl."

We talked to Hedy on the "Algiers" set the

other day, an experience we shan't soon forget.

"I can't get away from it, this 'Ecstasy Girl' name," she said. "I think to myself now I come to Hollywood and begin again. My father's heart is broken and my mother crushed over the whole episode. So, I think I come to America for I love their language so, their words—'dear'—'darling'—'sweetheart' and their way of laughing off troubles that I see and hear in the American films in Vienna.

"The words that I loved to hear from the screen they call me now but their hearts do not mean it. In their papers they speak of me as another foreigner who is not wanted—the 'Ecstasy Girl.'

"It is not to be stood so heavy is my heart."

She sat at her dressing table and stared helplessly at her make-up, ruined now by the tears that had overflowed.

"I was only sixteen, young and so ambitious to get ahead. That I must appear unclothed in the picture was not in the synopsis they sent me to read. When I was told, it was too late. I was only one against a whole organization. Besides, in my country they looked at it so differently. They spoke of it as art.

"But now it is done—over—and I am not forgiven in this wonderful land of America. My dear friends here, Ronald Colman and others, assure me in time, when I have proven by sincerity in wanting to be near and with you

Americans and have proven my ability as an actress, Hollywood will no longer think of me only as the girl of 'Ecstasy.'

"Do you think so, please?"

That Hedy's sincerity will bring her what she wants goes without saying, for, at the present time, in her desire to become a real part of America, she is taking out citizenship papers.

Listen, Girls

BY this time you are undoubtedly asking more about that handsome young Britisher, Richard Greene, seen in "Four Men and a Prayer" and now acting as Sonja Henie's leading man.

Just to be up on Greene you should know:

He's a bachelor. He's twenty-four. He's handsome. He's delightful, he's fancy-free and has a dimple in his right cheek.

Handsome even than Ty Power, he can't believe Hollywood isn't a dream from which he may awaken any moment. A few short weeks ago Richard was just another out-of-work actor in London. Suddenly, three Hollywood studios began paging him at once.

His description of the conference at which he signed his contract is riotous—for an Englishman. Like Jack Horner he sat in a corner, unimportant and ignored, while agents and lawyers fought over salary.

"And for what?" he asks. "I was put on a six week lay-off after my first picture, 'Four Men and a Prayer' and I'm stony broke anyway."

The "Four Men" company had been shooting ten days when Richard arrived in Hollywood one week after signing his contract.

An hour after landing he stood before a camera on a sound stage and said to Loretta Young, whom he'd never met,

"I love you, too, dear."

Hot dog, what a life! And how he adores them—hot dogs, we mean.

Studio can't keep him out of drive-in stands where Richard feeds his handsome self hot dogs by the hour.

He chews gum. And got lost in Mexico a month after he arrived. Talked the Mexican official in letting him across the border with no papers, which should give you some idea (oh, very rough, of course) of his charm.

His name is constantly linked with 1: Arleen Whelan. 2: Loretta Young. 3: Sonja Henie.

He thinks they're all nice.

And they all think Richard is nice, too.

He's taking lessons to eliminate his too-thick accent.

He can imitate Bob Burns, but he can't look like him no matter how hard he tries.

Play Cozy—and Get Fooled

ONE of Hollywood's mysteries is liable to be cleared up before the month is out. We refer to that old chestnut "Are Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard *really* married?"

Because Paulette starts her picture with Janet Gaynor within a few weeks, and Selznick Studios, we understand, will demand a clear-cut, final answer to that question from Miss Goddard before she begins her work. They are starting a publicity campaign on Miss Goddard, which may land her in the "Scarlett O'Hara" rôle of "Gone with the Wind." And the studio wants to know about Miss Goddard's marriages, if any, before they start their build-up.

Gold Star for Shirley

IF you don't believe Shirley Temple is growing up to be a perfect little lady, you should know what the famous "Desert Inn," in Palm Springs, thinks about her. This favorite desert spot is noted for its exclusiveness, quiet restfulness, and complete lack of Palm Springs "whoopie."

During Shirley's last vacation there recently, an elderly banker from Pittsburgh spotted the little star strolling down the lawn. "Isn't that Shirley Temple from Hollywood?" he asked the manager. "Indeed," the manager returned soberly. "Miss Temple is one of our happiest, but quietest clients."

Are You Up On Carole Lombard?

DID you know she—

Giggles that way off the screen, too?

Calls Clark Gable "Pappy" and scolds him for not reporting on his whereabouts so "accident rumors" won't frighten her silly?

Can milk a cow?

Is building a small six-room house in the valley?

Is taking a correspondence course in agriculture from a local university and averages "B's" in her homework?

Can rope a steer?

Is generous to relatives and a small army of people?

Loves to talk of her Mack Sennett "fanny falls" days?

Goes to town on chocolate caramels?

Buys fewer clothes for her own wardrobe than any star in Hollywood?

Is the most outspoken beauty in ten states?



For M-G-M's "Captains Courageous," Photoplay's 1937 Gold Medal winner, Bernarr Macfadden presents the Gold Medal to Freddie Bartholomew on the Maxwell House Good News broadcast. For a party in Mr. Macfadden's honor, Sonja Henie donned a saucy chapeau and brought Richard Greene

C A N D I D C A M E R A S H O T S B Y H Y M A N F I N K

And Bedlam Popped Out

A TAILOR'S delivery boy out in Beverly Hills is still in a daze. Standing one day on Marlene Dietrich's back porch with two cleaned dresses, the boy casually pressed a small button near the back door.

Life for the tailor's boy became a bedlam almost at once. A swarm of motorcycle cops followed by a corps of plain-clothes men surrounded the boy. It was minutes later he discovered he had pushed the burglar alarm by mistake.

Gary Blushes—But Definitely

OF all the embarrassed, bewildered men in Hollywood it's Gary Cooper. It seems Gary, the former cowboy, is now the style setter supreme. The handsome velvet and leather robes worn by Gary in "Marco Polo" have set the fashion designers atwitter.

Mrs. Goldwyn herself was first to copy the

lovely robes. This, Gary didn't mind so much. But when women began writing to the actor from all over, wanting to know how many yards it took to make such and such a robe, it was just too much.

"I never thought I'd be a style setter," Gary moans and shuffles off for the nearest hide-out.

Hi there, Schiaparelli.

Leave It to Withers

THE Withers family, the one that contains a member known as Jane, got a new set of dishes last week.

They had to. The ones they had met a very sad fate indeed.

It seems the Nelson Brothers, who worked in Jane's picture, "Hello Hollywood," taught Jane how to play a trick with a set of dishes without breaking a single dish.

It worked well at the studio.

It didn't work at home.

Jane stayed home from the Saturday matinees



In Photoplay's office—the scene of the party—Ruth Waterbury looks down on some physical culture byplay on the part of Mischa Auer and the guest of honor

for four Saturdays. Mother's way of punishing the little star for her juggling act.

The moral: keep away from mother's dishes.

Off Color

MACK GREY, the killer friend of George Raft who is known and liked by everyone in Hollywood, is having a heartbreaking but nevertheless amusing time trying to get started in movies.

After months of waiting, Mack finally landed his first big part in George's picture, "You and Me." Two weeks after the picture began, Mack was forced to give up his rôle and go to Palm Springs for several weeks to recover from a severe sore throat.

When George began "Spawn of the North," he hurriedly sent for Mack to return for a fine part in the picture.

With a song in his heart Mack hurried back. At last he was all set. But George and the director, after one look at Mack, knew that his career had reached another setback.

The locale was set in Northern Alaska and Mack was burned a deep tropical brown.

Saga of Bogart's Ferdinand

HUMPHREY BOGART and Ferdinand, his Filipino boy, are at it again. As a team these two should really charge for the laughs they give Hollywood.

Their latest escapade deals with the doghouse Ferdinand decided to build for Humphrey's dog.

Day after day he hammered and pounded away in the back yard, and then, out of a clear sky, Ferdinand disappeared.

After telephoning here and there Humphrey began to grow alarmed over the missing

(Continued on page 74)



Anthony Averill, Kay Mulvey, Michael Whalen and Beulah Macfadden. Top: Anne Shirley, Arthur Treacher, Bernarr Macfadden and Ilona Massey



-M

Winner Luise
l of the pre-
Frou and she
ng man. Her
ventually she
ing gambler.
Neil, who has
hen Young's

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

between Warner Baxter and C. Aubrey Smith and after adventures of varied nature is kidnapped. Romance mingled with intrigue follows when the fleeing Baxter and Arleen Whelan board the vessel which is carrying Freddie to the Americas. Miss Whelan justifies all the ballyhoo given her sudden stardom. She is beautiful and accomplished.

gambling brings him to poverty Luise tires, returns home. After a good deal of sacrifice, dueling and tragedy the picture ends, leaving a wilted audience.

The resemblance to "Gone With the Wind" will be duly noticed. Whoever *does* play *Scarlett* must work at being a black-hearted vamp in order to outclass Bette Davis and Luise Rainer, two of the screen's greatest actresses.



★ COCOANUT GROVE—Paramount

THIS is a sort of a kind of a musical comedy depicting the trials of a band leader (Fred MacMurray) seeking an engagement for his "boys" in the famous Grove of the Los Angeles Ambassador. Surprisingly, it is a picture in which the "bit players" completely overshadow the principals. Mr. MacMurray never loses his "worried" look which at times freezes your interest in his vicissitudes, and Harriet Hilliard is disappointingly lackadaisical.

Nevertheless, Harry Owens and the members of his Royal Hawaiian Orchestra make the incidents enroute to California exceedingly droll. The Yacht Club Boys' rendition of "The Three Musketeers" (Moe is the one with the ears) is a highlight.



★ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox

If ever those three crack-pot Ritz Boys rode the crest of a laugh wave, they ride it here. With all stops pulled, the lads romp through their first starring vehicle to the rhythm of constant laughter from the audience. It doesn't matter that the story cries for rewriting; it does matter that Tony Martin stands woodenly about when he should be supplying the romantic tone. Learning that radio star Martin is off to Kentucky to search for real hill-billy talent, the Ritz Brothers, with the aid of Marjorie Weaver, hie themselves Southward and pretend to be feudin', shootin', singin' natives. Tony sings delightfully, of course, and Marjorie looks her prettiest. Three cheers.



★ DOCTOR RHYTHM—Paramount

WITH Beatrice Lillie back in Hollywood, picture-goers are at least assured of a series of fine funnies until she gets tired and becomes Lady Peel again. This newest Bing Crosby film would have been his best, anyway, but with Bea trotting delightfully through it, tossing off her ultra chic humor with the most finished of touches, it must rank as one of the year's finest comedies.

A modernized version of O. Henry's story, "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," the piece opens on a high note when Crosby, Andy Devine, Sterling Holloway and Rufe Davis meet in the zoo for a drunken reunion. Andy, a cop, has been assigned to guard Mary Carlisle, Beatrice's niece, because the girl is intrigued with gambler Fred Keating and plans an elopement. The reunion is too much for Andy, so Crosby (really a physician) dons disguise and takes over in his place. Thenceforth the piece concerns Bing's adventures in his romantic chase after Mary, his efforts at spiking Keating's plans, and Beatrice's antics as she prepares the annual Policemen's Benefit. Everything winds up at the party with romance triumphant and Keating in irons.

Miss Lillie's songs and her sketch in which she thinks she will order "Two Dozen Double Damask Napkins" are simply hysterical in the best Lillie tradition, and though you have heard Bing's songs, "My Heart Is Taking Lessons" and "On the Sentimental Side" on his radio program, you never heard him sing them so well. A huge success.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Crime School

Doctor Rhythm

Blockade

Vivacious Lady

Josette

The Toy Wife

Kidnapped

Four Men and a Prayer

Cocoanut Grove

Kentucky Moonshine

The Saint in New York

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ginger Rogers in "Vivacious Lady"

James Stewart in "Vivacious Lady"

Beulah Bondi in "Vivacious Lady"

Charles Coburn in "Vivacious Lady"

Madeleine Carroll in "Blockade"

Henry Fonda in "Blockade"

The "Dead End" Kids in "Crime School"

The Ritz Brothers in "Kentucky Moonshine"

Bea Lillie in "Doctor Rhythm"

Bing Crosby in "Doctor Rhythm"

Don Ameche in "Josette"

Simone Simon in "Josette"

Robert Young in "Josette"



★ VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio



★ THE SAINT IN NEW YORK—RKO-Radio



★ JOSETTE—20th Century-Fox

THE hero of Leslie Charteris' popular thriller series, *The Saint*, whose code is justice regardless of the law, is brought to the screen for the first time by Louis Hayward. The result is marvelous.

The story models the original with gratifying results in excitement and suspense. New York police, stumped at a hideous crime wave, give the debonair soldier of fortune license to solve things in his own way. He becomes the executioner of sundry undesirable social elements with ruthless skill, given practical and romantic help by Kay Sutton. Hayward must have stayed awake nights to study his rôle—he just is *the Saint*. Sig Rumann, Paul Guilfoyle, Jonathan Hale, Ben Welden and others are fine support. This is adventure and melodrama calculated to set your spine tingling.

DESTINED to star Simone Simon as a sweet and misunderstood night-club singer, "Josette" more than accomplishes its purpose. It provides hilarious entertainment with Don Ameche and Robert Young in a brother act that tops all screen brothers of the past.

When the boys' daddy falls in love with *Josette*, his sons, who are in the fish-canning business, set out to rescue him. But *Josette*, played by Tala Birell, suddenly leaves town leaving Simone Simon to sing in her place. Naturally, the boys think Simone is the gold-digger and in their efforts to free papa Don and Robert fall head over heels in love, too. From then on it's a you-chase-me-and-then-I'll-chase-you affair . . . a little too giddy to be really smart.



★ BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists



★ CRIME SCHOOL—Warners

IF you are having romantic or money troubles don't stagger off to the nearest sanatorium; go instead to see this magnificent comedy. It is a visual nostrum recommended for any mental ill. Romantically it is at once heartbreaking and tender; its story by I. A. R. Wylie is splendidly written; its humor depends on fine characterization and a recognizable human quality rather than on absolute slapstick. Above all, it is the answer to Hollywood of how to replace the outworn screwball cycle of pictures with which we've been deluged.

Ginger Rogers, never so lovely, gives her best performance as a Broadway singer of strangely sophisticated culture who meets spaniel-eyed Jimmy Stewart, loves and marries him. He's a member of a small-town family of university people—a botany professor himself—and his task is to tell his stern parents the new blonde student is not his cousin's mistress but his own wife. Meanwhile he must make love to Ginger in strange places, elude his fiancée, and keep the cousin, Jimmy Ellison, from getting too fancy while bibulous. Each sequence tops the one before. Each performance is gemlike.

Stewart, playing the inarticulate but lovable husband, allows himself a free hand and puts undeniable sex into his love scenes. As a matter of fact, the whole picture is pretty naughty, if the audience is experienced. Beulah Bondi, the gay mother, who salves her husband's wrath with fake heart trouble, makes the most of her rôle as always.

WILLIAM DIETERLE'S last picture was "Zola" and won the Academy award. This year, working with current history and present-day political problems, he has transferred the Spanish War to celluloid. It cannot be classed as merely another in the present war cycle. There is an intimacy with fact, an originality of idea behind each sequence which force you to believe, as in "Zola," that here is honest, knowing transcription.

Madeleine Carroll plays the friendless girl who is dropped suddenly into the middle of civil war and accused of espionage. Henry Fonda is forced into action, in line of duty kills Madeleine's father, and their incipient love is temporarily lost in disillusion. She is given the choice of serving a spy ring or of death; chooses the former naturally, and discovers that Fonda has been assigned to follow her. The predicament of two lovers whose passion is frustrated by doubt and suspicion is here resolved magnificently by a series of surprising exposés.

Each war scene is a photograph of carnage—a certain propaganda against war. Madeleine Carroll, still overly aware of her queenly beauty, occasionally lets down the bars of her much criticized restraint and plays tensely dramatic action with surprising finesse. Fonda wins sympathy for a difficult rôle by virtue of his natural manner and some forceful dialogue. The supporting cast, including Reginald Denny, does impressive work. Werner Janssen's symphonic score is superb.

THIS is another deliberately shocking, deliberately grim Warners' social-problem picture. It is built on dreary lines and as a story is the most obvious kind of reform appeal. However, it employs the "Dead End" kids, still just as dirty and bratty and incorrigible, and they lift the entire film into most compelling reality. It is absolutely fascinating to watch them in this. They are either the best young actors in Hollywood or they are so scornful of studio and camera that, within certain limitations, they are simply being themselves.

Everything begins, of course, in the slums district where this gang of potential criminals is making the neighborhood miserable. They steal for a shady pawnbroker. He tries to welsh on them and they almost kill him, so the judge sends the lot of them off to the reformatory. Enter Humphrey Bogart at this point, because the school is in dreadful shape under the grafting leadership of a typical Mr. Meany. This is a little overdone, what with cat-o'-nine-tails and food that all but gets up and walks away. At any rate Bogart, the Commissioner, steps in and changes everything, including the boys' attitude. He also gets one of the kid's sisters, Gale Page, who's a newcomer, and very nice.

See this for Leo Gorcey's work as the worst of the hellions, for young Bobby Jordan's portrayal as the squirt of the gang, for Billy Halop's sharp portrait of Frankie, leader of the gang.

(Continued on page 88)



"Spawn of the North" with Dorothy Lamour, Lynne Overman, Henry Fonda, Louise Platt, George Raft and John Barrymore starts a new film cycle

Allah be praised! The West Coast spring-fever slump is over, and our roving reporter finds a lively star-spangled cavalcade of exciting new films on the march

BY JACK WADE

SO it's the good old summertime again. Well, the trees have budded, the birds have nested, April showers have brought May flowers and—Allah be praised—the studios have finally snapped out of it! Once again Hollywood is a busy, buzzing, if perennially balmy, beehive.

It's a relief, too, we'll tell you, after a long, hard winter and plenty of studio ground-hog stuff this spring. Last month, with picture production barely limping along, half the hired help around the lots were about to reach for WPA shovels. But this month—boom (and we do mean boom)! Covering the early summer bumper picture crop of set-ups makes our eyes pop, our ears wiggle and our arches yell "Uncle!" But it's worth it—for the sights we see!

First of all, there's Danielle Darrieux. She's out at Universal in "The Rage of Paris," and in flowered pajamas the day we squeeze in for an advance look at the fancy-figured French hope. Danielle could wear Mother Hubbards and still

stop any show—for our money—although she's not so pretty in the face as we'd imagined. (Always belittlin'.)

They've been keeping Danielle under wraps for so long, we find out, because they wanted just the right story for her Hollywood debut. Director Henry Koster, who did all right breaking in Deanna Durbin, has the same ticklish job with Danielle, and he wanted to be sure.

"The Rage of Paris" concerns a lovely, unsophisticated French girl, stranded in New York, who sets about solving her problems by getting herself a rich husband.

The scene we watch is typically and daringly saucy. Danielle, summoned to model for a nude painting, stumbles into Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s office instead of the artist's studio. When Doug arrives, he finds her doffing her dainties to the danger line.

"Hey!" Doug protests, "What's this for?"

"For two dollars and seventy-five cents an hour!" replies Danielle.

Whereupon Doug (the darned fool) kicks her out of the place!

AFTER the relaxing "Cut!", we chat first with Doug, Jr., wrapped up in a snappy British dressing gown, who tells us with that utterly dis-

arming grin that he feels "just like Alsace-Lorraine," tossed back and forth between the studios. If you don't think Mister Fairbanks' little boy is the most sought-after leading man in town, then hearken: at RKO he's been doing two pictures at once, "Joy of Living" and "Having Wonderful Time." Even while slaving on "The Rage of Paris," Doug ducks back at night for added scenes on the latter epic. Meanwhile, he's studying up on "The Young In Heart," which ought to be shooting full blast at Selznick-International by the time you read this. The double-duty hasn't taken away Doug's easy grin, though. He tells us he came over on the boat with Danielle and practically taught her the American language—including slang.

We sample said slang the next minute when Danielle plops down wearily in a chair after a hard take and grins at Director Koster.

"I guess I just can't took it," she says.

"SINNERS In Paradise," "The Devil's Party" and "Letter of Introduction" make Universal hit on all four in the studio summer production race. The first features John Boles, Madge Evans and Bruce Cabot and is really the old desert island stuff, with China Clipper passengers stranded, a new twist. "The Devil's Party" lines up to be a rough-and-tumble New York police picture, with Victor McLagen and Paul Kelly heading the rowdy city stuff. It's "Letter of Introduction" that lures us inside the set right now, because—well—ever hear of a chap named Bergen and an impudent little wooden-headed snipe called McCarthy? Yes, they're our weakness, too.

For a minute, when we enter, we think Char-



Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young and Luise Rainer provide the eternal triangle in M-G-M's "The Toy Wife"

lie's sins have caught up with him and he's being burned at the stake. The whole set is choking with yellow puffs of smoke, and through the acrid haze we can just make out George Murphy and Andrea Leeds racing along the third story hallway up next to the high sound stage catwalks. The way the movies slice right down through a house to build a set is terrifying at times. They've done it now so that the camera, on a huge, movable crane, can follow the actors up and down three flights of narrow, scarey stairs.

You see, "Letter of Introduction" has very much the same setting as "Stage Door" and, we might add, very much the same cast. Adolphe Menjou, for instance, Andrea Leeds and Eve Arden. Like "Stage Door," it's laid in a theatrical boardinghouse. The story, too, isn't far removed, but you're going to see some wonderful heart scenes in this one—bank on that. First of all, Edgar Bergen plays a touching Pagliacci rôle—no more specialty act this time—straight dramatics. He tells his forlorn love for Andrea to Charlie, and Charlie tells him what a sap he is. Because, of course, Andrea and George are the real romance. John Stahl, who could make a cigar-store Indian weep in his feathers, directs it. Right now he's scrambling through the the smoke beside Andrea and George. The smoke? Oh, we forgot—the scene we see is where the boardinghouse catches fire. Every-

Hedy Lamarr, making her Hollywood debut in "Algiers" with Joseph Calleia and Charles Boyer, speaks her mind on filmtown on page 45

one runs for his most precious possession. Bergen for his dummy; Andrea for her precious letter of introduction; George for Andrea.

They've been doing this scene for two days now. Before every take—and John Stahl once took *seventy-five* takes of one scene with Claudette Colbert—grips run about with burning sulphur bombs, spewing dense yellow clouds. Everyone wheezes. But "Action!" snaps them out of it, like a gong does a slap-happy pugilist.

Bergen and Charlie sit outside in the sunshine, placid and calm. This set is a field day for them both, because Director Stahl is such a dignified, serious man. Just the day before, we learn, Stahl put the pair through numberless takes of a scene. Finally, in despair he cried, "Oh, go ahead. Do it any way you want to!"

"Now why'n'ell," cracked Charlie, *sotto voce*, "didn't you say that in the first place!" But everybody heard—including the stiff Mr. Stahl. And even he had to chuckle.

THEY'RE back again making extra scenes on "Marie Antoinette" with Norma Shearer at M-G-M, but we've seen so much of that grand picture in the make that we pass it by to investigate next the latest Freddie Bartholomew-Mickey Rooney clash, "Lord Jeff." Here again Freddie is a pretty rum sort of brat, and a kid crook to boot, until he gets regenerated at a British boys' school. Mickey helps in the reformation. It's the type of part both talented kids like best—so watch out in the home stretch!



The rivalry between these two is already very keen, and, being the toughie, Mickey usually gets most of the moral support around the lot.

The first thing we notice when we tiptoe in on the brink of a camera take is the setful of beautiful boys. Scores of them all in navy-blue uniforms—future Bob Taylors and Brian Ahernes. Where do they dig up such wavy-haired, starry-eyed kids? They're all eating at long board tables—and the noise! At a front table Mickey, his cornsilk hair as usual hanging down over his nose, gobbles a helping of stew and derisively taunts Freddie by mocking a butler.

"Mickey, you're mugging," accuses Director Sam Wood. "Now lay off." Mickey grins and they do it over. Four times.

"Charge Mickey up with three extra meals," Sam then instructs the script girl. "He's eating all the profits out of the picture!"

Our next stop is the "Shopworn Angel" set, with Margaret Sullavan, Jimmy Stewart, Walter Pidgeon and company. Margaret did a quick change for "Three Comrades," stepping right across the alley from set to set with one day intermission. But, she tells us, she doesn't care. She can rest up just the same. "So far, all I've been doing in this one is lying down," vouches Maggie, "lolling around in negligees—like this." Whereupon that very poised person stretches out on a divan, lights a cigarette, and the cameras level down. What looks like a soft part, we'd say.

But it's not really. In fact, only a super-fine actress like Sullavan stands a chance of putting over with sympathy the show girl with a lurid past who stirs the finer feelings in wartime doughboy Jimmy's breast, while trifling with rich Broadway producer Walter Pidgeon.

AT Twentieth Century-Fox, where we scurry next, the two newest summer movie models are "Three Blind Mice" and "Hello Hollywood!" Loretta Young is the dainty dish in the first, and the scourge of adolescence, Jane (Whatagall) Withers heads the second. Frankly, we're nuts about Jane, but she's miles away over on Western Avenue (didn't you know there were two TC-F lots?) so, humming about the farmer's wife, we go for the blind mousies.

They turn out to be Loretta, Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore—three sisters (says the script) on a Kansas chicken ranch who inherit \$5000 among them and decide to gamble the works to snag a rich husband for the one who draws the longest straw. That's Loretta, of course, so Marjorie plays her maid and Pauline does a secretary act, while Loretta dances and romances at Del Monte with the upper crust.

That's what we see, the dancing and romancing. You've got to have a male around for that, you know—and two is better—it makes the conflict the drama boys love. The necessary dinner jackets in this case—Joel McCrea and David Niven—are right in there fighting as we arrive on the set. David, by the way, gets Loretta in the end.

Marjorie Weaver confesses to us she's still a rabid Loretta Young fan—so bad, in fact, that just that morning she had a scene with Loretta and lost her voice right in the middle. When Director Seiter asked her how come all she could say was, "She's so lovely!" Marjorie is the college co-ed who found herself in the movies—bing—like that, when she won a contest. The other mouse, Pauline Moore, in case you don't know, is the loving wife of the artist, Jefferson Machamer, and the mother of two darling kids. While we're there she brings in her little girl, Laurie, and work promptly ceases while stars and extras crowd around to goo and gasp. It just goes to prove that old comedy maxim—"When you want a sure-fire scene, cut to a cat or a baby!"

ON our way across town again to Warners', we pull up at Walter Wanger's for a quick look at Hedy Lamarr and a listen to that fascinating

accent of Charles Boyer's in "Algiers." But it's bad luck for us; the assistant director yells "Lunch" in a hearty voice as we enter, and you know what that does to a mob that's been on the job since dawn!

We do have a brief peek at the Viennese lovely before she attacks her noon hour snack. Hedy—always want to use two "d's" there—is making her first bid for Hollywood fame in "Algiers," after hanging around with idle hands at M-G-M for almost a year. She's tall and trim, with rich dark tresses and pale blue eyes and so much like her beautiful namesake—the late Barbara LaMarr. We'll be curious as a cat to see if she clicks. If looks will still do it—Hedy's a lead pipe cinch.

The Green Room omelet is cold by the time we make Burbank and the Brothers Warner, but we don't care a bit, because after lunch we're promised a thorough peek at "Garden of the Moon," and we get it, too. We're pretty much interested in this picture. First, because we read it in a national magazine; second, because it's based on exciting happenings at that historic Hollywood haunt, the Cocoanut Grove (a former Grove press agent co-wrote it), and third, because Dick Powell got himself suspended from the studio for vetoing the starring part. Dick allowed Pat O'Brien's chore was twice as good as his and so—no go. The studio said no check for twelve weeks, Dickie-boy.

It's a shame and all that, but it's an ill wind, you know. As a result of Dick's bow-out, John Payne gets his first big-time break in Hollywood. He plays the band leader, Pat the night spot proprietor and Margaret Lindsay a very eye-filling feminine press agent. The story, they say, is the first honest screen exposé of what goes on behind the bowing headwaiters, swinging dance bands and glittering floor shows of a top-notch supper club.

WE leave the sophisticated glitter of the night club and go—of all places—to a kid party! It's taking place right down the line at Warners on the set of "My Bill" where Kay Francis and her brood (strictly make-believe) are having fun at the dinner table.

Of course, you know by now that Kay is retiring from pictures (or so she's announced—do you believe it?). This is the first of her last three movies at Warners. Maybe that's why she consented to playing the mother of a sixteen year old and three other stepping stones; to wit, Anita Louise, Bobby Jordan, Bonita Granville and Dickie Moore. There's hardly any glamour in the scatterbrained widow she plays in this story of small-town prides and prejudices. But there's lots of comedy and down-to-earth drama, which might go much better at the box office than Kay's long and less lucrative line of sophisticated ladies.

There is a dash of real life romance on the set, and before we leave it, true love breaks out in an unmistakable rash.

Bonita Granville and Bobby Jordan, we learn, are in the throes of a fierce romance. Hollywood kids aren't bashful. After the take Bonita comes over to the still cameraman at our elbow.

"Now I suppose," she sighs, "you'll be wanting to take an *intimate* picture of Bobby and me—for the papers, you know!"

SKIPPING over to Paramount we run smack into two embryo epics and the start of a new cycle—or so we're told. Epic number one is "Men with Wings," which will set the stockholders back two million and make the old-timer, "Wings," look like a kite-flying contest.

But it's certain that if you're an aviation bug who vibrates to such things as spads, Fokkers, Nieuports, Liberty motors, Byrd, Lindbergh and such, then you're in for a treat when they bring this one in. It weaves a dramatic and very active story involving Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell (the Bulldog Drummond girl), as it pictures in Technicolor the whole spirited cavalcade of flying—from the day the Wright Brothers took off at Kitty Hawk in 1903 until the very latest whirl of a propeller today.

We slip in on the first day of studio shooting, after six weeks of zooming around in the San Fernando Valley by those two daring screen air-doubles, Paul Mantz and Frank Clarke.

MacMurray isn't around, but Ray, out of the jungle at last and resplendent in a pre-war skin-tight suit, and Louise have a short but delicate love scene while "Wild Bill" Wellman tells them how. Watching Wild Bill direct is always worth the price of admission. He hops about and crouches like a monkey just out of the scene to catch every flicker of the eye, the inflection of every word. Then he puts his arms around both actors and whispers confidentially just what he thinks is wrong.

When they do it over and it's right, Bill kisses them both on each cheek like a French general.

THINGS are a little more quiet and certainly not so hot 'way up in Alaska, which is where we trek to see about "Spawn of the North" and this new "cycle" business. They're saying around town that rough and ready he-man movies will rule the roost for a time now. Well, from the looks of things, this one's rough enough—but it certainly took a long time to get ready.

We thumb back two years in our memory and seem to recall Carole Lombard's refusing to go to Alaska on location to do this very picture. Paramount had a camera crew in Alaska a year before that. It has been scheduled and put off ever since. Now it's an all-star affair, and every

(Continued on page 77)

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Madeleine Carroll's navy and white Chanel costume is from her personal wardrobe. The collarless knitted jacket which tops a four-gore skirt of silk linen has a front vest of heavy white linen which also trims the cuffs and fashions a narrow back belt. The jacket has slit pockets below the waistline and closes with navy disc buttons. Madeleine's scarf is gaily striped in red, white, green and lavender. Her natural straw off-the-face hat created by John Fredericks has a tiny bandeau, crown and back bow of navy. Madeleine is currently appearing in Wanger's, "Blockade"

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY DOOLITTLE



MOONLIGHT MOODS



The Empire influence is stressed in this black Sugara evening gown designed by Orry-Kelly for Kay Francis to wear in "Secrets of an Actress." Diminutive straps of black velvet ribbon tied in a front bow hold the gathered bodice; a dust ruffle encircles the hemline of the glamorously slim skirt

PHOTOGRAPH BY WELBOURNE



Marlene Dietrich models a printed blue and white crepe gown from her personal wardrobe. White birds fly against a blue background on the upper part of the gown; the color scheme is interchanged on the lower half. A softly gathered bodice, a snugly fitted waistline and front skirt fullness add distinctive style. Marlene's full-length white fox cape completes this costume photographed exclusively for Photoplay. Left, insert, are Marlene's new evening shoes which were created particularly for her. Distinguished by glittering heels of crystal, the pumps are of black velvet with binding of grosgrain



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Sonja Henie, darling of the ice, whom you will next see in "My Lucky Star," dons this feminine costume for an important luncheon and afternoon engagement. The bolero and sleeveless camisole top of the navy sheer skirt are of heavy white cotton lace. Two gardenias trim the underbrim of Sonja's loosely woven hat that ties on with streamers. The costume selected from J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK

Joan Crawford's fashion hobby is hats and accessories, for this always-so-smartly-dressed M-G-M star believes that a very simple costume, properly accented, assures chic: First in her fashion parade: a rolled-brim sailor (top, left) of shiny navy straw with a crown of daffodils and black-eyed susans, nestled in a bed of green ostrich plumes. A dotted veil shadows the hat and drops to cover the neckline of the piqué-banded frock with its matching shoulder carnation. To brighten a dressmaker suit of black crepe, she selects the unusual hat of black and white checked silk, pictured top right. A garland of red poppies, bachelor buttons and acacia encircles the novel peaked crown; a bouquet of the same posies ornaments the matching bag. Directly above, a halo sailor of rough black straw, its simplicity accented by a bracelet, choker and clip of gold set with diamonds and sapphires, worn on a simple black gown. Last in Joan's line of stunners is a sage-green straw, right, into whose crown band of rust antelope are tucked sage-green feathers tinged with rust. The rust accent is repeated in bag, hand-sewn gloves, and in the stripes of her jacket. Joan's hats and bags are created for her by John Fredericks



The cameraman caught Andrea Leeds, who plays the leading feminine rôle in Universal's "Letter of Introduction," stocking up for a joyous Fourth wearing this hooded sport frock of red, white and blue designed by Violet Tatum, Los Angeles. The "so new" detachable hood, like the blouse, is of Royal blue silk jersey with a lining of matching fabric in white to match the skirt. White mossing outlines the hood, the back neckline and the wide sleeves. A red suede belt completes the patriotic theme.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY JONES

4TH
OF JULY

FASHIONS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
WELBOURNE



The Fourth of July week end calls for several packable, all-purpose costumes. Rosemary Lane, appearing in "Golddiggers in Paris," suggests these three. First, top, a playsuit of tweedy cotton; the front zipper skirt and blouse of turquoise; the shorts of raspberry red, to match the binding of the blouse neckline, slit pockets and cuffs. For the "must have" sheer, choose navy. Rosemary's (middle) is pencil slim, short of sleeve and worn with a wee bolero of corn yellow. Note her rough untrimmed navy sailor hat. Next, left, a casual frock with a stitched-to-the-hipline skirt in beet red and white polka dot print, which also fashions the gay ascot and the back belt of the trimly tailored white linen jacket blouse that tops the costume



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIEHLE



Photoplay's Fashion

1. "Vive La France" you'll say when you see the Roxford Felt christened "La France." It's a tailored model that is perfect company for your travel tweeds as well as your little sports silk. There's real individuality in the cleverly creased crown and the brim is wide enough to keep the sun at bay. Joan Fontaine of RKO's "The Muddled Deal" wears for you the Roxford "La France"

3. Joan Fontaine poses for you in the Roxford "Beauty," a most aptly named Felt. We wish you could see it in color, for "Beauty" features the lovely new Della Robbia Blue, perfect to accent summertime whites and contrast with flowerlike pastels. There's gaiety and youth to the lilting brim and the clever crown of this Roxford model. Many a smart young woman will choose "Beauty"

2. Vicki Lester, playing in "This Marriage Business," shows you the effective new type Cloche—the Byron "June Rose" blossoming forth in fine felt and tailored grosgrain. It has the new medium-high crown with a "flat top" and a brim that dips forward fetchingly. For an up-to-the-minute color choice, wear "June Rose" in the new Della Robbia Blue—it comes in light and bold tones and is becoming to all

4. And now, for another perfect sports and casual-hour hat, we show you the Byron "Rambler Rose," a classic Felt that has the swing of youth in every line. Wear it as Vicki Lester wears it, and go right through summer headed for compliments. "Rambler Rose" is a truly wearable and becoming Felt. You get a hint of flattering brim and crown lines from the picture we show here of Vicki in this Byron model





Club Styles



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

1. Olympe Bradna, of Paramount's "Stolen Heaven," chooses crisp formals for summer dancing. A seersucker floral print in green and black on a white background fashions this gown that features a fitted bodice, a skirt that is shirred to give fullness below the knees and a tiny jacket that is trimmed with a smart collar of fresh white piqué to match the trim of the gown.

2. Spun-a-lin, a non-crushable rayon with the look and coolness of linen, makes Olympe's unusual navy and white print with its alternate stripes of eccentric polka dots and floral pattern. The softly shirred bodice is caught with cords of attractive white waffle piqué that also styles the short accessory bolero.

3. This gown of hand-blocked, wide wale piqué has shoulder straps and front bow of grosgrain that picks up the dominant coloring of the print. The high points on the bodice are stitched so that they stand crisply. All these formals, designed to give you that cool "lettuce look," come in a wide range of colors.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 90



The latest rage of Hollywood—dresses made of tablecloths for playtime costumes. Priscilla Lane, appearing in "Cowboy from Brooklyn," wears one of these dresses printed in blue and white, styled "peasant fashion" with a full gathered skirt and tight-fitting bodice. Patch pockets are stitched to a narrow belt that ties in a back bow. Here is a chance, girls, to put the picnic tablecloth to most unusual and frivolous use



P O R T R A I T

WITH A FRENCH ACCENT

A vivid thumbnail sketch of Charles Boyer who made love to his teacher at the age of twelve and now helps his wife shop for clothes

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE thinks a Hollywood marriage between two professionals is doomed to failure if ever the wife achieves a greater success than her husband.

His complexion is pale, and his black hair is thinning.

He has brooding eyes.

His name is Charles Boyer.

Until three or four years ago he disliked caviar and thought it an affectation to eat it. He has no objection to actors, per se.

He is innately suspicious and distrusts anything with which he is not thoroughly familiar.

None of his people has been of the theater.

He thinks Paris the most beautiful city in the world. He likes to sit around the house in robe and slippers. He does not like Mexican food.

He is a graduate of the Sorbonne University, Paris. Life has been very kind to him, and success has come easily. He is addicted to sport clothes and thinks the world is headed for another great war.

He likes to tango and does not like to play cards with women. He travels by air only when he has to. His conversational English is surprisingly glib.

He likes to stay up late nights . . . he abhors neckties and top hats—that explains him in part; you won't really know him until you read this delightful pen profile

He plays golf badly and thinks Garbo's fame will live long after she leaves the screen. He sings a horrible basso-profundo—but only in the bathroom.

His suits are of only two colors blue and gray. He does not like ice cream, and his one-word rule for happiness in marriage is "Compromise."

He has never had a nickname. His wife is Pat Paterson, English actress. He does not like baseball or football. His eyes are brown, and he has to take care not to eat rich foods.

He plays checkers and chess and never wears an undershirt.

He seldom catches cold. His wife objects to his singing around the house. He hates to wear tails and opera hats.

His two best friends are Maurice Chevalier and Philip Heriat, the French novelist. He shaves with a safety razor.

He is not gregarious by nature. His favorite book is a French novel, called "Two Men," a study of friendship. He does not like ham and eggs. He is a good driver and employs no chauffeur. He never wears spats.

He likes to spend money. He thinks there is something queer about people who like caged birds in their homes. He is a collector of fine books and numbers about three thousand in his library. He is very punctilious, has never owned a Rolls-Royce, and is not superstitious.

CHARLES BOYER deplores the loss of the late Irving Thalberg and thinks his successor, whoever he may be, is far below him in courage, imagination and aspiration.

He speaks with moderate gestures and his voice has a throaty quality. He decries the numerous magazine digests and all short cuts to culture.

Studying dialogue comes easily to him. He says he has "an indecent memory in French." He has been happiest in Paris.

Eventually he would like to be a producer. He thinks Hollywood has a vicious influence on matrimony.

He is highly volatile. He likes dogs and cats, and only wears socks of plain colors. He would like to do the life of Molière on the screen.

He does not like personal appearances, hamburgers, hotdogs, or long underwear. He prefers American cigarettes and smokes incessantly. He thinks money important to happiness.

He doesn't like publicity about himself. He is not very thrifty and is a bad businessman. Though he dreams of someday leading a quiet, simple life, he knows that he could never stand it. He never wears a cap.

He believes a man should accumulate only enough money to provide him comfort and security. He likes night clubs, never collects souvenirs, and often likes to be alone.

He hates posing for still pictures and is always self-conscious. He is familiar with every book in his library—which makes him practically unique among Hollywood's celebrities.

He is a good sailor, and abhors buying a new hat.

He enjoys staying up late at night.

He plays the violin atrociously.

His name is pronounced boy-ay and has no special meaning. He doesn't give many parties and never wears glasses.

He enjoys taking long walks alone.

He has never known hardship.

He is very fond of champagne.

He believes in matrimonial vacations, and has

(Continued on page 73)



After a ducking by MacMurray, Lombard looked just like a left-over Christmas tree in February—but Lombard got her man.

FASHIONS IN PASSIONS

Romance via the wet-toe route: Dick Powell courts pneumonia and Rosemary Lane in "Hollywood Hotel"—and seems to like it

This is the "how to be enticing though spanked" method, used by Claudette on Gary Cooper in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

Maybe you movie queens can get

away with it, but what about us ordi-

nary gals who must win our men, too?

BY RUTH WATERBURY

DEAR Carole:—

Dear Miss Dunne (I don't know you really well enough to call you Irene):—

Dear Miss Hepburn (I'll stay formal with you, knowing how you feel about interviewers—remember that time we flew across the continent together, dear?):

Dear Claudette (hi, there, toots!):

Dear Runners-Up:—

I come to you girls for help. You alone can guide me. For years, I have believed in all of you as examples of how to get on in this world. For many seasons I have used you as mentors,





An open letter to Lombard, Dunne, Colbert, Hepburn and all other heroines of the "A kick in the slats is the best way to romance" school

The Hepburn system of sitting down in water worked on Cary Grant (but why?) in "Bringing Up Baby"



The technique Irene Dunne used on Cary in "The Awful Truth" would ruin any off-screen siren's chances

my head down on my left arm and gazing at my man very much on the slant. All he said, I must confess, was, "S'matter? Did you drop something?" I mean, it wasn't too effective in making him dizzy with nameless emotions, but at least I could do it and hope it would get him eventually.

But how to be a siren while goof-nuts—that's what baffles me. In the past couple of seasons everyone of you girls—beautiful, young, enchanting—have suddenly become bird-brained. You have changed your approach. But you end up in the same old way, right smack in the hero's arms. But for us little women in the audience, what a strain! Our particular objective sits there beside us at the theater, admiring you. He yells with laughter at you. He thinks you're keen. How can we expect to do anything with the old tricks like eyes shadowed beneath hat brims, mysterious smiles on our lips, or even that mouldy old line about their not thinking we are that kind of a girl, do they? Drag those techniques out this spring and it's about as effective as talking about the Oxford movement at the monkey house. And it's all your fault.

REALLY, Carole, you are the one I put it up to most because you started the slapstick route to romance two years ago in "My Man Godfrey." That was the one in which you first got your clothes torn and your hair messed up, but Bill Powell loved you just the same. You were a wow—a hit in excelsis. You followed that up with a lot of others, climaxing with Freddie March kicking you half way across the room

(Continued on page 76)

figuring that by modelling myself after you—a long distance after, I admit, still I was there—I might finally become alluring; learn to wear my clothes with that certain something, get wise as to how to smile through my lonely tears, discover how to be a good sport and to act gallantly though my heart might be breaking.

Not that I wanted to do any of these things just for themselves, you understand. Just like you movie kiddies, all of that was a way to land my man—mine or anyone else's. But for guidance along such lines, I went to see you girls.

When you were being just straight glamorous, I could have hope.

I could follow your moves. After all, I, too, could order a yard of eyelashes from the drug store. I may have looked a bit like a water spaniel when I got them on, but get them on I could and have them cast shadows on my nose (which is better in a shadow than in a bright light anyway).

It wasn't such a stunt to imitate Joan Crawford's exotic lip make-up, even though it made my mouth feel as though it had been doused in cold starch. I could buy sweaters anyplace and learn to keep my shoulders back so that I had those visible points of interest all newcomers on movie lots are photographed revealing.

I could, by shopping like crazy, buy clips that at five hundred yards looked, for two and a half bucks, quite a bit like those all of you wear that cost from seven hundred dollars up. I could let my nails grow dagger-length like those of the glamorous Dietrich.

EVEN when Elisabeth Bergner first came over here and went coy in "Escape Me Never" (whatever became of her anyway?), with Luise Rainer following in "Escapade" and they both made love by being just darned cute, I could do that, too. You remember, girls, that Elisabeth went so far as to bend double and peer at the hero from between her outspread legs. I never quite tried that. Men upset me enough as it is without me turning myself inside out deliberately. But I did try Luise's trick of putting



THE
REVEALING
TRUE STORY OF

MYRNA LOY

THE SAGA OF A BELOVED REDHEAD

BY DIXIE WILLSON

MYRNA WILLIAMS hadn't realized how very much she had counted on the answer to the picture test secured for her by Rudolph Valentino. Her triumphs in dancing, the prophecies of many professional critics and that never-to-be-forgotten chance for Broadway had prepared her only for success, never for failure. She didn't know how to adjust her mind to this new and bitter experience.

Since the day of her father's death she had courageously faced responsibility. At fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, a slim serious child, she had done her best to take her Dad's place as head of

the little family, remembering always the November day when he had said to her with quiet confidence, "Your Dad's going to depend on you."

For more than a year she had been dancing four shows a day, her salary the family provender. She had really been sure that, with this test for pictures and the sudden thrilling interest of the great Valentino, success had come. The heights to which her hopes had risen in but three little days made the unhappy answer too blunt a climax. She went home only to be put to bed where she stayed for several weeks; lost her job at the Egyptian; grew thin and so pale that her usually impish freckles were startling and a bit pathetic.

But here, at least, was time to think, time to bolster up her still redheaded disposition and that capacity variously termed "determination"

and just plain "stubbornness." And, in the end, Myrna Williams made up her mind that instead of a death blow this was a challenge. Here was something to lick and lick it she would. Though she had heretofore been satisfied to anticipate a career as a dancer, now she knew that no success would ever *seem* success but to get the best of this thing which had taught her the bitterness of failure. She made up her mind that she would make good in pictures!

Her mother was upset and fearful with this new attitude.

"If you didn't have that dogged determination, Myrna," she said, "you could be so much happier. You would make life so much easier."

And this new ambition was frightening to Mrs. Williams, not only as a Don Quixote battle for her valiant daughter but from the serious

(Continued on page 79)



Evolution of a screen queen: siren, above; sophisticate Mrs. Thin Man, above, left; the true Myrna Loy as all-around girl in "Test Pilot," below



RECOGNIZE THEM?

They're beautiful—adored—
they use a simple, inexpensive
Complexion Care



Here's IDA LUPINO, charming screen star, caring for her exquisite complexion. "I advise every girl to guard against Cosmetic Skin," she says. "Screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because its ACTIVE lather removes cosmetics thoroughly—guards against choked pores."



Bewitching JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros. star. "Foolish to take chances with Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores," she says. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather prevents choked pores, keeps skin soft and smooth."



Here's LORETTA YOUNG, star of 20th Century-Fox's "Three Blind Mice," ready to protect a million-dollar complexion against choked pores. "Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap," she tells you. "It's a safe, easy care that keeps skin smooth."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



LUX
TOILET SOAP

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

THIRD PRIZE—\$5.00

RIGHT—THE FIRST TIME

Eureka—Hollywood has found him, but all America claims him. The ladies love him, but the males don't malign. I refer to none other than that dominating Adonis, amicable Don Ameche. That handsome hilarious, vocal virile, all-around good guy.

We find in PHOTOPLAY's recent coverage of Don's career that he could not brag of a theatrical heritage, but this versatile star rose through the ranks by his own initiative and personality. Already cast opposite four of the cinema's leading ladies—Sonja Henie, Janet Gaynor, Alice Faye and Loretta Young—and with eight conservative box-office successes behind him, we may expect much for his future.

JACK C. RAMER,
Raleigh, N. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

THE CIVIL WAR OF 1938!

After seeing Bette Davis in "Jezebel" I have decided there is no actress who has proved her talent more conclusively than she. The entire cast deserves enormous credit for making "Jezebel" one of the best pictures of the year. And to William Wyler, a large bunch of daisies for a swell job as a director.

E. M. HASSAN,
Hamburg, Penn.

After seeing "Jezebel" and hearing Bette Davis and others speaking in what they supposed was a Southern accent, I believe I express the thought of a greater part of my fellow Southern movie-goers when I say we definitely didn't like it. We Southerners have a definite, distinctive, even amusing accent, but among the expressions we hear *only* on the screen or on the radio are the conventional "Yo'all (addressed to one person), "honey chile" and "shut mah mouth." Such dialect poisoned "Jezebel."

JOHN EDWARD HILLS,
Columbia, South Carolina.

\$1.00 PRIZE

ANOTHER ROOSEVELT FEELS THE URGE TO WRITE!

Below is my list of the five best movies and five best performances of all time. I am a steady reader of PHOTOPLAY, which I consider the only good movie magazine. I hope this choice of a thirteen-year-old boy meets with your approval.

Five Best Movies:

Mutiny on the Bounty
David Copperfield
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Chained
Cavalcade

Five Best Performances:

Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night"
Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage"
Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet"
Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man"
Grace Moore in "One Night of Love"

DIRCK ROOSEVELT,
New York, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT!

I've got to hand it to you! The covers on your magazines are beautiful and I warrant that each star whose picture has adorned your book is honored to have been chosen to pose. But—is it fair to have only the leading ladies of Hollywood get all the attention? What

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HOLLYWOOD?

Check the Correct Answers on Page 79



GRADE yourself five points for every question you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY.

For correct answers, see page 79.

1. He's a famous star now, but this actor used to read the funny papers to children over the radio in Chicago.

Clark Gable Tyrone Power
Dick Powell Jack Benny

2. This star makes every attempt to avoid being photographed when off the set. He tries to separate his private and professional lives.

Warner Baxter Herbert Marshall
Ronald Colman Charles Boyer

3. She has made pictures for several studios, but always insists that Travis Banton design her wardrobe.

Kay Francis Ginger Rogers
Irene Dunne Carole Lombard

4. This director is called "the answer to an extra's prayer" because all his pictures call for hordes of extras.

Cecil B. De Mille Ernst Lubitsch
Frank Capra William Dieterle

5. Tito Schipa told one of these stars that, with study, she stood a good chance of singing in grand opera.

Betty Grable Joan Crawford
Loretta Young Myrna Loy

6. As the most beautiful technicolor subject for 1937, the International Color Camera Club selected

Janet Gaynor Andrea Leeds
Helen Vinson Carole Lombard

7. Harriet Lake is married to
Randolph Scott George Murphy
Humphrey Bogart Roger Pryor

8. One of these stars was forbidden by her studio to be seen in public before the release of her first picture.

Danielle Darrieux Ilona Massey
Annabella Sigrid Gurie

9. When the son of one of these actors grows up, he will have a sizable trust fund built up from checks for recordings by his father.

Lawrence Tibbett Allan Jones
Jack Haley Bing Crosby

10. On her trip East a few months ago, this actress appeared at every way station all dressed up in an evening gown to greet her admirers. She also descended from the train in Chicago in the same ensemble, although it was during the day.

Mae West Martha Raye
Constance Bennett Glenda Farrell

11. One of these actresses has just been signed to make a screen comeback in a film entitled "Lady in the News."

Dorothy Mackaill Leatrice Joy
Billie Dove Gloria Swanson

12. Most people regard the number thirteen as bad luck. This actress not only considers it her good luck number but even has the number on her license plates.

Janet Gaynor Claudette Colbert
Barbara Stanwyck Lily Pons

13. Gary Cooper's new baby is named

Maria Gail
Elizabeth Sandra

14. George Raft followed several vocations before he came to Hollywood. Among others, he was at one time a

Traveling salesman
Sailor Photographer
Professional fighter

15. Gladys Swarthout's husband, Frank Chapman, is

A doctor An English actor
A dentist in New York
Musical supervisor at one of the studios

16. Hundreds of girls were auditioned for the voice of Snow White. One of these actresses was turned down for the role because her voice was entirely too mature.

Judy Garland Grace Bradley
Deanna Durbin Mary Carlisle

17. One of these leading men wears a toupee in his pictures.

Jon Hall Charles Boyer
Warner Baxter Spencer Tracy

18. Nervousness and stage fright affect people in various ways. One of these girls was so excited over her first lead in the picturization of a hit stage play that the lids of her eyes swelled so that she had to go home.

Jane Wyman Ilona Massey
Joan Fontaine Marie Wilson

19. Cecil B. DeMille is a businessman as well as a producer-director. Among his business ventures is

An interest in a lemon-juice bottling plant.
Breeding race horses.

A cotton plantation in Arkansas.
A Little Theater in Hollywood.

20. One of these stars has a phobia about stairs, and her latest script is being rewritten for her so that she won't have to work on them.

Barbara Stanwyck Grace Moore
Alice Faye Rosalind Russell

about the gentlemen? I believe they'd make equally charming covers. Why not let the women see their heroes, just as the men see their heroines?

EVELYN WILLIAMS,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the first time since we enlarged PHOTOPLAY, we present on the cover a male star. Naturally, it would be that "King of the Movies"—Clark Gable! Better write and tell us what you think of him—as a cover. We know what you think of him as a man.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A CHIP OF THE NOT-SO-OLD BLOCK

Yesterday I went to see "Gold Is Where You Find It," a grand picture in Technicolor. The part of Lance Ferris was superbly played by Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, himself a real he-man and a good actor. I'll say for him he must have married a beautiful and gifted woman, for the son has great personal charm, as well as his father's ability. If his character is as fine as his acting, and his disposition as sunny as his appearance, the boy has everything. I predict a great future for him and congratulate Hollywood on his acquisition.

MYRA SINSABAUGH,
Detroit, Mich.

\$1.00 PRIZE

TEETHING?

Case against the Brothers Warner and Mr. Goldwyn. You have in your employ two of Hollywood's finest dramatic actresses: Jane Bryan and Andrea Leeds. Miss Bryan gave one of the most satisfying performances of the year as the school girl in "Confession." Miss Leeds was excellent in "Stage Door." Both performances were sensitive, powerful and highly dramatic.

So—you cast Jane Bryan in "A Slight Case of Murder" in a rôle which screamed for Mary Carlisle and an ice-cream soda. I felt and heard only adverse criticism. She isn't pretty enough to carry a gag lead. She's the best bet in the studio, the most appealing, but watch her casting. You cast Andrea Leeds as a dim-witted grinner in "Goldwyn Follies." I can only quote Mr. Menjou in the same film, "It's amazing." Summary—take a little of your mind from those prevalent insane comedies, and give us drama we can get our teeth in, and in those dramas cast Miss Bryan and Miss Leeds.

JACK EDMONDS,
Carlsbad, N. M.

\$1.00 PRIZE

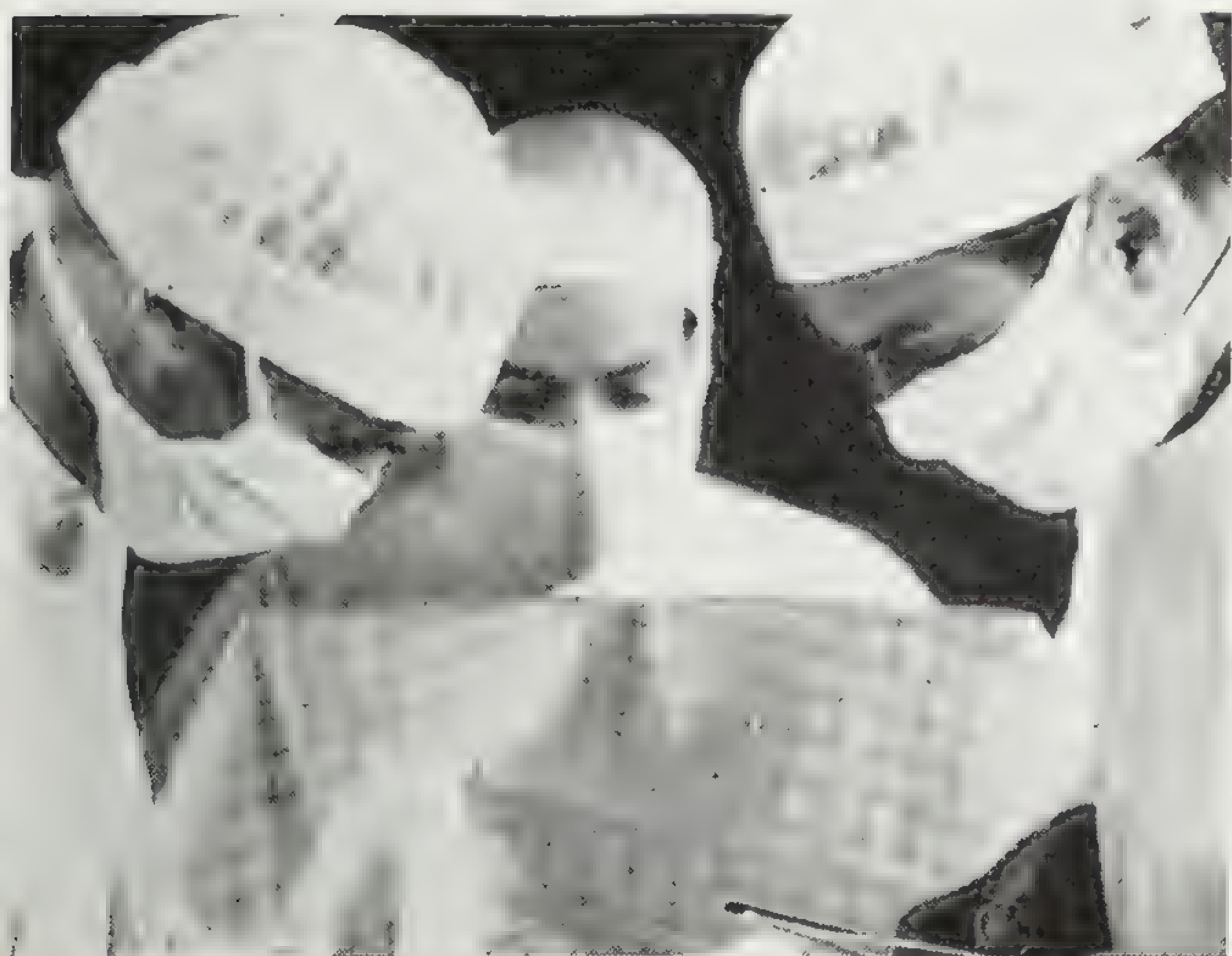
WE—THE PEOPLE

Just what is all this nonsense about Joan Crawford's being "through." Before smug writers put the word *Finis* to the career of a splendid actress, they might consult the general public.

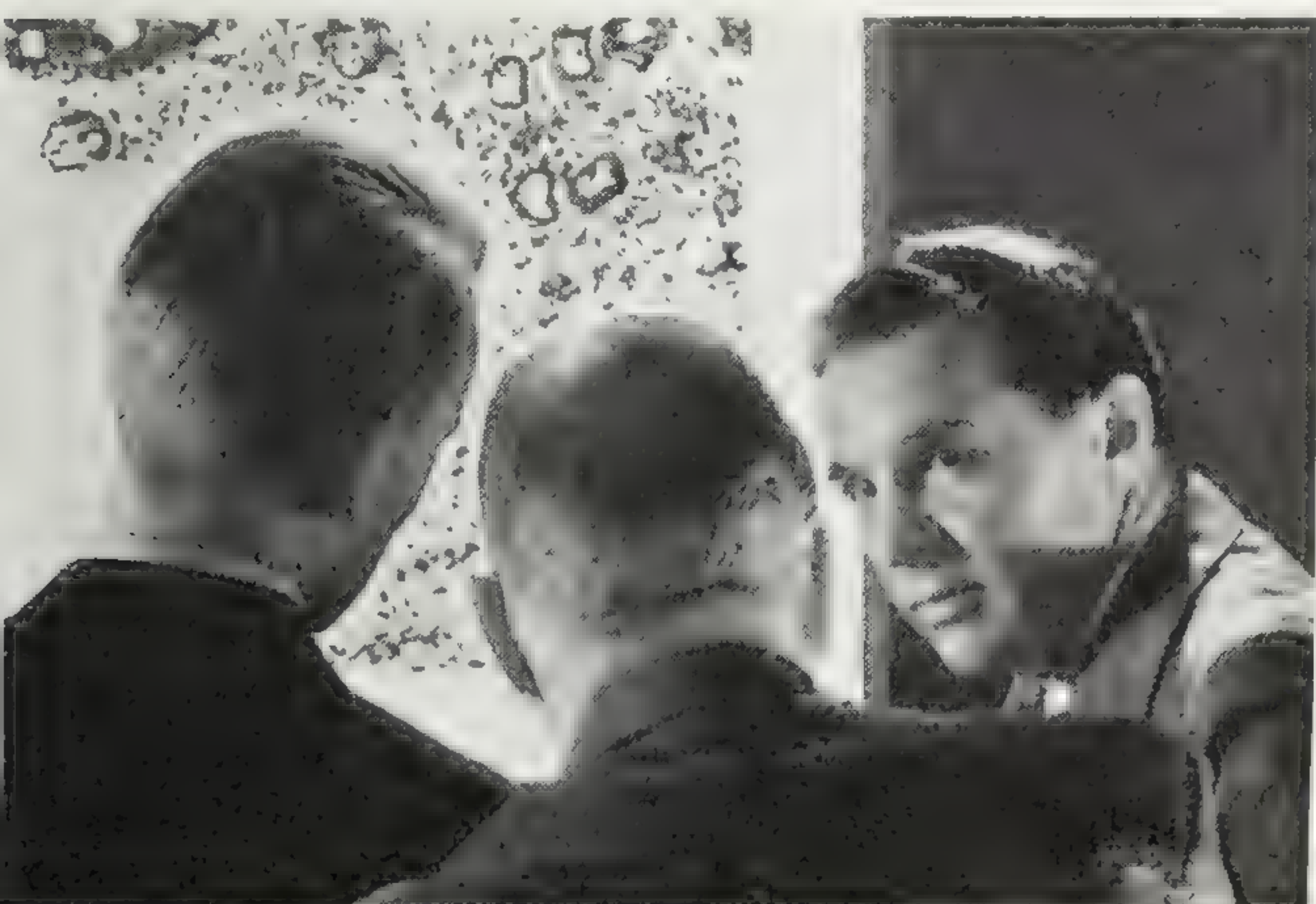
If Joan Crawford's pictures have not been up to standard, it is not her fault. Place the blame where it should be: on poor stories, and on a lot of foolish talk that she is slipping. What actress can do good work when she is continually subjected to the barrage of unkindly criticism. Where is the spirit of fair play on which Americans pride themselves. We, the fans, who were thrilled at the way Joan Crawford always lent a helping hand to those in distress, are disgusted at the attitude of writers who seek to say that "Joan is through." Give Miss Crawford a fighting chance.

AULEEN EBERHARDT,
Dubuque, Iowa.

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN



Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, when applied direct to the skin!



New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.



Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).



A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., writes: "I have never used anything like this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety."



Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin"—(reading down) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; Mrs. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of Mrs. JAMES ROOSEVELT... "Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."



Druggists—answering increasing requests for Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin"—explain it is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly ac- cepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program,
Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company



Hollywood fashion decrees that the hair must go up! Ginger Rogers, appearing in "Having Wonderful Time," gives you a preview of the sleek and picturesque coiffure that the current styles demand. These photos taken exclusively for Photoplay

FASHION

BY GWENN WALTERS

IT seems just yesterday that I was writing to you about fashions for the New Year of 1938—and lo! summer is upon us. I wonder if you readers fully realize what a fashionable summer it's going to be!

The season's clothes—so feminine—are perfect foils for mystery and allure. They suggest coquetry, fragility and Old World charm; in fact, they offer the most glamorous fashion opportunity in many a decade. So, if you don't get right in step and "dress up" in clothes that give you a new beauty and charm, there'll be no one to blame but yourself when the other girls claim the attention of your beau (or even your husband).

At last the Bohemian casualness that existed in summer clothes and grooming is passé. We should all be grateful! For in careless grooming and dressing (even if it is the style), there's everything to lose and nothing to gain—in business—in love—in life.

THE most amazing fashion story out of Hollywood this month is that it is through "letting down its hair." No more shoulder curls that float in the breeze. No more page-boy bobs.

I mention this beauty note because I want to impress upon you the fact that this season's fashions demand that you first "fashion your-

self." One just doesn't wear a 1938 Summer bonnet or gown with an age-old coiffure.

One glance at Ginger's new coiffure will convince you that the new mode of curls brushed skyward completely transforms your personality and presents a new and fashionable "you"—plus adding a new note of coolness to summer's crisp clothes.

And now your face! Yes, that must be re-fashioned, too.

The time has come to discard the rouge, lipstick and eye shadow that you've grown to love and which you have worn with everything. In its place you now must select several new shades to dramatize the various colorings of each of your separate costumes (not a "too expensive" fashion, when you can purchase any number of the best known brands at the ten-cent store). Be sure to take samples of the colors in your costumes when you go cosmetic shopping so that you can truly match your make-up to them—the subtlety of this season's color palette is a warning not to guess when it comes to matching hues.

Ginger is all for this stricter new "person-

ality fashion," principally because she feels that it makes people pull themselves up by the bootstraps and really present themselves at their best all of the time—and there, girls, Ginger gives you the real secret of glamour!

So heed this new "personality fashion," and, when you select your frocks, hats and accessories, go one step farther, and simultaneously select matching make-ups and harmonizing coiffures if you aim for ultimate chic!

THIS "personality fashion" will also invade the fall fashion field, according to the opinion of Robert Kalloch, designer for Columbia Studios, now creating fall clothes for Katharine Hepburn to wear in "Holiday."

It may seem strange to mention fall clothes at the onset of summer, but these advance creations are what makes Hollywood clothes "foremost in fashion"—and your wardrobe "up to the minute."

If you follow these advance trends closely, there is no doubt but what you can incorporate many sound style notes into your personal wardrobe a good month or more before the general public is aware of them.

A notable trend in Miss Hepburn's clothes is the return of the wrap-around skirt. I should

LETTER

say the keynote of them all is great simplicity, rich fabric and charming contrast trims.

Beige silk duvetyn fashions a wrap-around coat dress: The short skirt flares slightly and the shoulders are moderately square. The neckline crosses high at the throat and reveals a black satin cravat dotted in white. A wide black kidskin belt fastened with a gold buckle matches the shoes and bag, the latter being the size of an office portfolio. John-Frederics created a beige felt tam, set on a red grosgrain ribbon band, to top this abrupt daytime costume. For additional warmth Kalloch designed a smock-line coat of mink—practically collarless with broad shoulders and a tuxedo front.

MISS HEPBURN'S afternoon frock features a black woolen wrap-around skirt and a white matelassé crepe shirt with full sleeves that are gathered into tiny cuffs. A black enamel clip, designed by Flato, in the form of a hand, closes the high turned-back collar, and a similar hand clip making another gesture fastens the belt like a tiny hand holding a sash.

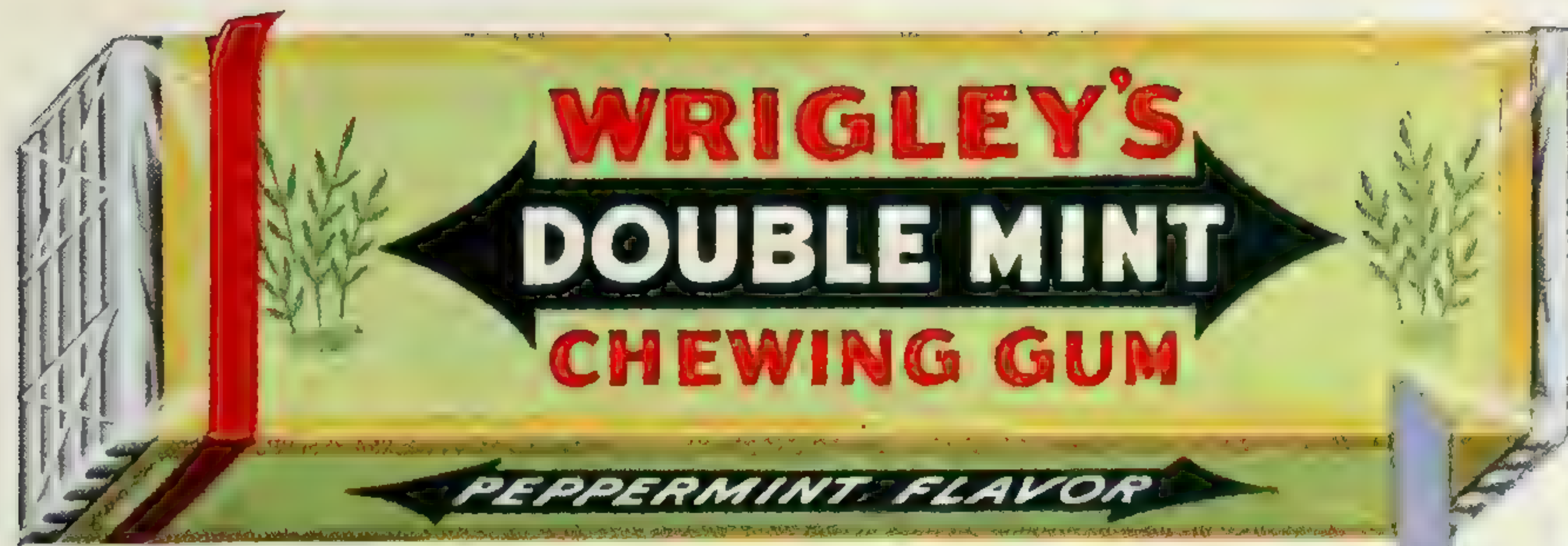
A voluminous monk's robe in light orange chenille styles a bath robe that is a delight to Miss Hepburn's heart. She wears red morocco Turkish slippers with it.

Kalloch has used black silk jersey to fashion Miss Hepburn's evening gown that features fluid front skirt fullness, a dust ruffle of pink organza and semi-dolman sleeves.

A pink organza kerchief is knotted and pinned to the right shoulder with a white and yellow diamond brooch—this rare piece was also created by Flato.

Fall clothes, even in the summertime, do sound irresistible, don't they? But we must come back to "now" and realize it is time for me to close. I hope, as I do so, you're going to rush right to the mirror and pile your hair high on your head to behold the new "you"—then you'll be in fashion and ready for the first midseason hats I'm going to write about next month.

Photography by John Miehle



A doubly lovely

You

is healthful Double Mint way

There is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which invigorating *Double Mint* gum adds to your smile and style. And it is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below—

Loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of healthful, refreshing, delicious *Double Mint* gum, in this soft food era, supplies the much-needed beneficial chewing exercise . . . In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely massages

your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. You appear more awake and responsive. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent. Your friends take more delight in you. Enjoy *Double Mint* gum any place or time. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through *Double Mint* gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. Below left, is the attractive, new bosom dress so femininely lovely. Below right, is the new style, little girl's party frock. To make these dresses available to you, *Double Mint* gum has had them put into *McCall* Patterns.

"Oh yes," you say, "I now see just how *Double Mint* gum can add to my Smile and Style." Enjoy healthful, delicious *Double Mint* gum. Millions do. It beautifies your lips, mouth, teeth. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures a pleasant, inoffensive breath. It satisfies your craving for confection yet is not fattening. *Double Mint* gum makes you a happier, more vital person whom people want to know. Buy several packages today.



For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, look **YOUR CHARMING BEST** in this smartly feminine, new **DOUBLE MINT** dress, specially designed for you in New York and made available to you by *Double Mint* gum in **McCALL** Pattern 9758. (Sizes 12-20)

You can buy this pattern at your local department store. Or write to *McCall* Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

SCENES FROM WALT DISNEY'S
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs



COPYRIGHT 1938
WALT DISNEY
ENTERPRISES

For Parties, Graduation, Confirmation—look as delightful as Walt Disney's star of "**SNOW WHITE** and the Seven Dwarfs" in this *Snow White* **DOUBLE MINT** dress. Made available by *Double Mint* gum in **McCALL** Pattern 558. (6-14 yrs.) You can buy this pattern at your local department store. Or write *McCall* Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

PHOTOPLAY'S

OWN *Beauty Shop*

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



TO TAN OR NOT TO TAN—Now is the time of the year for all good women to make up their minds what type they'll be for summer.

Anita Louise feels that her fragile beauty is accented by a smooth, even, golden tone, but because of her bloneness she is very careful that her skin does not become parched or burned. Her tips for tanning and the care she gives her skin are excellent for you to follow, whether you are planning to acquire just a faint tan or the deeper coppery tone.

For at least a month before exposing her body to the sun, Anita rubs warm olive oil into her skin frequently to be sure that her legs and arms, as well as her back and face, are in perfect condition to tan without burning. Then she begins by exposing herself to the sun for only twenty minutes, gradually increasing the time.

Excessive exposure to the sun's rays is very bad for the hair because it becomes streaked and dry, so Anita gives herself frequent hot oil shampoos, and wears a kerchief over her hair and tied under her chin when she is out in the sun.

Before basking in the sun, she also covers her skin with an oily lotion to insure a smooth tan, and she never makes the mistake of lying on her back for hours before turning over. For an even color, you must turn frequently in the sun, and take care that the insides of your limbs match the color of the rest of your body.

Olivia de Havilland's smooth creamy skin takes an excellent tan, and she can generally be found at the beach when she has a day off from the studio. Olivia wears one of the smart knee-length beach capes when she feels that her tan is deep enough.

ANN RUTHERFORD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, has extremely fair skin, so she uses a very heavy lotion to protect her skin from burning. To keep her lips moist and unlined during those days on the beach she uses pomade instead of lipstick. She says that the ordinary lipstick is not sufficiently oily to give her mouth enough protection against the sun.

Perhaps you're the true blonde type like Claire Dodd or Virginia Bruce and find that the sun is extremely unkind to your skin. In that case, you have to be particularly careful to protect your skin against exposure. Claire always wears a large-brimmed hat to shade her face and a scarf around her neck to guard against one of those burned V's that look so unbecoming against white shoulders.

There's an excellent sun-proof foundation cream on the market that keeps the skin moist and humid. Claire uses it to prevent her from getting the parched look that unprotected thin skins so easily acquire in the summer.

If you've been out in the sun during the day or riding in an open car so that your face feels dry or wind-burned, be sure to take off your make-up as soon as you reach home and apply a plentiful quantity of a rich lubricating cream to restore the natural oils to your skin and prevent it from getting those unattractive faint lines.

IF YOU'RE Joan Bennett's type—golden blonde with creamy skin that can easily acquire a lovely tan—why not follow her lead and keep your natural coloring? Joan says that this year she's going to avoid a tan because she wants to wear the pastel colors that are so fashionable. She thinks they'll be more attractive on her with her natural fair coloring. She matches her skin with liquid powder. This gives her a cool, lovely look on hot sunny days. She uses a foundation cream on her throat and hands and arms.

In spite of all this protection, though, her skin has a faint tendency to freckle, so she uses a mild bleach. If you follow this tip, be sure, however, that you use just a very mild bleach.

After a day in the sun, wash your eyes with a good eye bath to remove any dust or irritation, and to soothe and strengthen your eyes. Since the skin around the eyes is so delicate and sensitive, it is especially easy for little lines to form there and for the lids to become crepe-like. So use an eye cream at night or a rich lubricating cream. Smooth it over your lids and around your eyes and leave it on all night.

Exercise is one of the necessary steps to eye beauty, and the correct application of mascara and shadows does wonders to make the eyes alive, sparkling and clear. If you would like to have these eye exercises and also the correct method of applying mascara to the various types of eyes, I'll be very glad to send you this information upon request. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, but be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

More beauty, more beaux for the girl who learns to sit in the sun successfully. Anita Louise's kerchief and Olivia de Havilland's cape may solve your sun-tan problems. On the other hand, Ann Rutherford (left) may save the day—and your lips—by her new theory about lipstick

Portrait With a French Accent

(Continued from page 63)

grave doubts concerning the future of the world.

Greta Garbo's *Napoleon* believes that life in the Seventeenth Century in France was the richest. He never spoke English until he came to America. His gastronomic tastes are very simple.

He thinks modern inventions have added nothing to the sum total of human happiness. He plays a fairly good game of tennis and wears a felt hat for years before discarding it.

CHARLES BOYER gets along easily with directors. He loathes coloratura sopranos and refuses to go to fortune tellers.

He buys many neckties and seldom wears any. He enjoys reading Sinclair Lewis. He was born in Figeac, France, a small town. He is not athletically inclined. He speaks German quite badly and uses very little make-up for his work. He is especially addicted to biographical novels. He particularly enjoys the company of Anatole Litvak, the director (husband of Miriam Hopkins), and Charles Farrell. He never wears high shoes.

He is often moody and depressed. He likes colored shirts and it amuses him to go shopping with his wife for women's clothes.

He likes oysters, dislikes clams, and considers himself a realist. His favorite singer was the late Chaliapin. The house he was born in was a large affair with a shop on the ground floor where his father sold agricultural implements.

He likes modernistic furniture and his attitude towards life is permeated with anything that can be expressed with a shrug. "Why worry about anything and why look ahead. Anything is liable to happen in a world that is changing so rapidly it is impossible to predict the things of tomorrow."

He thinks the Champs Elysées the most beautiful street in the world.

His parentage for many generations is French.

He considers "Caravan" his worst picture.

He regrets his neglect of what he terms a mild sort of writing talent which was evidenced in some articles published in Paris. He likes his wife to wear very subtle perfumes. He does not have a chauffeur, and believes strongly that color on the screen will eventually destroy the very romance and make-believeness that are its greatest attractions.

He was always popular with girls, and has never owned a beach house. He cannot wear turtle-neck sweaters. His outstanding performance on the stage was in Bernstein's "Melo." He thinks women are bad card players.

Charles Boyer has difficulty hiding his disdain for interviewers. His pet poet is Baudelaire, the evil genius of French poetry.

He does not care much for horse racing and when he does go he rarely places a bet. He dislikes movie openings. He partakes only of fruit juices and coffee for breakfast. His faith in mankind is practically nil, and he has never had a press clipping service.

He thinks the ideal home life in Hollywood is possible but difficult. He dislikes perfume on men, and seldom drinks a cocktail before dinner. He memorizes lines almost at a glance.

He is a fatalist.

He has never worn a moustache off the screen. The only jewelry he wears is a sapphire ring given to him many years ago by Philip Heriat.

HE is a good judge of stories, hates stiff collars, and has no physiological weaknesses. He was nineteen when he first went on the professional stage. He likes wine with dinner and Scotch and soda after. He is strictly urban in his tastes, and the teachings of his first director, Gemier, still influence his work.

He goes away from Hollywood at every opportunity. He is always ready to deflate himself before anyone else has a chance to do so. He was pampered and indulged as a youngster and made himself very unpopular in the neighborhood.

He was twelve years old when he made love to his teacher who advised him to save his love-making for his stage career. He does not like to wear uniforms.

His new home in Beverly Hills is of old Mexican farmhouse style which he has remodeled. He gets a great kick out of George Bernard Shaw, and doesn't like swing music. At the Sorbonne he majored in philosophy. His eyebrows arch into a triangle.

He is not at ease on horseback. He would like to forget all the pictures he made before "Private Worlds," except the French picture "Tumult."

He was a child prodigy. He would do nothing differently if he had life to live over again.

He has a swimming pool and likes to go to the movies. He is five feet, nine inches tall.

As a boy he liked to attend funerals, concerts, weddings, races, clinics and political meetings. His initial efforts in Hollywood were flops.

His meeting with Pat Paterson changed his lifelong determination never to marry. He does not like visitors on the set while he is working.

He is instinctively gracious and is a great admirer of Charles Laughton. He is adept on skis and at the age of nine could memorize an entire play.

His face, in repose, falters between a cynical smile and an analytical questioning. He prefers traveling between pictures and seeks places where he is not likely to be recognized.

He was advised not to go into pictures because in his original tests he photographed so badly.

He thinks Hollywood should display a little more courage in the themes and subjects it films.

He thinks sparkling Burgundy is slop.

His one all-consuming passion is gambling at cards—chemin de fer, poker, baccarat. He will gamble on the slightest provocation.

Charles Boyer *never* wins at cards.

CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSER

So long as women are women, they'll take down their hair and talk in a beauty parlor. To those sympathetic beauticians have been entrusted many a headline story that has never before reached print. One hairdresser's revelations of the stars off guard will appear in AUGUST PHOTOPLAY.

JIM LOVES TO DANCE WITH ME!

I ALWAYS BATHE WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A DANCE TO ROB A GIRL OF DAINTINESS! THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT GUARDS DAINTINESS SO SURELY AND IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...AND THEN ITS LOVELY, LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN! LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!

HOURS LATER—SURE OF DAINTINESS!

YOU'RE ADORABLE, ANN! STILL FRESH AS A FLOWER, AFTER HOURS OF DANCING!

TOO BAD ALL GIRLS DON'T KNOW ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S LOVELIER WAY OF GUARDING DAINTINESS!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



You'll find a dash of Magic in CABAÑA!

Make your summer nails lovely with CABAÑA. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABAÑA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites. At the beach CABAÑA suits the scene . . . it makes moonlight dances forever memorable . . . it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get captivating CABAÑA today!

Glazo Is Ideal For Summer!

1. LONGER WEAR—new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier—clings to nails.
2. EASY TO APPLY—goes on evenly. Will not streak or run.
3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

Get Glazo's smart new colors—CONGO, SPICE, TROPIC and CABAÑA, at all drug counters. Extra large size, only 25¢



GLAZO
The Smart Manicure



For Pete's sake—Lombard with Taylor instead of Gable? We thought someone had slipped, but then we took another look (below) and saw that even a snazzy looker like Carole has to hang on to her man when Fanny Brice's witticisms fly. They are all at M-G-M's Good News broadcast of "Test Pilot"

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)

house boy. When hours passed and still no Ferdinand, Humphrey asked the studio for advice about calling the police.

It was Humphrey's dog who solved the mystery, by barking and barking in the back yard. Investigating, Humphrey made a discovery.

Ferdinand had completed the doghouse, but had nailed himself inside.

Exclusive Photoplay Preview

PHOTOPLAY has just gone to a preview—an exclusive preview of Joan Crawford's new singing voice. We were invited by Joan to sit in on a singing lesson at her house in Brentwood and we can say only this: wait, just wait, 'til you hear Joan Crawford sing. Nothing we could possibly say would convince you of the treat in store.

While Franchot and I munched on angel cake and sipped our tea (with the three dachshunds begging at every bite), Joan played her record of "Barcarole" made with Rosa Ponselle.

We are still popeyed. Even the dachshunds must have felt that something beautiful and unbelievable was coming from the round disk, for they suddenly left off their begging to sit quietly by Joan's chair and listen.

So again, PHOTOPLAY, who seldom gives a wrong tip, says prepare for something really fine.

A "Boo" to an Audience

It occurred at the Hollywood preview of "Test Pilot," an almost unbelievable piece of crudeness. A newsreel, showing a flash of Bob Taylor at a rodeo, brought an unmistakable hiss from a group in the audience. A deadly calm followed as the magnitude of the undeserved insult swept over the theater.

We glanced at Bob, who was sitting near by with Barbara Stanwyck. He was motionless, his face set, eyes straight ahead. He remained thus throughout the picture.

We didn't join in the loud applause at the close of "Test Pilot." Somehow

we felt neither Clark nor Spencer would have appreciated that applause, coming after a gross insult to their close friend.

After the preview we saw Bob and Barbara make a dash for a side entrance. Graciously they stopped for autograph fans who blocked their paths.

"Well, you here again," Barbara said to one of them. "You certainly do get around." And she laughed lightly. But somehow it didn't sound just like Barbara's laugh to us. The naturalness was gone.

The Grass Grows Greener

FOR fourteen pictures, from "A Bill of Divorcement" in 1932 to the recent "Bringing Up Baby," Katharine Hepburn had remained true to RKO, which, for Hollywood, is something of a record. Then, this past spring, she was lured over to the Columbia lot to do "Holiday." Whereupon, Katie proceeded to let down her hair and have a wonderful time. It leaked out that she threw a grand party for the cast, romped all over

the set, and that nary a sign of the usual Hepburn stand-offishness was visible.

All of which may, or may not, account for the fact that La Hepburn and RKO have come to the parting of the ways.

As always, the break was blamed on lack of suitable story material, but it looks as though Katie has had a taste of the grass growing greener on the other side of the fence, and now, as a free lance, is giving up a paltry \$200,000 (income from two pictures she was to make for RKO) to prove it.

Advance reports on "Holiday" are so glowing that it would appear that the redheaded star is doing the right thing in giving herself a change of scenery.

Sonja Has Her Cake and—

WHAT a life trying to keep slim and lovely in Hollywood. There's Sonja Henie, for instance, who had four birthday parties with a cake for each party. Her mother started it by giving a surprise for Sonja at her home. The party, carried over to the Clover Club, called for another cake. The studio party next day and one following at the Cocoanut Grove meant two more cakes.

But did dimpled little Sonja eat four slices of cake, you wonder? Well, maybe four good bites, but Sonja paid for those four bites of forbidden sweets by skating two extra hours next day.

You'd Never Believe It

IT'S a three-way arrangement between Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray and George Raft.

Bing promised to teach George to sing for a number in "Spawn of the North" and in turn George promised to teach Fred a few tricky steps for "Cocoanut Grove."

"Hey, wait a minute," Bing said, after it was all settled. "What am I getting out of this?"

The boys looked at each other in surprise. "Say, that's right," Raft said, "Bing's on the little end."

"Oh well, never mind," Bing said. "I'll call on you boys one day for a favor."

Next week both Fred and George received a note from Bing marked "urgent."

"All right, fellows, now's the time to come through," the note read. "Come out this afternoon when the nurse leaves and stay with the twins while I get in a little golf and we'll call it square."

Believe it or not—the boys went.



Rounders' Guide to Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

the town for tortillas and chili, enchiladas and avocado-mexicano, and a bottle of unforgettable yellow tequila.

DURING the week Hollywood sophisticates are by no means dull. There is always a continuous round of parties, given at one house or another. The picture lovers who want to be alone can motor down to exquisite La Venta, a cottage on a hillside in Palos Verde with a view of Santa Monica Bay and its series of mountain ranges that surpasses anything I know of, save the Bay of Naples, from, let us say, Capri.

They can tea at Thistle Cottage in Santa Monica, which resembles a cottage in England's New Forest, and whose scones, Devonshire cream, strawberry jam and gingerbread are like nothing on earth.

They can brunch out at Mrs. Fry's Cottage on Ventura Boulevard, where the best chicken potpie and frosted cakes in town are obtainable. Or they can loll at Pierpont Inn, on the ocean's edge at Ventura, and sip, to their heart's content, some of Ceylon's finest, imported Persian tea.

LATELY, it is becoming fashionable to have your house entirely done over. This is 1938, we are reminded. Why not live as if it were so?

And, with that in mind, certain super-sophisticates have gracefully introduced to Hollywood a few competent decora-

Goddard, Luise Rainer, Miriam Hopkins and a lot of others never miss a treatment at Louise Long's in a bungalow court in Beverly Hills. Irene Dunne and Claudette Colbert are sure of their salads when lunching at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby; and even Lola Lane, Sonja Henie and Olivia de Havilland are careful of the salad dressing itself at the Vendome. Fred Stone, Joe E. Brown, Sy Bartlett and Mae West, though, swear by the pastry which the Vendome lunch wagon passes. The Marx Brothers, all of them, and Gene Markey, with a sprinkling of pretty Wampas Babies and Fanny Brice, keep the Bublichki alive. And Edmund Goulding, W. C. Fields, the Jimmy Fiddlers, Mary Boland, Sophie Tucker and Mae West dote on Travaglini's Italian food.

A headwaiter in one of the best known establishments in town tells me, however, that most "miladys" in the neighborhood are gourmets at heart. They have a passion for eating, he declares, and once a picture is through they will consume tons of delicacies, and suffer the consequences later. Which the fashionable doctors and hospitals soon find out.

But very few of them, men included, know anything about the stuff they drink. For some fool reason or other, they believe they must consume champagne. Perhaps this is because they are not educated to Rhine wines, Sauternes, and Burgundies. The best connoisseurs

Midsummer heralds a new and stunning fashion ensemble from Hollywood worn

by **BARBARA STANWYCK**

Look for the full-page fashion picture of the lovely star presented in natural color
IN AUGUST PHOTOPLAY

tors. First and by far the foremost is Virginia Connor, once editor of "House and Garden" and lately connected with the Cheever Cowdons in their ventures into screenland. She is a clever child whose life history reads like a female Horatio Alger; and hers is a job never finished. She'll do your house over and make it look like a movie set of the kind of a house you ought to live in. Elsie de Wolfe has people in town analyzing the situation and making designs for her. And Boyle and Mason have Betty Eustice as their Hollywood representative.

Almost all the fashionable Eastern clothes shops have branches in the Beverly-Westwood area. Saks-Fifth Avenue has just finished constructing its own three-story building, covering one city block. Jaekel and Greenleaf and Crosby have been there for a long time. And the town is full of Knox and Milgrim models.

Clothes designers, in particular, have done a land-office business in the past few years. For instance, one is forever hearing that the only place to buy riding clothes is Pesterre's; or that John Roche, who used to be in pictures in the silent days, is the town's finest tailor.

MANY Hollywoodians are early risers, and if more tourists were to prowl about the streets of Beverly Hills and Bel-Air earlier they'd be sure to see a lot more of their favorites than they do. For Hollywood takes its dieting as seriously as anything else in town.

Greta Garbo walks miles out through the Brentwood area to keep that poundage just right. Claire Dodd spends weeks losing eight pounds. Paulette

of wines in Hollywood, I'm told, are Paul Lukas, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Gene Markey, Joe Schenck, Al Jolson, Hal Roach, Roland Young, Bob Montgomery, George Arliss, Frank Morgan, Donald Crisp, and Fredric March. Among the ladies they run as follows: Marion Davies, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Grace Moore, Sari Maritza, Billie Burke, Irene Dunne, Maureen O'Sullivan, ZaSu Pitts, Mary Rogers, Gloria Swanson, Lili Damita, Loretta Young and Louella Parsons.

PEOPLE often ask whether columnists are accepted in Hollywood's most exclusive set. In New York, of course, most of them aren't. But in Hollywood they are part of the life of trade. Louella Parsons ranks No. 1, with Jimmy Fidler a close runner-up. There are a dozen or two more and hardly a sophisticated party is given by anyone without inviting them.

Oddly enough, for you might think otherwise with pictures coming up on Monday, Sunday evening is Hollywood's biggest night. The sophisticated crowd, when they are in town, flocks to the Trocadero, Don the Beachcomber's and The Berries. In case they are in Palm Springs, it is The Stables and The Dunes that get the play. In Ensenada, they go to The Hut and, in Pebble Beach, The Pine Cone. Up at Arrowhead, they jam the High Hat and down at Malibu, the Glass Slipper. Everyone wears sports clothes, in the brightest shades imaginable. It looks more like an artists' gathering in the Montparnasse section of Paris than Hollywood out on a binge.

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS... "DARLING"



No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever expect to win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with *her*. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a *second* date. Certainly she is pretty enough! And she *thinks* she's careful about her *person*. After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol! Like so many girls, she trusts a bath alone to keep her sweet. She should realize that under-

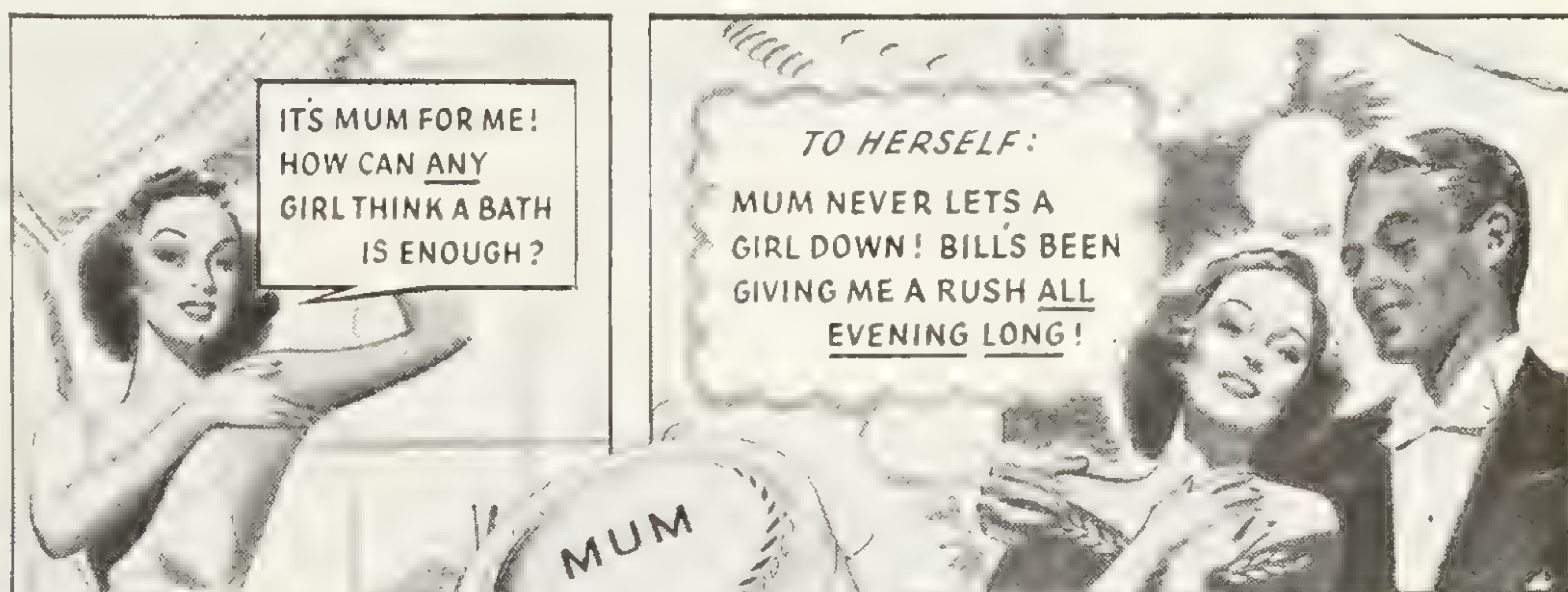
arms must have *special* care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! It takes just half a minute to smooth a touch of Mum into each underarm. How easy that is!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin—you can use it right after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT



Avoid embarrassment.. Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's safe, sure. No worries, when you use Mum this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Fashions in Passions

(Continued from page 65)



Destroys Every Trace of Hair!

ZIP EPILATOR
Destroys Unwanted Hair
and **BOUQUET JORDEAU**
A Refreshing Fragrance

Both FOR THE PRICE OF One

UNWANTED HAIR

Banish it completely, instantly, this modern way

Superfluous hair is embarrassing to you, repulsive to others...and more so in summer, when scantier clothes and stronger light make it especially conspicuous.

Don't endure this offender any longer... ZIP Epilator destroys all unwanted hair on face, arms, legs and body by gently eliminating it both above and below the skin with surprising effectiveness...easily...IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT! No caustics. No unpleasant odor.

Millions of women have found it a new boon to enjoyment of life...years of research have perfected its unique action. Delightfully fragrant to apply, ZIP prevents regrowth of any prickly stubble.

Be hair-free, care-free...Welcome summer with freedom, enthusiasm...ZIP will make your skin lovely, silken-soft, alluring!

For a limited time, with every package of ZIP Epilator you receive a large 4-oz. bottle of BOUQUET JORDEAU, an exquisite, refreshing, fragrant toilet water...both for the price of one.

At your favorite toilet goods counter, or by mail. Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon

Also, for those who use the Cream—
ZIP Depilatory Cream

An improved, perfumed cream for removing every trace of unwanted hair. As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off. Three liberal sizes. All drug, department and ten cent stores.

Madame Berthe
SPECIALIST

562 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Switch to ZIP for overcoming BODY ODORS

ZIP CREAM DEODORANT

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
THE BEST TO BE HAD
STOPS PERSPIRATION
Gives complete assurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing. Ideal on sanitary napkins. A Physician's Prescription. Ask dealer or write Madame Berthe, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York

in "Nothing Sacred" and with Fred MacMurray ducking you to the drowning point in "True Confession." From both those scenes you emerged looking like a leftover Christmas tree on February first. Honest, you did, Carole, for all the beauty God and Wally Westmore gave you.

But your men kept right on loving you, just the same, which is, of course, all any female cares about.

Of course, I know if Freddie and Fred hadn't responded, you could always go home after your day's work and call up Clark Gable, which is certainly my idea of the perfect end of any day. But, if following your example, I let my boy friend duck me in a lake or use me as a flying tackle, as an expression of his deep passion for me, can I go home and call up Clark Gable? Well, all right, I could call him. I've got his telephone number. But what would it get me? It would get me his butler saying, "We're so sorry, Madame, but Mr. Gable is indefinitely out of town!" That's all it would net me—and I'd still have to go to the hairdresser's and sit under the dryer for two hours.

Carole, I ask you, you with that lovely face, and your Pekineses, and your star sapphires, and Clark Gable right on tap, do you think it is fair to ask the rest of us to try to keep up with you, to try to keep up with you, to try to be burlesque but bewitching?

NOW you Irene Dunne. That Lombard had a wicked gleam in her eye always. But you, after all, you were called a lady. You acted like a lady. You are a lady. You showed us sincerity in "Cimarron" and "Back Street."

But now you, too, have gone wacky. In "The Awful Truth" Cary Grant thought it was a scream when you, pretending to be his sister, invaded his fiancée's house, and made a general fool of yourself. You were funny, too, but dear Miss Dunne, don't you understand that if the rest of us went around invading houses like that our boy friend would not only think it wasn't funny but have us run out of town for displaying such awful manners?

And another thing I'd like to ask you is this. Why have cold, wet toes suddenly come into the fascinating game? Rosemary Lane gave out with ten of them in "Hollywood Hotel" when she wandered around, calf deep in a fountain with Dick Powell. She looked about as enticing as a bill collector to me in that scene, but Dick Powell ate it up. Is this a trend? Must a girl risk pneumonia these days to prove her sex appeal?

WITH you, Miss Hepburn, I'll be brief. (I never shall forget that flight from Los Angeles all the way to Newark with you shouting above the

noise of the motors just what you thought of the press, only you never looked at me and I never looked at you. Remember, Honey? Just like one family we all were, a family of boa constrictors.)

Your pictures ran thick and thin after your first success in "A Bill of Divorcement": your delightful Jo in "Little Women" and that perfect "Alice Adams" balanced against trash like "Spitfire" and your perfectly ghastly performance as "Mary of Scotland."

Still, and for all that, you continued to be one of the most original, most interesting figures in the whole movie industry. And then you did "Bringing Up Baby" and down you clunked. You acted so demented that Cary Grant couldn't have really had enough brains to pick up leaves, let alone be the paleontologist the plot called him, to fall for you. You fell plunk in a stream of water, and then just sat there, with your hair hanging and your knees at the most grotesque angle. You walked across a ballroom with the back of your dress gone and your white drawers showing and what I'd like to know is, where on earth did you get drawers like that? Who makes them that way any more? Who wears such things in this day of horseless carriages?

However, that scene relaxed us women, anyway, because we knew we'd never have to copy those. We couldn't, unless we invaded a theatrical costumer's or an antique warehouse.

NOW as for you, Claudette, it isn't as if I didn't know you pretty thoroughly and when you started going in for idiocy like sliding down that ski slide in "I Met Him In Paris" with nothing between you and the ice except your following—well, it wasn't as if I couldn't do that, too. As a matter of fact, I could do it better than you could because there is a lot more to me than there is to you in that locale. But listen, snooks, when you go into "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and get Gary Cooper (which is one of the things I wouldn't mind getting, either), how on earth do you expect me to follow your methods?

You remember that gray suit that Travis Banton designed for you at a cost to Paramount of about five hundred dollars, and which you had made at Eddie Schmidt's at another cost to Paramount of \$175, and on which you yourself spent three fittings?

What slayed me was that, when they finally filmed the scene, only your hat showed and heaven alone knows what that cost. Now if I had on \$675 worth of suit, I'd not only have to show all of me that was socially permitted, but I'd have to keep on showing that same costume daily for the rest of the fiscal year to break even.

Then when you and Travis were planning the negligee for you to wear when Gary spansks you, you two figured it ought to make a man a lot madder if he had to fumble around through a lot of ruffles. So ruffled from hem to toe you were, which is a mighty cute idea, I'll admit. But you are a smart girl, and a business girl, and do you think that's any example to set the rest of your public?

Has American womanhood got to figure its lure down to the hemline now, and, before planning a date, must we calculate how to be enticing though spanked?

FINALLY, to all of you girls, I do wish you wouldn't be quite so rich. That was all right, too, when you were glamorous. The boy friend and I could watch you, as we watched the Duke of Windsor or Mrs. Harrison Williams or someone way beyond us. It was a pipe dream, that lovely mood you find at the bottom of your third cocktail. We took you—we took your glamour pictures—just like that third cocktail, as an occasional little spree into another world.

But now that you girls are being socked on the jaw and dropped in mud puddles (ah, there, Loretta) it brings you down, in action anyhow, to our level. And if what you are trying to imply is that even the rich get tacky-looking, with their hair uncombed, and all that—well, what can we dream about then? To take up my initial plea, how can we copy you? Mentors, it is up

to you to help us. Otherwise we will be encouraging the heavy date to stay home with us and listen to the radio. Because those heroines in the radio stories are still in the old-fashioned lure business. They are still using the skin you love to touch, and the come-hither of perfume, and the charm of good grooming to get their men. So we feel comfortable with them. Not but what we like you better, really. You are naturally much more alluring and beautiful and charming and all the things we do want to be.

So what do we do? I ask you.

Yours, in worried devotion,

RUTH WATERBURY.

WHO'S KISSING WHOM

Here are the answers to the roto spread found on pages 34 and 35

1. Tyrone Power and Loretta Young
2. Miriam Hopkins (Mrs. Anatole Litvak) and Alan Mowbray
3. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy
4. Robert Young and Leila Hyams
5. Clark Gable and Constance Bennett
6. Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian
7. Dolores Del Rio and Edmund Lowe
8. Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power
9. Madeleine Carroll and Dick Powell (married to Joan Blondell)
10. Marlene Dietrich and Melvyn Douglas
11. Kay Francis (to marry Baron Barnekow) and Bill Powell
12. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone
13. Lili Damita (Mrs. Errol Flynn) and Don Alvarado
14. Garbo and Gilbert
15. Billie Dove and Antonio Moreno

And Then There Were Three

(Continued from page 19)

little of Ronnie's yacht and an awful lot of sea. Still, he can't get over his admiration for Ronnie, his wish to do what Ronnie does; so, one fine, gusty week end, Ronnie and Bill and Warner, with a crew of two, set off down the coast of lower California to Ensenada. It was an uncomfortable trip. Most of it was spent at an angle of forty-five degrees. Warner was glad he had good thick eyebrows because he had to cling on with them most of the way. And how the other two made him work! He was a pale green shadow of his former self when they arrived in the harbor at Ensenada.

Fortunately for him, they decided to spend the night at the hotel. Leaving the other two upstairs in their tubs, Warner sneaked downstairs and sent an SOS telegram to his studio.

A few hours later a telegram arrived for him. He frowned as he read it. He muttered a few curses. Not too many. Warner is, after all, an actor. His resignation at the decision of the studio to do immediate retakes on his latest picture, their desire to have him back on the set at once, was a masterpiece in understatement. His two pals, themselves masters in the art of miming, never even suspected they'd been framed.

THEY are adult men; they've never quarreled in the childish sense. They've disagreed, argued, battled—but never over fundamentals. Never over women. Not even when they've disagreed with each other's choice of a playmate. Their live-and-let-live philosophy takes care of that.

Occasionally Warner's exuberance, the exuberance which gives him that Latin quality on the screen, will lead him off on a tangent disapproved of by the more sober-minded Ronnie, the more practical Bill. He buys things. Sometimes he'll buy a \$10,000 cabin in the mountains, sometimes he'll buy a new tennis court; now and again he has a fancy for an island. His voice-recording machine, an amusing if useless toy, cost him a pretty penny. Ronnie doesn't always approve of these extravagances.

Warner once fancied an island in Puget Sound. Knowing that Ronnie and

Bill were scheduled to go sailing up the coast to Vancouver, he asked Ronnie to buy him the island.

"No," said Ronnie.

"Seriously—I mean it."

"So do I," said Ronnie. "What do you want an island for?"

"I'd like to build a summer home. You see . . ." and he went on to explain just how nice it would be to have a summer home on an island. But he couldn't sell the idea to Ronnie.

"Then I shall ask Bill to get it for me," threatened Warner huffily.

"He wouldn't do anything so silly. Now what you need is a yacht. You'd better buy that first. How do you think you're going to get to the island . . . swim there?"

So Warner bought a boat. Not a yacht. He got himself a comfortable motor cruiser. Now he plans to get a summer home on an island which even Ronnie approves. His idea is to form a yachtman's colony, with the island owner, Mr. Wrigley's, kind permission, on Catalina in a bay inaccessible from land. He dreams of a new and even more exclusive Malibu Beach (as it was in the old days).

Bill and Ronnie and himself will each have a bungalow there and there'll be room for Clive and Dick whenever they happen along. Far into the night they'll sit around a log fire, chew on the stems of their pipes and talk, not about the past—the present and future are too bright for that—but about the respective merits of fishing and sailing.

"If you've ever fished from your yacht, Ronnie," says Warner with a little smile of superiority, "I've never heard of you catching anything. Why, only today, I landed six swordfish. Big fellows. You don't understand the thrill of bringing a big game fish to the gaff."

"You don't understand the thrill of heading a sailing boat into the wind," replies Ronnie.

"Can't see anything to it," counters Warner.

"My dear chap," and Ronnie closes the subject, "you'll come to it in the end."

And knowing Ronnie, Warner's very much afraid that he'll prove to be right.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 52)

twinkler is in the scene we watch—inside the rough totem-poled saloon.

There's George Raft, John Barrymore, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Lynne Overman, Akim Tamiroff and Louise Platt—all in one take. Looks like bargain day! Dorothy hangs over the bar dishing out drinking liquor, while Hank and George play catch with Louise, in the center of the scene. Lynne and Akim stand by the bar and kibitz bawdily. John Barrymore, in a beaver hat, sits alone at a table.

It is surprising indeed to see Dorothy Lamour with clothes on. When we whisper, "What—no sarong?", she shakes her pretty head. "Too cold," she explains, "they've changed it to a parka!" Now what's a parka? Dorothy explains it's something like an Eskimo's overcoat with a convertible top.

Director Henry Hathaway, who is aces at virile screen stuff, takes a minute off from camera squinting to tell us the drama revolves about early salmon fishing days thirty years ago when men were men and salmon pirates were all

over the place. George Raft strolls over next, every black hair in place, and denies vigorously that he's anything like an Alaskan lover.

"Fonda gets the girl," says George, "I get killed." Then he adds, "As usual."

We step out of camera range when rehearsal for the next scene gets under way. George and Henry tackle each other in the middle of the saloon. Dorothy screams, Louise runs, Lynne Overman tumbles off his stool. The place is a melee of flying fists, scuffling feet and flying furniture. We can hardly keep still. Our pulse mounts, our eyes glisten, our breath quickens. Exciting stuff—this making he-man movies! Red-blooded, death defying, pulse pounding. Isn't it!

Well—we look across the room—and there is John Barrymore, planked down in his chair. His feet are up in the air and his beaver hat is tipped over his eyes. From his lips comes a gentle wheeze. His shirt rises and falls rhythmically.

He's sound asleep.

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How To Have a Star's Fun on Your Income

(Continued from page 27)

sometimes called, is still a favorite, and so is the old-fashioned Charade, from which Indications was developed in the first place.

Anne Shirley, who belongs to the younger set which really does budget its entertainment costs very carefully, spends most of her spare time thinking up new word games to play, and collecting old pencils to play them with.

Another favorite pastime when half a dozen or more stars get together is a roller-skating party—particularly among the younger set. Just like the kids on your block, they bowl along the sidewalks or quiet streets in the residential section. And they get plenty of fun out of it.

Do you begin to see what has happened to these fortunate people who can, if they like, spend amounts of money that seem like fortunes to you and me? They've discovered a truth that most of us who have to practice economy never learn: that the spending of money, simply for spending's sake, soon palls as a method of entertainment. That they can have a far better time by exercising their wits than they can by exercising their purses. That money just doesn't buy fun.

So we find people like the Warren Williams, the Andy Devines and the Joel McCreas making a hobby out of gardening, raising their own flowers and vegetables. Drop around to see any of these people on an early summer evening, and the odds are that you'll find them all where they spend most of their spare time, digging away in the gardens, cutting an armful of gladioli or beaming over the way the string beans are coming along.

THEN there is Tyrone Power, that dashing young man about town, who gets his greatest fun out of playing with toy trains (Errol Flynn is another toy-train devotee) and in bicycling. There's nothing Tyrone Power likes better than a bicycle race to Palm Springs with Hans Ort, national cycling champion, as his opponent.

For evenings, he has another pet pastime that will surprise you. With Tony Martin, Alice Faye and another girl, he loves to make up a foursome and go bowling—an occupation which costs, on the average, about twenty-five cents an hour per person.

A group which consists of Barbara Stanwyck, Bob Taylor, the Ray Millands, the Fred MacMurrays and the Franchot Tones has banded together in a way which any eight friends, anywhere in the country, would do well to copy. Each couple has bought the equipment for some kind of game—a tennis court at the MacMurrays', a badminton court at the Millands', a stable at Barbara Stanwyck's, a skeet-shooting outfit at the Tones'—but it's understood that everyone in the group is entitled to use any one of the games. Thus, all have a variety of entertainment for the cost of one.

Perhaps your budget is too small to cover the expense of a tennis court or a stable. But you can do the same thing by buying less expensive games—Ping-pong sets, backgammon sets, the cheaper variety of badminton equipment.

Or you and your friends can band together to buy the equipment for still another Hollywood hobby which, while not extravagant, does entail an initial outlay greater than the average budget can afford. The hobby? Writing, di-

recting, acting in, and producing one's own movies. All you need, to begin with, is a movie camera and a home projecting machine. After that, it's up to your own ingenuity to make films that will be fun to show at parties in your own home. Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell, the Bing Crosbys and many others are always popping up with a new super-epic they've ground out.

As far as that goes, many of the stars don't bother with anything as expensive as a moving-picture camera. Wayne Morris, Anna May Wong, Clark Gable, Bob Taylor, Fay Wray, Jimmy Stewart, Humphrey Bogart—the list of camera fiends is endless. Many of them don't have anything more impressive than a Brownie camera. They develop and print their own exposures.

And speaking of Clark Gable, his and Carole Lombard's idea of a place to spend a big evening is Ocean Park Pier, where they can ride roller coasters, try their skill at shooting galleries, and eat dozens of hot dogs. The whole enterprise never costs more than a couple of dollars.

BUT you don't suppose that the stars spend all their spare time in the pursuit of pleasure, do you? There's another important side to living like a star—the business of staying glamorous. And here again, you can do as they do without going over your budget, because keeping those slim figures and soft complexions is not a matter of high-priced masseurs and expensive reducing gadgets. It's a matter of old-fashioned self-discipline.

Every morning, Jeanette MacDonald rises at six o'clock and pedals three miles behind her car towards the studio. She also takes daily breathing exercises (probably very much like the ones you started to do and gave up on the third or fourth morning). Joan Crawford not only plays badminton for fun, but frequently runs around the badminton court ten times at a stretch. (In case you plead that you haven't a badminton court, let me point out that your

back yard, or a stretch of country road, will do just as well.)

The discipline extends to food, too. Anita Louise drinks one large glass of orange juice every day, two glasses of milk, and only one cup of tea or coffee (not both). She has a cup of potassium broth for lunch, and she eats vegetables and meat, and no spices or fancy food. She likes sherbet for dessert and eats lots of fruit, but when she eats cream with it, it's sour cream!

Dorothy Lamour limits her food carefully and eats chiefly salads, skimmed milk, and coffee. Rochelle Hudson has toast and orange juice for breakfast, salad and milk or tomato juice for lunch, and an average dinner. Kay Francis has a light breakfast and skips lunch entirely. And practically all of them say they *never* eat between meals. Bette Davis is an exception. She eats more, because she wants to put on weight—but the extra calories come largely from milk, which she detests.

NEITHER very glamorous nor very expensive, this side of a star's life, is it? Those perfect figures may be gifts from heaven at eighteen, but not at twenty-eight, and certainly not at thirty-eight. By that time, they've been bought with good hard work.

Perhaps this aspect of living a star's life on your budget doesn't sound very appealing to you—but that's no sign you wouldn't be all the better for trying. One thing is certain: it will put more of a strain on your self-control than it will on your pocketbook.

To return to other matters besides calories and exercise, don't think that there isn't a good deal of plain, down-to-earth, financial budgeting going on out in Hollywood, either. For instance, in order to save the cost of a personal wardrobe for use while she is working—which is constantly—Olivia De Havilland has devised a regular uniform, consisting of a skirt and a blouse, which she wears to and from the studio every day.

Claudette Colbert, the stunningly well-dressed Claudette, never yields to the feminine weakness for buying a dress simply because it is so becoming. She makes sure, as well, that it is durable and that its design is such that she can wear it for several seasons. Here is one actress who makes no bones about wearing a dress over and over.

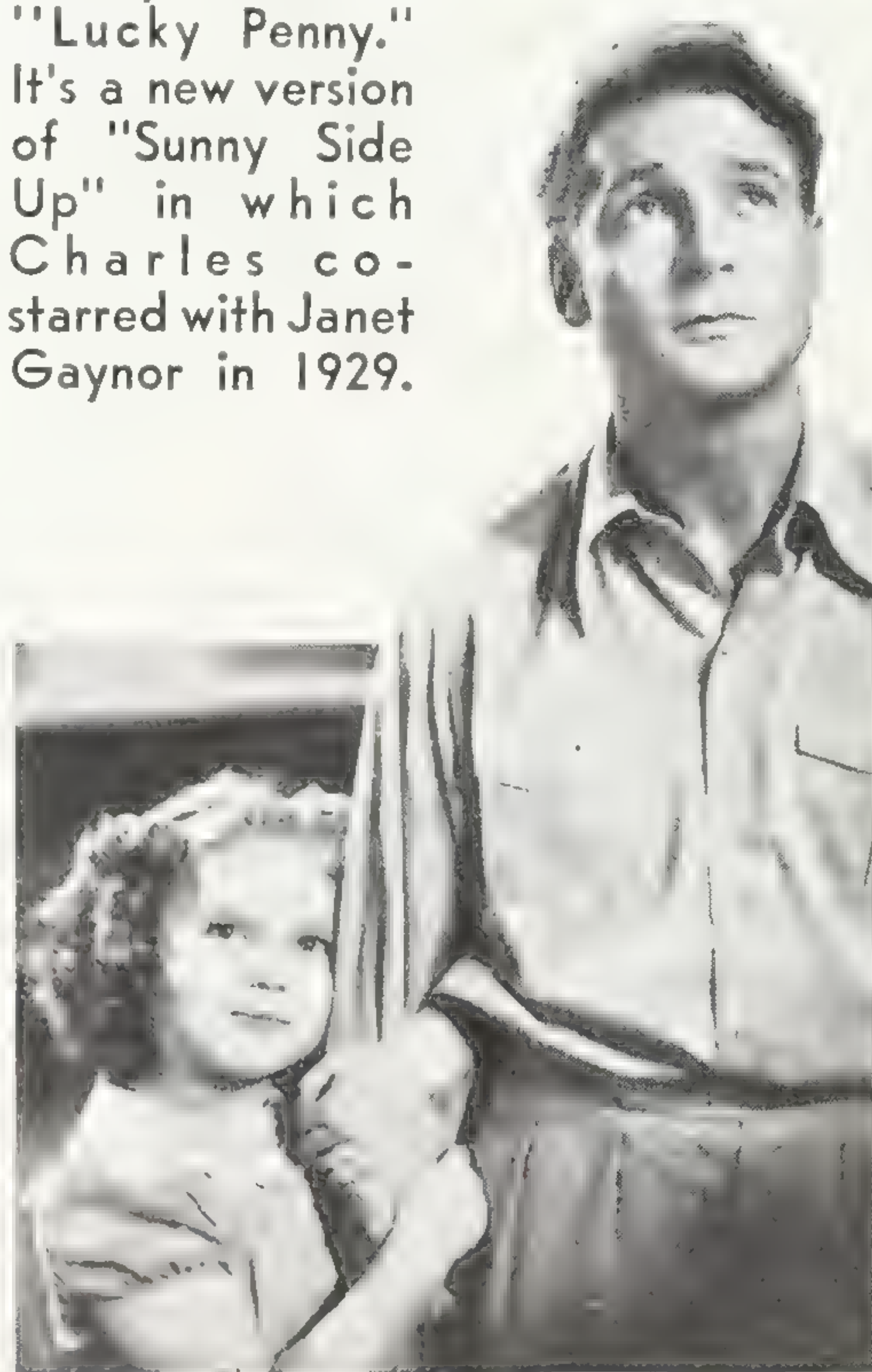
Wallace Beery personally does all the shopping for daughter Carol Ann's clothes, and he does it on a budget. He never takes her to exclusive shops, but to the big department stores, and he sees to it that only medium-priced coats and dresses are ever shown in Carol Ann's presence.

Joan Crawford allows herself a moderate amount each week to spend on food—and that includes everything, regular dinners and parties, too. If she wants to give a dinner or a buffet supper, and there isn't enough left in that week's budget to cover the cost of one, she doesn't have it, but waits until the following week.

Now, haven't I convinced you that you can live like a star on your budget? For the point is, of course, that while stars do give costly parties and do buy costly things upon occasion, it isn't such extravagances that give them their greatest pleasure. On the contrary. They get that from the simple things—the informal parties, the games, the gardens, the hobbies.

Even, if we only knew it, as you and I.

Isn't this nice? Charlie Farrell is back — playing Shirley's father in "Lucky Penny." It's a new version of "Sunny Side Up" in which Charles co-starred with Janet Gaynor in 1929.



The Revealing True Story of Myrna Loy

(Continued from page 66)

angle that without Myrna's salary as a dancer the family would have no income.

Nevertheless, for Myrna there was no return to dancing and, in the spring of 1925, an ambitious little redhead, scarcely steady in the knees after several weeks of sickness, stepped into the ranks of Hollywood's army of extras.

She had decided that, first of all, she must have a new last name, one shorter and easier to remember than Williams. From interested acquaintances she had had many suggestions, among them one from a gentleman she scarcely knew and never saw again.

"How about 'Loy'?" he had said.

So, on the May morning when, at a studio casting window, she made herself brave enough to ask for an application blank, found herself a corner in the room crowded with other extras, she gave hasty last minute consideration to "Moore" . . . "Carr" . . . "Field" . . . and then wrote, for the first time, and handed in at the wicket, the name "Miss Myrna Loy."

The studio was . . . M-G-M.

AND so, for Miss Myrna Loy, began interminable days of sitting on benches in casting offices waiting the high moment when the little window would open and a name would be called, somebody's hopeful eyes rewarded, some lucky dog admitted for work. Every day at every studio the little crowd waited, Myrna trying, as did the rest, first one studio then another.

But it was again M-G-M where one day the window opened, called for Miss Myrna Loy, and, a little dizzy with the sudden surprise, she heard someone asking if she would "mind" working a little while. And so the studio opened its gates for the first time to the girl who, today, is one of its best financial assets, part of its destiny, one of its really important stars.

That first job, however, was unbelievably insignificant. Miss Loy was required only as a figure upon which to try out a costume to be worn by the ragged street lepers of "Ben Hur."

But the director saw her and asked her to report next day for another test and this time not a test of clothes, but of Miss Loy herself . . . for the rôle of the Madonna.

Though she had learned the lesson of not believing in possibilities, suddenly her hopes were soaring again. She was dreaming dreams again! But they were dreams which collapsed like a pricked bubble next day, when she found Madonnas blond, brunette, redheaded, Madonnas winsome, solemn, short and tall, Madonnas of every type and style—all waiting hopefully. Notwithstanding which, it was our redhead who carried off the honors and was on her breathless way out of the studio gates to tell

her mother when a limousine arrived bringing Betty Bronson whom they had been trying unsuccessfully to locate for the rôle.

So decision promptly reversed and "success" abruptly ended, though not entirely in disappointment, for the casting director took pity on the deposed Madonna who so gamely heard the answer.

"You look hungry," he laughed. "I think we better put you to work anyway. Go and tell them you're to be one of Ben Hur's mistresses watching the big race."

So, in black wig and a costume of Cleopatra vogue, Miss Loy became merely one of the thousand in the great amphitheater. Nevertheless, she was playing in pictures, was earning a momentary check . . . and, most of all, now there was proof that she was not climbing to ambition which was only illusion, for, though the Valentino test had counted as failure, the test for M-G-M had *not*, so her chance to make good was at least fifty-fifty.

But, with the comparatively small effort and little wait for work in "Ben Hur," she was totally unprepared for the long weeks which now went by, her answer the same at every casting office . . . "Nothing today" . . . "No work this week" . . . the family's small amount of surplus money dwindling.

But at last came hope, and from the one completely unexpected direction. For Rudolph Valentino, in spite of the disappointing test, believed her the type for a particular part in the newest picture to be produced by his wife, Natacha Rambova.

But how startling the rôle he had in mind for this quiet girl from a middle-sized Montana town! With a blonde wig, a fabulous headdress, exotic eyes, tight-fitting black velvet trousers and a train, he transformed her completely! And so well did she play the creature of wicked glamour in "What Price Beauty," that when, shortly afterward, Warners' Studio sent out a call for all the exotic women in town, they particularly requested Myrna Loy. It was she who was given the part they were casting, and, as the spirited and jealous sweetheart of "Satan in Sables," she broke china, dug her heels into the floor and generally played the wildcat with such spirit that a long-term contract as a professional enchantress was the reward, which, in the story of Myrna Loy's career in pictures, is the close of Book One.

A CONTRACT! Of course this seemed the key to everything. But indeed trouble had only begun! Here was a whole new world of difficulties, difficulties against which she found herself having to battle every foot of the way. For weeks she struggled through the

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 68 with these correct ones:

- | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Tyrone Power | 8. Sigrid Gurie | 15. Musical supervisor |
| 2. Ronald Colman | 9. Allan Jones | 16. Deanna Durbin |
| 3. Carole Lombard | 10. Mae West | 17. Charles Boyer |
| 4. Cecil B. De Mille | 11. Gloria Swanson | 18. Marie Wilson in "Boy Meets Girl" |
| 5. Joan Crawford | 12. Lily Pons | 19. A cotton plantation in Arkansas |
| 6. Helen Vinson | 13. Maria | 20. Alice Faye |
| 7. Roger Pryor | 14. Professional fighter | |



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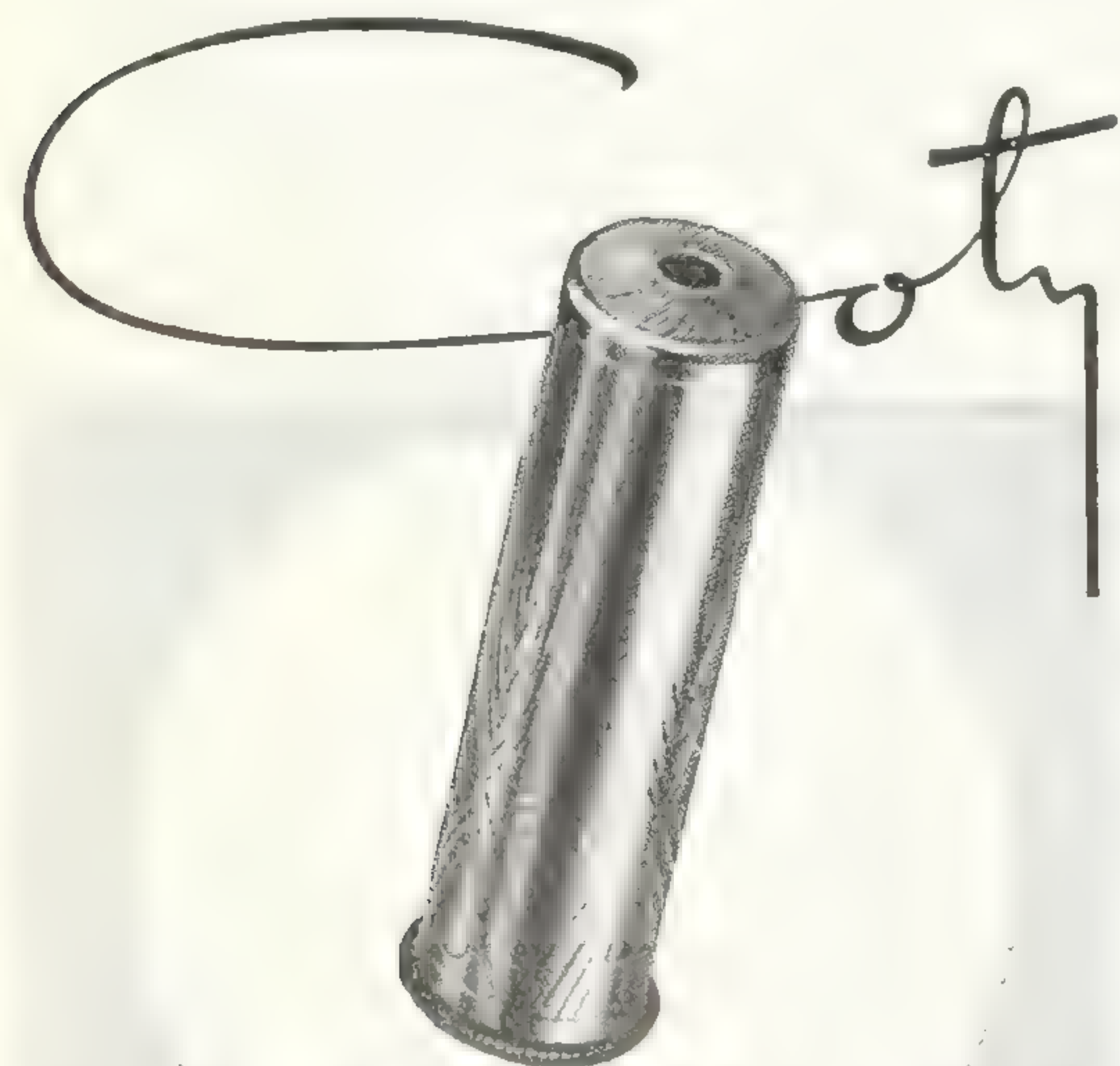
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distressing confusion of wrong parts, wrong lines, wrong costumes, knowing only too well that with all of it she was going backward rather than ahead.

And then something terrifying happened to Hollywood! The talkies! Actors and actresses from the stage who were used to speaking lines were suddenly elected to take over this profession created by people whose art was only pantomime. And Myrna Loy, with the others, was suddenly fighting for her life.

Warners' first musical sound picture was "The Desert Song," the entire cast engaged from the New York stage. But, in the rôle of a native dancer of temper and treachery, the girl from the stage didn't come through the test. She wasn't a camera subject. Myrna Loy asked for a chance to try the part. The thought of doing lines before the camera fairly paralyzed her and to make it worse, if possible, the lines must be done with a French accent. But now it was sink or swim for everybody. She might as well know the worst!

For her trial they gave her the most difficult scene in the play, the dancer screaming in a frenzy of broken French, throwing coins at her faithless lover. Myrna's hands were cold when the moment came, her voice shaking. The place, with its strange new bulky sound equipment, swam before her eyes.

Mr. Darryl Zanuck took a look at her. "Better not try it, Myrna," he said. "It will be worse for you to fail than not to try it at all. You're scared."

"Yes, I'm scared," she told him. "But I was scared the first time I did a silent scene, too. I'll be just as scared if I wait to try it some other time. I'd rather know now."

And so the scene was made. And Myrna Loy went over the top. And, in the finished picture (the first musical "talkie"), she all but stole the show!

Sound pictures were here to stay. And so was Myrna Loy.

AND now she had come through with a new type of work. It appeared that she was not only aces in sirens but in natives. And so began still a new "career" in Chinese, Malay, Hindu, Egyptian. Assuming a voice which wasn't her own, a personality which wasn't her own, accents which weren't her own (which in fact she made up as she went along). One rôle of this kind followed another—rôles such as *Nubi* in "The Squall."

There were wicked women rôles, too, such as Chief Poisoner in John Barrymore's "Don Juan." But the one thing no one ever thought of was to cast her just as she was, just a charming, quiet, well-bred American girl. And when her contract expired, it was not renewed. There were too few parts of her type, she was told. Too few calls for Asiatic, native, Oriental and siren.

She had been more unhappy than anyone knew, playing parts of this type. Nevertheless, the loss of her contract was distinctly a shock. She didn't know which way to turn. Her mother and young David were now entirely dependent on her salary. What would become of them if she couldn't get work!

Through sleepless nights she tried to think things out. Alone, awake, hour after hour in that silent little house, she tried to think and plan. For it was more than merely tomorrow's groceries now. She was certain that her whole future was near to going awry. Typed rôles had already closed the doors of one studio to her. She was sure that continuing to play them was a losing game. Yet, taking a stand to play "straight" would make her just one of a million, would mean starting all over again and from far and away the most difficult

angle and with the family depending on her!

She tried to think what her father would have told her to do, how he would have decided this. Never again has she seen the pale stars of that mauve, quiet light peculiar to dawn but that those nights have come back to her, those interminable hours of which her mother and David never knew.

At last she made a decision. She didn't dare change her type altogether, but at least she would decline to be Asiatic or Oriental.

So, for the next year, she was "white," though little more could be said for her progress. She took any work she could get, made "quickies," completed pictures in thirteen days, learned endless bad lines in endless second-rate stories, had, in fact, plenty of experience in heartbreak of every sort. Then a contract was offered by Fox, and gratefully she signed it.

But though still demanding to be "white," her first new contract rôle was that of a spy.

And again a quiet charming girl, the complete antithesis of intrigue and design, proved so convincingly despicable on the screen, that immediately all Theda Bara's forgotten successes were renovated to be rebuilt for this stunning vampire.

Here was work. And money. But farther and farther from the future she had dreamed, a situation which would really have been the acme in unhappiness, but that she was in love! A youthful kind of romance it was, but, at the moment, a very serious one. The man in the case, a young actor, sophisticated and fascinating.

There were trysts, secrets, confidences, red roses, and almost marriage. But, like Kipling's East and West, the practical ambitions and moonlight dreams never quite met, and Myrna Loy was still really fancy-free when she was sent for by the gentleman in charge of

production at United Artists, a gentleman named Mr. Arthur Hornblow who wished to see her about a part... a very small part, he said, but suddenly here was the most thrilling and important chance she had ever had! For here, at last, was the chance she had dreamed of through seven years of Orientals and Borgias. The chance to play an American girl with simple, straightforward motives and impulses!

LISTENING to the story, I could scarcely imagine or remember another Myrna Loy than of "The Thin Man," of "To Mary—With Love," of "Test Pilot," but it was a great day for pictures as well as for Miss Loy when Producer Arthur Hornblow took the "long chance" which first gave her a straight rôle.

Curled in an enormous armchair exactly the blue-green of her eyes, she told me, with a particular smile, of that call at United Artists.

"I'm afraid it was really a thrilling appointment," she said, and laced her fingers through those of the tall, good-looking chap in flannels who stood beside her. "Eh what, Mr. Hornblow?"

Amused affection played across his gray eyes.

"Decidedly thrilling, Mrs. Hornblow," he said... "Since, of course," remarked Mr. Hornblow to me, "she was so much more charming than anyone could possibly have expected!"

"And aside from business, how did you feel about it?" I asked Myrna Williams Loy Hornblow. "Did you like him instantly... or later?"

"I admit to an unqualified both," she said, with that breathless, oddly punctuated little ripple of laughter peculiarly her own.

And it was without doubt Mr. Arthur Hornblow's "unique" idea that she play a straight rôle which, at last, turned the tide and, in the end, writes the finish... or rather the beginning... of our

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- \$1.00—Miss Mary Alyce Jacobs, 3730 Costa Calle, E. Pasadena, California.
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story. For with her next contract, undisguised by Oriental eyes or a siren's treacherous smile, she began to play such rôles as in "Animal Kingdom," in "Love Me Tonight" in "When Ladies Meet."

Oddly enough, however, this was not with United Artists and Mr. Hornblow, but back again at M-G-M, the lot where, at fourteen, she had peered curiously through the gates, hoping for glimpses of great personalities; where, at the casting window, she had written, for the first time, the name "Myrna Loy"; where she had earned her first actual pay check as one of those thousand spectators cheering Ben Hur's thundering chariots.

And where finally, with "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Thin Man," she stepped into stardom.

THE last five years have found Myrna Loy a decidedly busy young lady. Although, one day a couple of years ago, she did take time enough away from the studio to elope. In Ensenada, sixty miles from the Mexican border, she and Mr. Arthur Hornblow were married, spent a two-day honeymoon on blue Ensenada Bay, and came back to Hollywood to work, he producing one picture, she starring in another.

"ALWAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING"

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Another heart-warming forbidden great love story of Hollywood. Don't miss it—coming next month in

PHOTOPLAY

David Williams must be proud of this daughter of his. She has kept faith with him, and how nobly; has made life successful and happy for those he loved and left to her care. Mrs. Williams lives in an attractive home of her own in Beverly Hills, busy and happy with clubs and musical interests. David, gray-eyed and broad-shouldered, is a successful commercial artist, sculptor and architect.

Myrna herself, now at the very peak of fame, is a quiet unostentatious person, not greatly interested in clothes, night life or social affairs. Her happiest times are when just she and her husband can be together in the lazy white house which they have recently completed. It is tucked away in "Hidden Valley" in the Santa Monica Mountains, the road by which you reach it climbing the inside curve of a mountain horseshoe, only blue mountain peaks beyond, no note whatever of a propinquity bustling little world, none of that world intruding but the white macadamized road. As we climb, we see below, to the left, on the other side of the horseshoe, the house, nestling in its own green valley, stone fireplace chimneys, brilliant flowers, bright garden furniture, the pool, tennis courts and stables.

Pretentious and "glamorous" it would seem, but, once you have crossed the threshold, you find its keynote only a charming simplicity. In the living room the walls are ivory stucco and wormy chestnut beams, the rug an immense oval of extraordinarily pleasant green, a green which seems somehow to be shaded with sunshine. Along one complete side of the room rambles a white-washed brick fireplace with old-fashioned ivory settles, a bright copper pot and crane. The lazy armchairs facing it are of handwoven material, one in yellow, one in green. A four-foot coffee table is near by. Flowers are everywhere, great bowls of them.

Opposite the fireplace is a landscape window framing the flowering terrace and the distant mountain peaks with their changing colors.

Within the room, the window curtains are glazed chintz in tones of green and yellow, on the wide window sill a careless lot of small gay china things, a tiny house, a laughing polka-dot pig, a gold-trimmed goat. Against this window sill, the length of the window, is built a davenport of handwoven, cream-colored linen and wool, with matching pillows. And it was here . . . here in this room . . . that Myrna Loy told me the story I have told to you, the day rainy and gray, the fire crackling cozily.

She still wears her little girl crop of freckles, reminds you of an impish boy, the dignity, the *savoir faire* of the lady you see on the screen, confined, it would seem, to the world of the camera.

We had been out in the garden. Over sandy red hair brushed straight back from her forehead, she wore a peasant handkerchief, tied under her chin. A cream-colored sweater, specked with tiny embroidered flowers, hung from her shoulders, tied around her neck. She wore no make-up, was lovelier than I had ever seen her, and I could only think it a pity that so young, so completely without artifice, she should be so clever an actress that in rôles of fashion and sophistication we suffer a loss of the enchanting Peter Pan Miss Loy actually is.

I asked what day, in these changing years, she recalls as the happiest one.

"The day this house was finished," she smiled. "The day we came here to stay. The first twilight when we stood out on the terrace looking at this place we had planned and waited for."

"And what do you plan and wait for now?" I wondered.

Coming to join us for tea, Mr. Hornblow appeared in the doorway, stood packing down his pipe with an expert thumb. Mrs. Hornblow reached for a case of matches, crossed the room to hold a light against his pipe bowl.

"One dream we have," she said, "is to buy the Crow Creek Valley ranch where I was born. Another is to travel a year and more in Europe. We especially want to visit Persia and the East, the old places and things. But we've discovered something better," she smiled, "than to plan and wait for things. We've discovered that the secret of being happy is learning honestly to make the most of every minute just as you have it."

* * *

And so we had finished the story, the story of the granddaughter of pretty Ann Williams who ploughed Montana's virgin wheat fields, the granddaughter of stolid Johnny Johnson who, in a one-room cabinet shop, supplied, for a brave frontier town, everything from cradles to coffins. We had finished the story of the girl who, in 1937, in the most extensive poll of the kind ever taken in America, was elected the favorite among reigning actresses of the screen.

To each of you whose opinion, admiration and affection swelled that vote to twenty million, this, the story of your favorite, is dedicated. But to one gentleman alone, to a gentleman of Forty-Second Street, New York City, may we address the closing sentence:

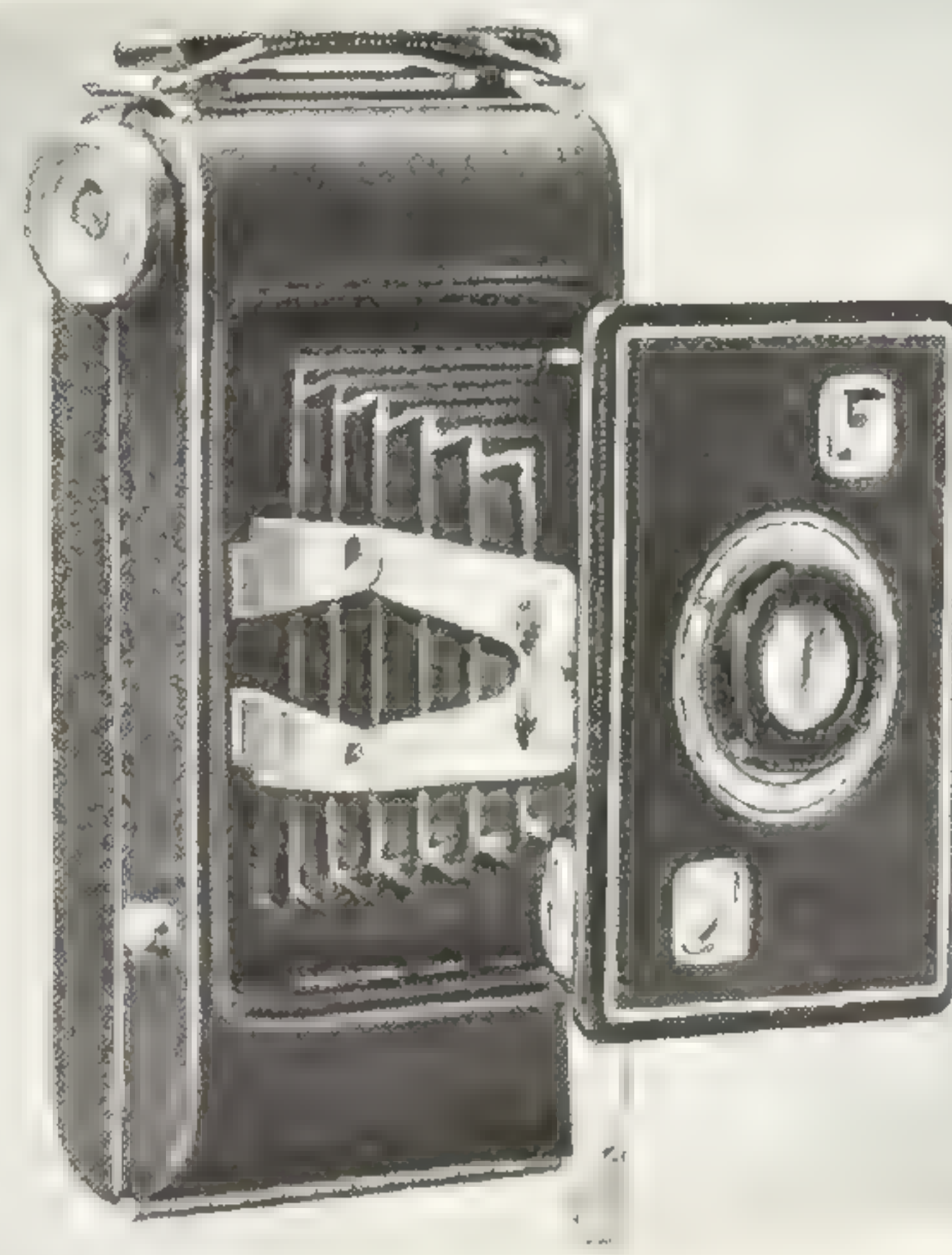
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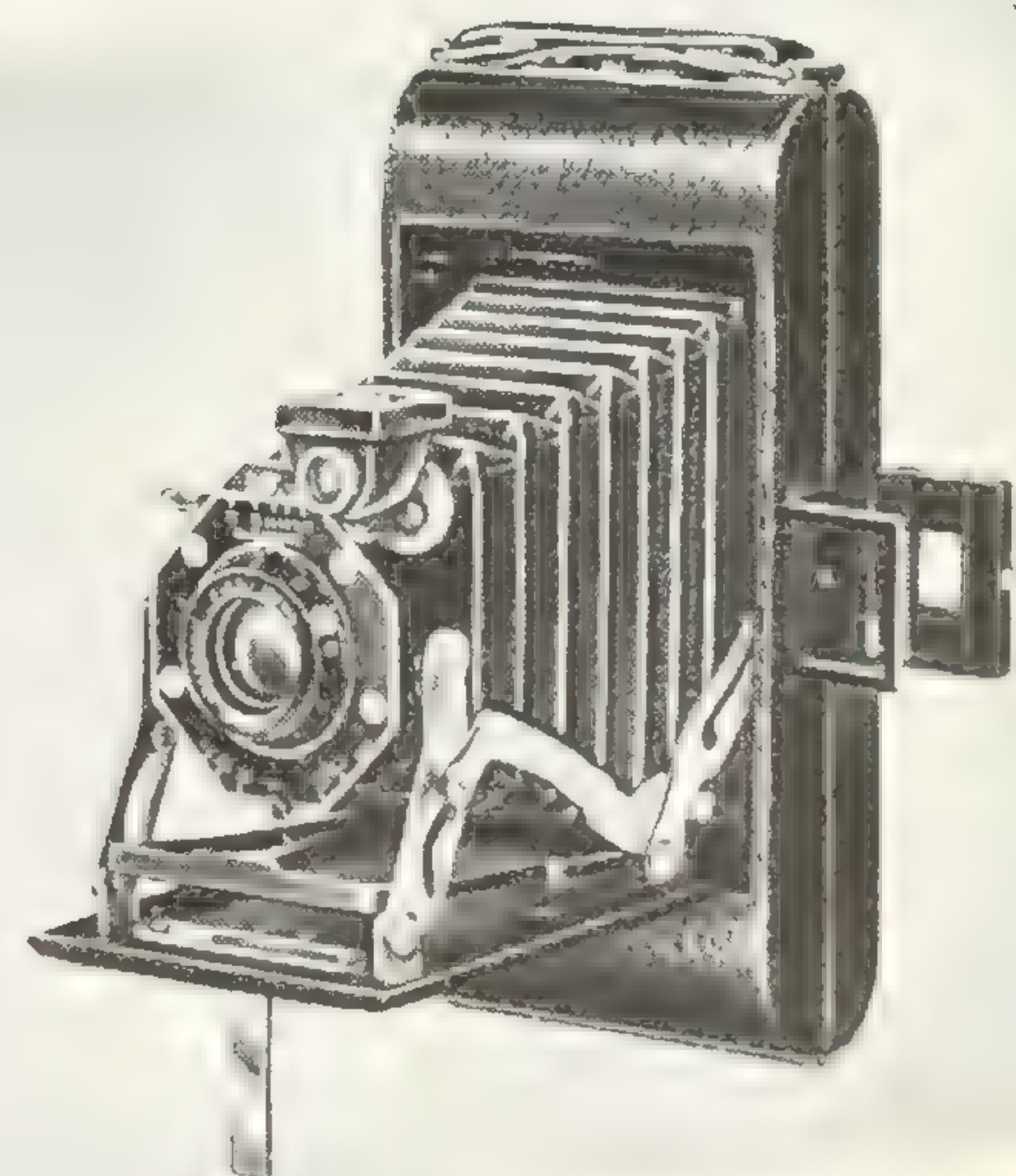


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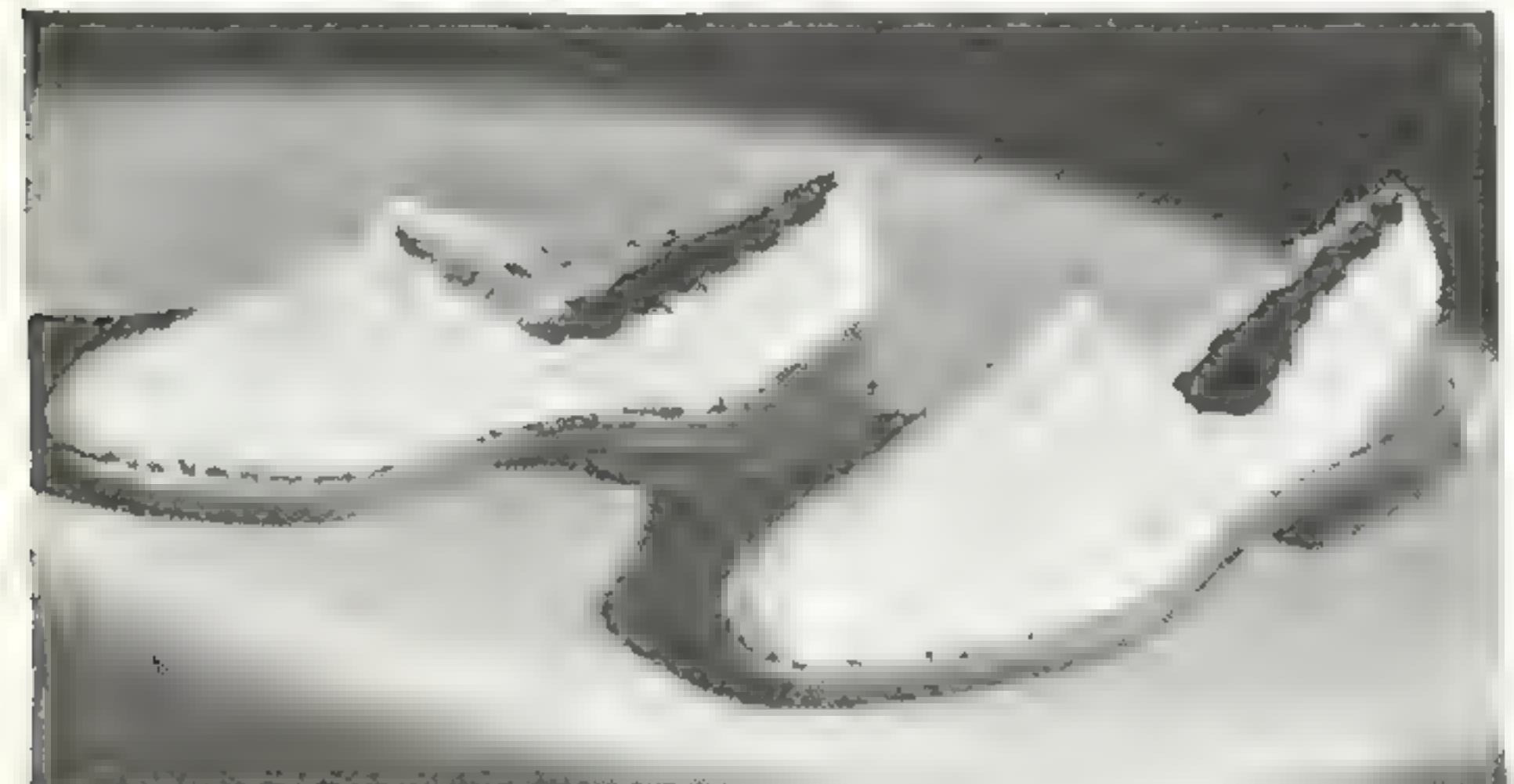
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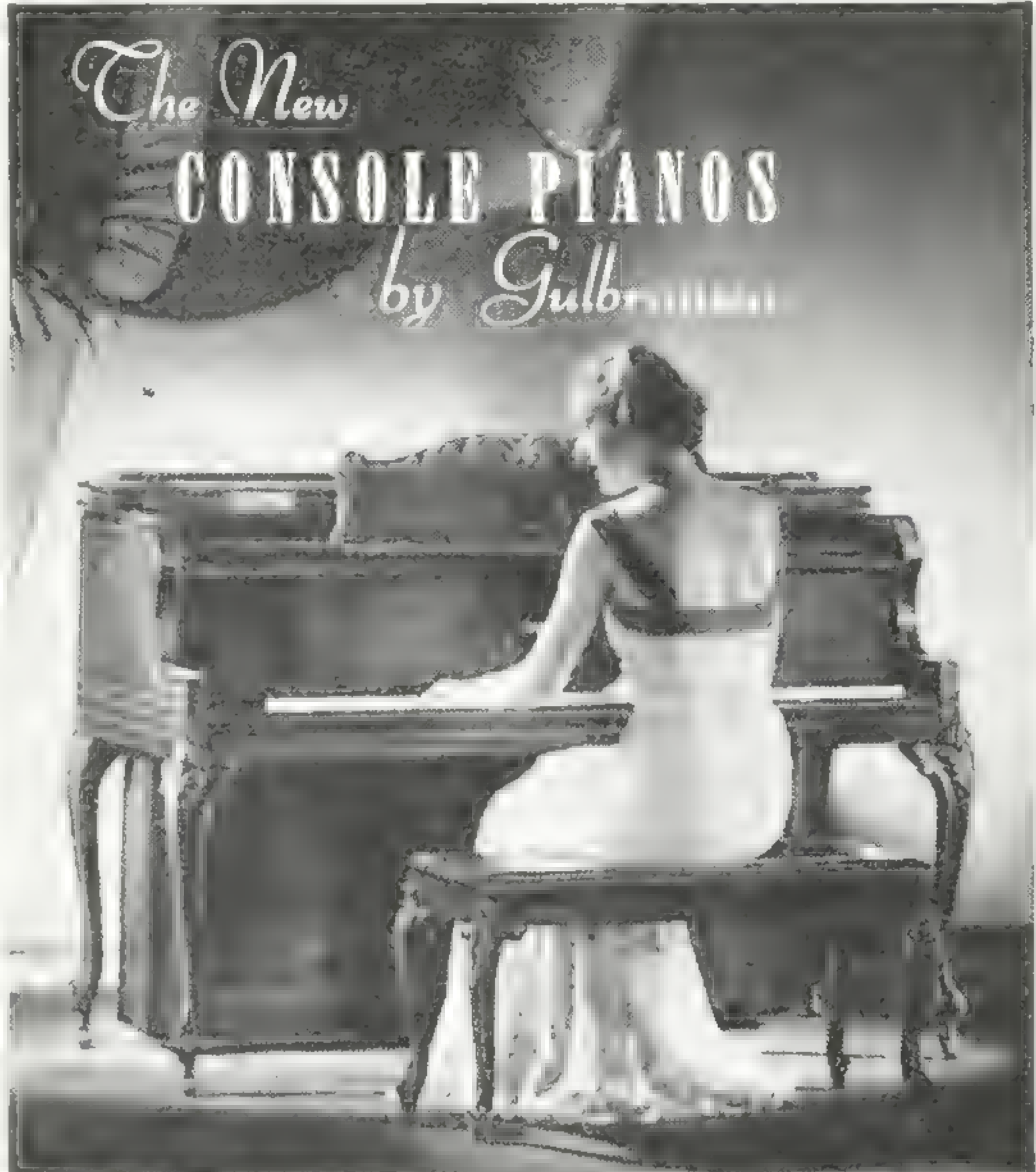
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Dear Ol' Mother-in-Law O' Mine

(Continued from page 28)

fit her in with our friends. She just naturally fits. As for the children, I don't have to tell you how I feel about them. Yet I haven't the patience to carry on long conversations with Carol Ann, at the age of five. She and Nana talk to each other for hours on end, don't ask me what about. She never interferes, yet just her way of handling the youngsters shows us where we make our mistakes. We have all sorts of theories about bringing up children. She has no theories and does a better job of it. In a way, that sums her up. She has no theories about living either, but she makes a better job of it than anyone I've ever met."

ABOUT thirty years ago the woman who draws this tribute was a bride, her husband a son of wealth. Disapproving of his marriage to a girl who had no money, his family turned its collective back on the couple. They didn't mind, they'd married for love. He found work where he could, and, if there was little money in the house, there was plenty of gaiety. When he brought her a pair of silk stockings instead of the bag of potatoes he'd gone out for, she didn't scold his impracticality but rejoiced in his tenderness and managed somehow without the potatoes. They were drawn closer by the birth of a baby, and closer still by her death at the age of six months. Then another baby was born, whom they called Betty Lou. Two years later the young husband caught cold, developed pneumonia and died.

It was a ghastly blow, but there was a child to be fed and cared for. The girl pulled herself together, got hold of some money and started a tiny delicatessen shop. Her homemade sauerkraut brought the place a reputation, and, by the time she decided to move to California, she'd built it into a flourishing business which she sold for a handsome sum.

At the Los Angeles high school she attended, Betty Lou met a boy named Bob Young. He was going through the gloomy phase of adolescence—a phase Betty never knew, thanks to her heritage. "What's she forever laughing at?" he'd grumble to himself, "Little flibbertigibbet." Yet he couldn't keep his eyes off her. She paid no attention to him till they were cast in a play together. After that they were always together.

"But I was just part of the entourage," explains Bob. "Betty always had a string of swains trailing her, with one eye on her mother. They'd drop innocently by on Sunday afternoon to see if Betty was in. If she wasn't they'd stick around anyway. They knew there'd be pot roast and dumplings for the crowd, whether Betty came home to eat it with them or not."

High school days ended, Betty and Bob saw less and less of each other. She went to college. He got a job and spent his evenings at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He'd made up his mind he was going to be an actor. They became engaged, but not to each other—Betty to a boy at college, Bob to a girl in Pasadena. Bob and his girl discovered their engagement was a mistake and broke it. Then one night Betty phoned and asked Bob to come over. He hadn't seen her in months.

"I've got to talk this out with somebody," she said. "I can't with Mom. She's too close to it. And next to her, I trust you most."

She wasn't sure she loved the man she'd promise to marry. She was afraid of making a mistake. She felt this way about him. What did Bob think?

"If you're not sure," said Bob, "then you don't love him."

He was answering honestly. He wasn't paving the way for himself. It was only a little later that he clapped his hand to his head in the realization that Betty was the one girl he'd ever really wanted as his wife.

When the matter had been settled between them, they broke the news to Mom—or thought that was what they were doing. "You're telling me," she commented. "I could have told you years ago, and saved you time."

Bob wasn't earning much money in those days. Once or twice during their brief engagement, he was sent out of town on location. Before the first of these trips, Mom took him aside. "If you want to call Betty long distance, just reverse the charges—now, never mind that. If it was Betty, there'd be no talk about it. Well, you're my boy and you've got the same rights she's got."

They were married in a neighboring town. For various reasons, Bob's family couldn't be present. "If your mother can't go," Mrs. Henderson decided, "it wouldn't be fair for me to go either." She helped her daughter dress. She kissed them both good-bye. The smile she sent them off with was a straight smile, unmisted by tears.

THE sense of self-pity so many mothers develop when their children marry was absent from her make-up. She had no intention of living her life as an appendage to theirs. Her job as hostess in a tearoom, her numerous friends, kept her time pleasantly occupied. She didn't take to the habit of dropping in for meals, but waited like anyone else for an invitation.

"Just because you're the mother," she observes, with her deep chuckle, "doesn't give you any special rights to make a nuisance of yourself."

When she did see the young people, she'd entertain them with lovely accounts of her dates and her doings, not in a gallant effort to convince them that she was having a good time, but because she *was* having a good time.

For one thing, she loved to dance. Bob will never forget the first time they went to a party together. He knew that Betty's mother danced, but he'd never danced with her.

"As a dutiful son-in-law," he told himself, "I'll have to face this sooner or later. So it might as well be now."

He started off with her in a kind of half walk, with the idea of saving Mom's face as well as her feet.

After a minute of this, she looked up at him. "What's the matter, son? Tired? Well then, dance."

He started tentatively on a more intricate step. Betty followed him no more easily than his mother-in-law. He raised his brows in amazement and admiration. She raised hers in mocking acknowledgment of the tribute. He led her through his entire repertoire. "Don't you know any fancy steps?" she gibed.

When the dance was over, he was winded, she was fresh as a daisy.

"Why didn't you tell me, Mom?"

"Why didn't you ask me?"

SHE proffers no advice unless she is asked for it. Or as she herself puts it, "I try to mind my own business. I tried to bring Betty up not to be green and dumb, then I let her go on her own. I'm always glad to tell them what I think is right, if they come to me for it. If not, I keep my mouth shut. With the babies, for instance—I idolize them, but

I'm not their father and mother. When things go wrong and Carol Ann's being corrected, if it hurts me too much, I just go out where I can't see or hear it. I figure Bob and Betty are old enough to know what they're doing."

Like all young people, Betty and Bob had their tiffs. On one such occasion Betty ran home to her mother to pour out her woes. She had barely begun the recital when Mom stopped her. "I'll bet you started it."

Blank incredulity dried Betty's tears. "What kind of a mother are you, anyway? I come to you for consolation, and you stick up for Bob."

"Listen, honey," her mother said, spacing her words so as to give them their full value. "Any girl that's married to Bob doesn't need consolation. If she thinks she does, that makes her all wrong to begin with." Which piece of sanity promptly reduced Betty's mountain to the molehill it was.

Meantime, Bob was making good in the movies. Financial problems grew less pressing. "I'd like to take care of Mom," he told Betty one evening. "I think we can afford it now."

Betty looked startled. "I'm sure she doesn't expect it."

"So am I. But I'd get a kick out of it, if she'd let me."

Mom wasn't so keen about the idea at first. Yes, she thought a little rest would be nice, but what in heaven's name would she do with herself all day? She couldn't sit idle. The problem solved itself. She found it was pleasant to be able to see more of her friends, to visit the sick, to help with the babies, to turn her hand to the thousand and one things willing hands can find for themselves to do.

TO Bob and Betty she was a tower of strength, when Barbara, their second daughter, arrived. Betty had had a comparatively easy time of it with Carol Ann. They had no reason to suppose that the new baby would cause more trouble. They drove blithely down to the hospital together, Betty and Bob and Mrs. Henderson. A friend in a passing car hailed them, "Have lunch with me."

"We can't," they laughed. "Our baby's coming."

Two hours later Bob emerged, chalk-faced, from his wife's room. He didn't have to tell Mom that something had gone wrong. The doctor's grave face, the nurses hurrying in and out, had told her that already.

Together they waited, with Bob disappearing into the room at intervals. Only one member of the family was al-

lowed to go in. "You go," Bob urged her.

"No, son, you'll feel better after you've seen her."

He didn't feel better. There was nothing to feel better about. Each time he left the room, he had to steel himself to meet Mrs. Henderson's eyes, draw his face into some semblance of composure, lest he look like one who had seen a ghost. Each time it was she who masked the terror in her heart to comfort him.

"It's all right, Bob. I've been through the same kind of bad time myself, and look at me. Betty takes after her mom. She'll fight through all right."

The hours crawled on. Now he stood at the bedside where his wife lay battling for her life. Now he crept out to the warmth and strength of the woman who loved them both. Once the doctor followed him out. "I'm doing my best, Mrs. Henderson."

Her voice was steady. "I know you are."

There came the moment when, nerves stretched by intolerable suspense, Bob went to pieces in her arms. Even then she stood like a rock. "We've got to grin and bear it, Bob. It's a thing all fathers and mothers have to go through. It's started, it's got to be finished."

Something of her own indomitable spirit entered his and gave him new courage. At the end of nine hours Betty was pronounced out of danger. The baby would live.

After the first moments of wordless thanksgiving, Bob wanted to yell and turn handspings. He wanted Mom to yell and turn handspings with him. But Mom couldn't. She was sobbing her heart out in a corner.

Later he tried to thank her, tried to put something of his feeling for her into words. She patted his cheek. "Rubbish! You'll do the same for your own children when the time comes."

As to her feeling about Bob: "I'll tell you. I always said, when Betty grew up and married, regardless of whom she married, I'd love him the same as she did. I had that kind of mother, so I guess I come honestly by it."

"Daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, she wanted them to love her and that's all she wanted, and they did. I'd have loved anyone Betty married. Just the same, I'm glad it was Bob. They don't come any easier to love. He's—well, he can't be beat, that's all. And if he loves me back, that's fine. I'm a lucky woman."

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Why We Roosevelts Are Movie Fans

(Continued from page 17)

the public demand.

I think, however, that movies themselves are doing an educational job along these lines better than most of us realize and that we are gradually going to see a change in the taste of the people, brought about by higher standards lived up to by the producers themselves.

IN the classroom the possibilities for the educational use of films are, I think, very great and have not as yet been used to the fullest extent. In fact, it is only the wealthier, better equipped schools that are able to use the movies at all. It seems a great pity not to use a form of teaching which, for both children and adults, is so easy to understand and remember afterwards. Adult education is carried on all over the country today and should be greatly aided by the use of the right kind of movie.

I remember hearing a learned gentleman who was much interested in education advance the theory that with the development of television, the small country school would be able to bring great teachers and famous foreign visitors into their classrooms as easily as if they were actually there in person.

If properly used, it seems to me that the movies may accomplish much the same thing as this gentleman had in mind. A course given by some brilliant professor might be given through the medium of the movies in every little school throughout the country. Any great foreign teacher or speaker coming to this country might, through this medium, become a familiar figure to children everywhere.

There is great opportunity also to teach our children English and voice culture through the movies, for they can have the best teachers in the country teaching diction, recitation and expression through the medium of the talking film. This can be done in the smaller rural schools as well as in the bigger schools of the cities, for, once the school is equipped with the proper apparatus, the cost is small. The individual teachers who are qualified for this work are few, and they command high salaries. Adult education classes, in which foreign men and women are learning our language and its correct pronunciation, would find this method very helpful.

The reading of good books will be increased greatly by having the masterpieces of literature dramatized and given in the movies. It is never possible to film an entire book, but if you awaken a real interest it often happens that young and old will read the book to know the whole story, whereas, in all probability, many people would never have known that the story was interesting had they not seen it on a movie screen. "Tom Sawyer," which is one of our favorites, is an excellent example of this.

Of course, if you know a book very well and are very fond of it, you may not agree with the way it has been dramatized, and it may give you an unhappy evening. I have carefully avoided seeing "Peter Ibbetson" because I happen to be very fond of it as a novel and I was told that in the movie it is essentially changed in a way that I feel sure would spoil it for me.

Perhaps it is necessary to do this to bring it up to date as a play, but I really question if this amount of latitude should be permitted to the dramatist. If you are writing an original play, you



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HURRELL

have every right to make your characters do what you wish or what you feel they must do, but, if certain characters have been created by an author I doubt if you have a right to change them into different people.

FINALLY, we come to the possibility of using the motion picture as a character-building instrument. We must make information about films which are being shown in every theater available to parents so that they may know what is suitable and what is unsuitable for their children. While this information is at present available to anyone interested enough to obtain it, through the Women's Clubs' services, it may require a statement on the part of the producers and the theater managers in the local newspapers as well. This is just a step towards making pictures a help in building character, but it does not mean that children will not often be taken to see pictures which are not suitable for them. It puts the burden of responsibility on the parents, however, for all that the producers can do will have been done to protect the children from seeing films not suited to their age.

Plays could be written for very little children with the object of teaching ethics and morals. I remember well the type of book which was given to my generation to improve our understanding of the proper "guiding principles," but I doubt very much if the children of today would read these books and take them seriously.

It is possible, however, without actually preaching a sermon, to glorify some of the fundamental good traits of human nature. Kindness, gentleness, honesty, generosity and love may be shown in plays about animals so that little children can understand these vir-

tues; also, in the dramatization of some of the old fairy tales and in stories of everyday life the world over.

Our children should not be allowed to believe, however, that there are not other qualities in human nature: hate, greed, fear, dishonesty, malice and cruelty, these should all walk across the stage with the consequences which they may bring in daily life. Facing the realities is good even for the very young.

Love of country may be inculcated through the movies as well as in many other ways. Children actually seeing fine episodes in their history and in contemporary happenings which illustrate the qualities of character which we wish them to acquire will get a point of view without listening to a sermon.

Children should realize what a government in any country may do that is wrong and that patriotism consists in holding to the highest standards in public questions as one would in private life. Countries, like people, deteriorate under indifference and lack of attention from their citizens, and this can be well shown in the movies.

IF THE movies undertake to be a factor along the above lines, they will become a strong educational and character-building force, but primarily they will always remain, I hope, a form of enter-

tainment, and, as such, they fill an important place.

I hope they will not take the place of the real theater, for anyone who appreciates and understands what the dramatic art really means will always feel the greater power and force of a personality as projected by a great actor or actress across the footlights. The movies, however, will bring knowledge and pleasure daily into the lives of many hundreds of thousands who can rarely see a finished professional dramatic production.

As a purveyor of entertainment alone, the responsibility of the movie producer is heavy because his audience is vast, and so I want to say my last word on the question of creating good taste. The highly cultured people of the world are those who have good taste.

There is, of course, a certain kind of robust fun, even vulgarity, which is not contrary to good taste, but some things in literature and the arts have always presaged decadence. Those things must be kept from the drama if we are to promote good taste. Here is the great challenge to the movie producer of the future—will movies be an instrument in the development of good taste and are we growing up to be a nation with artistic knowledge and appreciation?

A Queen Comes Back

(Continued from page 22)

packed chests full of samples, styles, delicate originals and reproductions and sent them off to Hollywood.

Meanwhile, Ed Willis, M-G-M's property chief, scoured France and Austria, raking together \$100,000 worth of antiques of that decorative day. Aubusson carpets, Beauvais tapestries, Sèvres porcelains, ormolu clocks. Copies of the noted portraits and rococo furnishings of the Louis—Quinze and Seize. In a tiny cabinetmaker's show he unearthed a delicate little chair with the initials "M.A." carved on the back. All these went across the sea to Hollywood and from each tiny scrap of authentic relic a comprehensive restoration grew, as cabinetmakers fashioned furnishings for a whole palace and Cedric Gibbons designed sets.

IN all this Norma Shearer had no part. She made no demands and no suggestions about her part, the script, the cast—anything. Much of the extensive work took place, of course, while she was devoting herself to a year with her children, before she even contemplated returning to pictures. But even when she had decided to go back she refrained from interfering with any production plans, even though she, more than anyone else in Hollywood, knew the intimate plans Irving Thalberg carried in his head when he died.

It was a supreme piece of tact. Because when Thalberg died he left Norma Shearer the largest single stockholder in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She was literally the queen of the lot. A great many people expected her to run the show as she wanted it. But no one heard from her; no one saw her. Except the gateman.

Long before anyone at the studio knew about it, or the newspapers guessed it, Norma Shearer started slipping in quietly in her car. Only late workers noticed the light that burned of evenings in her studio quarters. But none guessed she was there in the gown that weighed fifty-two pounds with its steel hoops, walking, turning, bowing, dancing, sitting down—to make

her movements perfectly natural and graceful in the cumbersome habit.

Only those who had worked with Norma Shearer before could have suspected the enthusiasm with which she was attacking every problem of her part as Marie Antoinette. It was as if she were hungry for the hardest work. As if she wanted to make up for someone who couldn't be there.

She stood for three months, long hours every day, fitting and refitting the forty or so gowns Adrian had designed for the picture. She hurried from there to Albertina Rasch for tedious and tiring lessons in all the intricate court dances of the Bourbons. Then she practiced them by herself. A special white make-up which would give her the delicate alabaster beauty of the French aristocrats meant long hours with Jack Dawn and the testing camera. She read and reread Zweig's biography until the pages frayed. She sought out every technical advisor available in Hollywood on the manners and customs of the period. She tutored herself in a hundred diverse things.

SO all of this was behind Norma Shearer the day she entered the great stage and smiled through the tears of a hundred mixed emotions.

Yet there was a tense, strained air for a long time about the set of "Marie Antoinette." Norma was nervous. The cast walked around on tiptoes. The atmosphere was electric—charged with something about to happen.

There were several reasons. One was that Norma's confidence in herself was by now strained to the breaking point. (Luckily the first rushes were exceptionally fine and reassured her.) Another was that Tyrone Power, who was to play the main love interest with Norma, had never been loaned out from his studio before. With no other dressing rooms available, they had put Ty in "Ladies' Row" at M-G-M, in between Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford and flanked by Jeanette MacDonald—and it bothered him. Too, Tyrone and Norma had never met until now. But they had

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to plunge immediately into the most delicate and tender love scenes of the whole picture because Tyrone had been allowed just three weeks away from his own studio. The first day they met they kissed each other all day!

BUT the main difficulty was this: just before shooting started, Norma's favorite director, Sidney Franklin, took sick. To realize the blow this was to Norma, consider that her finest, most successful pictures were made under Franklin's direction. Someone had to take over at once. And the only man in Hollywood who could do a thing like that on twenty-four hours' notice was W. S. Van Dyke.

Now the relationship between a star of Shearer's importance and her director is a delicate thing. Clashes between stars and directors have made much of Hollywood's fiery history. Van Dyke, too, is notorious for running his shows. He has walked out on people like Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald. But Norma Shearer was something else—she was a power in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. What would happen?

Some Hollywood prophets gave the situation three days to last. Then, they predicted, either Van Dyke or Norma Shearer would blow up and walk out on the picture.

At once, to make matters worse, a silly story got out. It went like this: Van Dyke shot four takes of one of Shearer's scenes, then said, "That's all."

Norma Shearer objected, "No—one more."

Van Dyke replied stubbornly, "I said that was all." And Shearer strode off the set in a huff.

It was pure fiction. It never happened at all. But it was in the newspapers and a lot of people believed it. The "Marie Antoinette" set was closed tight. That, said the wiseys, was to keep the

terrific battles that were going on inside out of the press!

A tension like that can show in a finished picture. It can seriously damage it. It could ruin Shearer's comeback.

Norma Shearer may have realized that it was up to her. Or again maybe it was a series of accidents. No one will ever know but herself.

But a day or two later, she tripped on the hoop of her gown, although she had practiced wearing it for months, stumbled and took a sprawling, comedy fall right in the midst of an emotional scene.

The whole stage roared. Script girl, colored maid, juicer, Barrymore, Van Dyke and Shearer—screamed with laughter. All the pent-up nervousness vanished like air from a punctured balloon, and suddenly things were as sunny as a spring day. Woody started calling Norma "Kid" and "Baby" and she glowed with delight. Everybody eased up. The threat was gone.

From then on other happy accidents helped the good feeling along. Norma blew up on her lines with John Barrymore. She mixed her French and English up with ludicrous results. The ostrich feathers on her dress played tricks. She acted some scenes on the floor. She became so warmly human that instead of fearing her, the whole company fell in love with Norma Shearer all over again—and her welcome back was complete.

Woody Van Dyke phrased the feeling characteristically when he said, "She's the sweetest dam' woman in Hollywood!"

NORMA SHEARER will never leave her career again, unless some unforeseen event in her life forces an absence. Not only by what she has told her friends, but by the unmistakable radiance about her is it certain that she is

happier back at work than she has been since Irving Thalberg passed on.

She is already deep in eager plans for "Idiot's Delight" and whether or not "Marie Antoinette" is the great success it now seems certain to be, Norma Shearer will continue to be one of the greatest possible assets to M-G-M.

She is as fresh and beautiful as she ever was, if not more so, and miraculously youthful. There is no line in her face to betray the stunning tragedy she has lived through. If there was any cleverness in M-G-M's coupling her romantically on the screen with Tyrone Power, if there was any thought of using his brimming youth to revive the illusion of hers, it was entirely wasted. Their love scenes ring as true as a new coin. If anything, Norma Shearer, widow and mother, seems the younger.

Right now as never before, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer misses Irving Thalberg and his peerless tradition. Norma Shearer still exemplifies that as does no one else in Hollywood. They were the royal couple and she is still queen. As queenly as Toinette herself.

There was only one way in which Norma Shearer used any personal influence in the filming of "Marie Antoinette." That was to plead for the hiring of several old-time screen stars that the forgetful Hollywood parade has now passed by.

To one, a big star yesterday but nobody now, Norma lent her own dressing room. She sent her private car for her in the mornings and took her home nights. She helped her on the set. Knowing the forgotten star was no great personal friend of Norma's someone asked her why she did it.

"I like her," Norma answered simply, "because she holds her head up!"

Norma Shearer might have said those same words of herself. But she doesn't have to. Hollywood is saying them for her.

Born for Romance

(Continued from page 15)

to his room; he's leaving next week—and California seasons slipping indefinitely into each other, and the first year going by, and being five at long last. . . .

HE jumped out of his big car, with "Famous" printed in white on the front door, and came dashing around the corner of the house, shouting: "Gretchen! Gretchen!"

From a puddle behind the geranium hedge a small figure emerged. "Here, Uncle Ernest," it said, and stretched out mud-caked arms to be lifted.

"Damn," said Uncle. "Well. Never mind. There's no time to dress you now. Would you like to be in the movies?"

She regarded him in silence for ten seconds. Then her small voice soared in frightened screaming. Uncle Ernest picked her up. "Okay, now," he said. "Come along. We'll see."

Half an hour later Director George Melford looked up from the script he was reading, kicked his megaphone aside, and regarded the dreadful little kid who confronted him. Her tears had made the mud run, but the bright blue eyes were intelligently interested and the small smile she offered him had a wistful kind of charm. "My niece," muttered Uncle Ernest apologetically, "was sort of playing when I found her."

"So I see," Melford nodded. He grinned suddenly. "She'll do. Bring her around tomorrow. Clean."

She worked two days, at twenty-five

dollars a day, and after that she was impossible, and there was no holding her. Glamour sat astride her skinny shoulders, masked her freckles, made her little companions forget the accepted beauty of Polly and Betty, made them cluster around Gretchen, saying, "D'you wanna play? D'joo like some candy?"

Her mind said, *There is a way—*

THERE was a year of glory, then. A year in which the basement suddenly grew a rough, packing-box stage and a sagging curtain made of innumerable gunny sacks, and sounded to the excited rehearsals of homemade drama, of the sugary little-girl tradition, and heard the applause of assembled boarders who had paid five cents to witness Gretchen's latest production. One year, during which Gladys Young, in desperation, sought until she found the answer to her problem.

"A convent, dear," she said happily to Gretchen that evening. "A lovely little school in San Gabriel, and the Sisters will be so nice to you. Now, you mustn't . . . please, dear, little girls have to be educated so that when they grow up . . . now listen! I will not have any child of mine neglecting her schooling to go into the movies. You may just as well stop that tantrum. You're going—to Ramona Convent—in the morning."

And it was so.

She got used to it, after a while.

Never reconciled; but the quiet discipline and the soft chapel mood gradually stole into her consciousness, so that in the embittered young heart, long used to fighting the early wound of inferiority, there came a serenity that demanded no heroics to sustain her. She was no longer the smallest, the plainest; she was one of many, and there were smaller girls than she. And there were less attractive girls.

As the years went by with their measured organ tread, Gretchen learned the trick of dignity. Her exuberance, her restlessness, misdirected at first, became in essence a joyful spirit held in restraint; like a bowl filled above the edge-level with clear water which, through some physical law, would not overflow until the slightest sound—the slightest vibration—should set it loose.

There was danger, here. There were the minor escapades, of course: forbidden chocolate bars kept under pillows until they proclaimed themselves to the watchful sisters by melting; the insignificant lies, the careful whispering, the breaches in decorum—all duly punished.

There was, as a matter of fact, little scope for mischief. Caged, Gretchen's exuberant growing personality sought desperately for some kind of release and found it at last in the dreams you can conjure from books.

You must see this. It is so important to your understanding of what followed—of what must always follow in

Gretchen's life. She started her early years as a stark realist, forced to it by foolish ladies who petted two pretty sisters and ignored the unlovely baby, by a poverty of compliments and nice clothes and any food for her vanity. She ended a romanticist—incurable, complete—forced to that by rigid physical discipline and the suggestion composite, in holy places, of unreality. A sense of religion, fostered in sheer romance (the romance of incense, of gold cloth, of legend, of embattled Crusades, of mystic Trinity) possessed her mind and abetted the transformation.

THERE were the books she read: the pages turning and, in turning, releasing a bright pageant of color. She heard and read nothing of things like infidelity or tragic loss or filthy poverty; always the tender gallant stood, looking upward to his lady on her balcony, adoring her in a kind of unembodied fashion—and their love was consummated in a fully clothed embrace, under the watchful benignant eyes of Church and state. Gretchen followed them no further. She picked up another book instead, and started all over again.

She had one short escape into the world, but even that was cloaked in the sheltered beauty that great money buys, and it did little to help. At a religious benefit the child met Mae Murray, then a top-flight star; and Mae was attracted to the winsome appeal of the narrow little face, and she invited Gretchen to stay with her for a time, and bought her dancing lessons at the Belcher school, and, after three months, offered to adopt her.

Then Gretchen went back to the Convent, a little shocked by the task of refusing what her innate loyalty to her mother had made her refuse; a fraction more worldly. . . .

She emerged, barely adolescent, from her shelter wearing a middy blouse and a convent skirt, with unnecessary glasses disguising eyes that might have been pretty, with cotton stockings covering well-shaped legs—she emerged thus, homelier than ever, into 1926. Into a social state gone berserk, into a rollicking, mad, screeching world, into the Jazz Era came Gretchen Young, walking slowly so as not to tip the balance of her acquired dignity, keeping her eyes half closed so as to see, even in daylight, her long young dreams.

It had to happen, of course.

SHE was thirteen, then. Tyrone Power had not yet achieved long trousers. Hoover had not yet supplanted Coolidge and Fox had not yet merged with Twentieth Century and Japan had not yet done more than glower at China and Joan Crawford had not slimmed her figure, yet, nor met Doug Fairbanks, Jr. The world was static, like dynamite waiting for a spark.

It was the year of "Nobody's Sweetheart Now," of California's Florida-like building boom, of De Mille bathtubs. The strongest thing you could get on your crystal set in Hollywood was Aimee Semple McPherson, who drowned out all others. At the Los Angeles Biltmore the Bush Trio crooned for crowds; at the Cocanut Grove Harry Barris featured for Paul Whiteman, then massive; at a beach place named Balboa a youngster already known as "Bing" Crosby lent his voice to bibulous moonlight swimming parties. Polly Ann and Betty Jane, Gretchen discovered, were a part of this world. They were serenely beautiful, and they had been getting small parts in pictures (so that Betty had already changed her name to Sally Blane) and men of Hollywood called them regularly every half hour, saying, "Will you have dinner with

me? Will you go dancing? May I buy you orchids?"

Here was romance, given reality. Gretchen said to her sisters, "When you go to the Grove Tea dances to do the Charleston, take me, too."

They answered: "Later, dear—when you're grown up. . . ."

A reminiscent thing in that phrase hearkened back in Gretchen's mind to an earlier day, an earlier circumstance; until at last she remembered. She thought, *I'm too old for spankings.*

Wherefore one afternoon Polly looked over her partner's jiggling shoulder, past the artificial cocoanut trees, to see an angular youngster clad in one of mother's dresses standing triumphantly at the edge of the floor, her eyes gleaming. And that was the beginning.

You know about the next year: you know, because you've read it so often, about the afternoon when Mervyn Le Roy sent out a call for Polly to appear for a screen test when Polly was out; and you remember that Gretchen answered the telephone and, after she had raided her sisters' closets, the studio call itself.

She got past the doorman by introducing herself as Miss Young. She got past Mervyn Le Roy's objections by sheer overwhelming determination.

By these things she got the second lead in "Laugh Clown Laugh," opposite Lon Chaney, a little later; but by then she had changed her first name to Loretta, and had signed a long-term contract.

She had not yet fallen in love with Grant Withers, though.

Fate was merciful, and granted her another year of happiness before that happened.

IT was a dull party. The host's bootlegger was late and so were many of the guests; Loretta sat in a fat upholstered chair near a window, watching the car lights lay their white paths up the long drive, stop at the entrance, shift to tiny red eyes as the chauffeurs drove away. *I should feel tired, she thought, after this day. But I'm not. I'm never tired.* She thought, *Something's going to happen tonight. I know it. I'm beautiful tonight, and something's going to happen—*

"I can't find the hostess and I can't wait to meet you," said the pleasant voice at her side. "So I thought, if I just came up and told you my name was Grant Withers, and asked yours. . . ."

She let her long lashes move up slowly, knowing that her eyes were good and that he was watching the lashes.

Phrases and enchantments from a hundred books slid through her mind as she saw him; and her mind said, *This is he. This is the one.*

She was ready, that night. She was ready for anything. And he did the right things: he said, "You're beautiful, d'you know?" He said, "My God, where did you learn to dance like that?" He said, "Now I know why I've been drunk all day, without a single drink." He said, "I love you."

She was sixteen, and she married him in Yuma a few weeks later, although he was not of her church and she knew nothing about him and there was not one single reason for their marriage except a passionate need and the mood of that year.

But she had said once, when she was four: *Someday. Someday—when I'm too old for spankings. . . .*

The many loves of Loretta Young have been told often—sometimes with partial truth—sometimes with malignant variations. The authorized story of her romantic life and of her rise to fame will appear in August PHOTOPLAY.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
ME, PEG?—
NOBODY TAKES
ME OUT TWICE

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OUGHT TO MAKE
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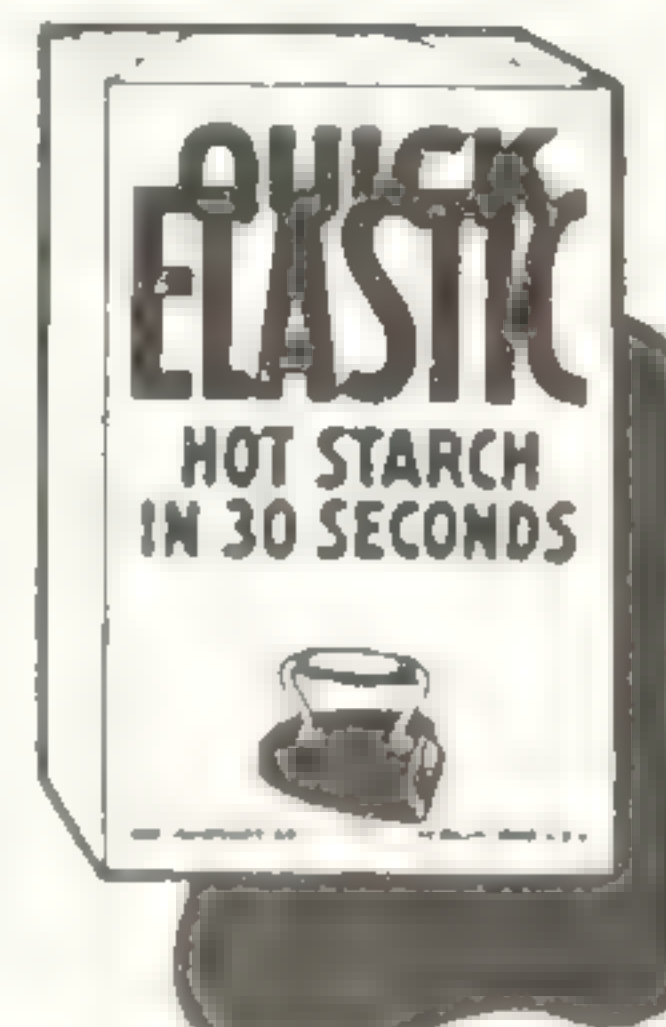
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★ FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER— 20th Century-Fox

JOHN FORD'S pictures were always wont to emphasize lighting, camera angles and long shots of people walking silently down halls. Sometimes this is Art, as in "The Informer," and sometimes it slows the pace, too, as in this film. Of course, his massacre scenes are terrific and when a crowd of revolutionists are mown down by machine guns against warehouse steps you are prompted to write a letter to the League of Nations.

New Richard Greene is introduced here, with his dimples, and registers effectively; he's one of four brothers who set out to clear the dishonored name of their father, a Colonial serviceman discharged for alleged chicanery with guns and natives. Scattering over the world, from Buenos Aires to India, the boys track down Alan Hale and his yacht, solve several murders, and generally merge with trouble. Loretta Young plays the not-to-be-deterred predatory heroine who chases Greene everywhere, getting her finger in the adventure pie. A short bit by C. Aubrey Smith, as the father, is good; George Sanders, Bill Henry and David Niven complete the brotherhood. It's heavy drama, but it takes a solid rap at munitions makers as propagators of human suffering.

COLLEGE SWING—Paramount

THERE are three or four brilliantly funny scenes in this newest of the Paramount musicals, and a lot of very loud, very hummable tunes. That's not quite enough value to glean from a production employing such talent as Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, Bob Hope, E. E. Horton and Ben Blue. The bit of story concerns a dimwit (but Gracie Allen, of course) who will have a university left her if she can only graduate from it. Bob Hope helps her cheat through an exam prepared by woman-hater Horton; meanwhile, Moutha Raye howls her inimitable swing and very attractive John Payne croons love songs to Florence George. Humor emerges, or tries its best to, from the screwball changes Gracie makes in curriculum and staff at the college after she gets it. "You're a Natural," the title song, and "I Fall in Love With You Every Day" will linger in your radio's loud-speaker. Musical fans will sit back and take it all in with pleasure.

ROMANCE ON THE RUN—Republic

ACCORDING to the movies, there are enough \$100,000 diamond necklaces in this country to weaken the diamond market. Anyway here's another one, stolen of course, with Donald Woods as a private detective trying to get it back. Patricia Ellis tries awfully hard to throw romance at him but he seems to be too busy recovering loot to have time for girls or anything. You won't enjoy this.

SINNERS IN PARADISE—Universal

NOW John Boles is a fugitive living on a tropic island. Throughout this film he can't quite seem to believe it, and neither does the audience. A plane full of passengers descends on him—Bruce Cabot, Milburn Stone, Madge Evans and others—and there is a Grand

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 49)

Hotel type of sequence which, in cluttered fashion, deals with crime and munitions and what all. Heavy, unromantic, badly cast, the piece fails from any standpoint.

LITTLE MISS THOROUGHbred—Warners

A LAUGH, a tear and a bit of suspense are the ingredients of this neatly balanced story of race-track lore and sentimental hokum. Little Janet Chapman (a child wonder) adopts John Litel and Frank McHugh, two gamblers, as her own. When Frank discovers Janet brings them luck, the boys keep her near them, only to discover, when the test comes, that they love her for herself. Ann Sheridan is the girl.

UNDER WESTERN STARS—Republic

A SMASH-UP Western, introducing a new star, Roy Rogers, who sings delightfully and acts with an enchanting naturalness. As the son of a Western congressman, Roy himself goes to Washington to fight the battle for Federal Water Project in his dust-ridden country. There are barrels of fun throughout the story, and this Rogers—well, here's a lad for you.

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

IT'S Joe Penner again, sans duck, getting himself in dreadful trouble by winning a trailer and being mistaken for a bank robber. The real bandits kidnap him and there's a cross-country chase, culminating in the most outrageous bit of screen trickery ever filmed; in it the trailer gets loose on a hill and runs wild. Lucille Ball, as Joe's wife, does a nice bit, and Fritz Feld helps out for a laugh or two.

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic

LOVE, adventure and thrills in the far north, with dogs and humans sharing

equally in the dramatic ventures. Richard Arlen, a rough and ready trapper, falls in love with Beverly Roberts, a novelist in search of Arctic color. Smooth Lyle Talbot almost succeeds in winning Beverly away from Arlen but brave dogs "Swift Lighting" and "Fire-fly" teach her the lesson of loyalty and true-blue character.

RASCALS—20th Century-Fox

HERE'S another Jane Withers picnic with Jane riding roughshod over the weak material to triumph with her singing, dancing and clowning. Rochelle Hudson loses her memory and is befriended by a band of gypsies led by tomboy Jane. Robert Wilcox is the young man smitten with the fair Rochelle. Borrah Minnevitich and his harmonica band furnish the music.

OVER THE WALL—Warners

CONTRAST in character-drawing sets this movie—based on a story by Warden Lawes—apart from the usual fare. Dick Foran is a bullying roughneck who lands in prison. John Litel, firm but patient prison chaplain, finally succeeds in bringing to the surface all the latent good in Foran's character. June Travis, Veda Ann Borg and Dick Purcell stand out in supporting rôles. Solid, meaty entertainment in the don't-bother-too-much class.

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—Universal

THIS is a mildly diverting variation of the old theme of virtue triumphant. Bad boy Larry Blake and good boy (New York police officer) Paul Kelly are rivals for the hand of Sally Eilers, a pretty nurse. It takes some figuring on Kelly's part to convince Sally that Blake is the boogeyman who framed and finally killed her young brother. Need we say that Kelly, the cop, wins the heart of Sally?



Quite definitely among the people who "matter" and are very social in Hollywood according to Miss Waterbury's editorial (see page 9) are these four—and beautiful they are too—Dolores Del Rio, her husband, Cedric Gibbons, art director at M-G-M, and the Gary Coopers at the Tri-Guild Ball. Mrs. Cooper is a cousin of Mr. Gibbons

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

HAWAII CALLS—RKO-Radio

The reedy, sweet voice of small Bobby Breen dominates this saccharine travelogue to the Islands. A San Francisco wharf waif, Bobbie stows away, outwits his police pursuers and aids Warren Hull in foiling a navy spy plot. Sourpuss Ned Sparks is sometimes amusing and you will like "Down Where the Trade Winds Blow." (May)

HER JUNGLE LOVE—Paramount

Alligators, apes and aviators adventure around in this latest meandering of Dorothy Lamour into the comic strip field. The aviators are Ray Milland and Lynne Overman, the ape belongs to Dorothy, whom they find in a jungle isle in the Pacific. The alligators have fun trying to eat everything in sight. Don't say we didn't warn you. (May)

INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT—20th Century-Fox

Shanghai, during the air raids, is the breath-taking backdrop for speedy action and sinister intrigue. George Sanders finds himself a pistol target for spies; Dolores Del Rio finally foils the villains. Dick Baldwin and June Lang furnish the secondary romance. (April)

ISLAND IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox

A night club atop a skyscraper is the locale for this murder mystery. Michael Whalen, prosecuting attorney, and Gloria Stuart, his fiancée, do the snooping with earnestness and charm. Robert Kellard is the accused youth; Paul Kelly, his convict father. Amusing and well done. (June)

★ JEZEBEL—Warners

Bette Davis' best performance—in one of the best pictures of the year. Beating the gun on "Gone With the Wind," Director William Wyler has moulded a brilliant, shocking story of a Louisiana flit's consuming passion for one of her Southern kinsmen. The yellow fever epidemic of 1853 is absorbing background. Miss Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent and Richard Cromwell contribute glittering performances. (May)

★ JOY OF LIVING—RKO-Radio

Well dressed, well written, with Jerome Kern's pleasing score, if you like nincompoop comedies, you'll like this. Irene Dunne is a rich actress with a family of leeches who suck her bank balance. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a poet with an addiction to beer and a hut in the South Seas. Doug wins! (June)

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN—M-G-M

Here is *Judge Hardy* again, this time in Washington with spies in the offing. Cecilia Parker plays the daughter, Lewis Stone the crusty judge; Mickey Rooney (still one of the finest actors in Hollywood) is the adolescent son. Family entertainment. (June)

JURY'S SECRET, THE—Universal

As you've probably gathered, a courtroom furnishes the background for this mild effort. When juror Kent Taylor refuses to find a prisoner guilty in the face of overwhelming evidence, Fay Wray gets busy, uncovers some monkey business. Nan Grey, Samuel Hinds and Jane Darwell complete the cast. Don't break any blood vessels getting to this. (May)

★ LIFE DANCES ON (UN CARNET DE BAL)—A. F. E. Corp.

Here is fascinating adult entertainment—a French picture with English subtitles. The splendid cast headed by Harry Baur (remember him in "I Stand Condemned") depicts the story of a young widow in her sentimental search for the lost loves of her youth. See it if you can possibly manage. (June)

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Warners

With the exception of Priscilla Lane's enthusiastic portrait of a modern wife's attempts to make a man of her hubby and untie the usual mother-in-law knots, this picture is uninspiring. Wayne Morris is the mistaken young spouse, Mona Barrie gives a superior performance. (May)

★ LOVE IS A HEADACHE—M-G-M

No longer forced to be an artificially wrinkled hag, a lovely Gladys George finally comes to light. Playing an actress bitten by the publicity bug, her adoption of Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler causes her best friend (Franchot Tone) to become her severest critic. The acting is superb. (April)

★ MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal

Don't think it is mere repetition when we say that Durbin child has done it again—because she has! Her lilting voice carries a tender story of a neglected adolescent placed in a Swiss school by a selfish actress mother. Deanna breaks the cocoon with the friendly help of Herbert Marshall, and the entire cast including Gail Patrick, Arthur Treacher, Marcia Mae Jones and Bill Frawley is splendid. Fly. (May)

MAID'S NIGHT OUT—RKO-Radio

Unpretentious but good. You'll enjoy Allan Lane as the millionaire's son who drives a milk truck, Joan Fontaine as the society damsel he thinks is a servant. Complications to their romance are brought about by Joan's dopey mother, Hedda Hopper. There's a fight and a police chase to liven things up. (June)

★ MERRILY WE LIVE—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Another of those mad hatter tea parties the studios have been throwing us these days—this is one of the funnier ones. It has to do with a rich giddy mother (Billie Burke) who likes to befriend tramps, daughter (Connie Bennett) who likes tramping too, Brian Aherne who plays hobo for a day, and Alan Mowbray, the buttlingest butler ever. Better go. (May)

MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE—20th Century-Fox

Our genial Jap detective this time turns his myopic eyes onto a murder in the prize ring, and, after the usual hunt for expert double-crossers, succeeds in bringing the murderer to justice. Maxie Rosenbloom is the comedy; Dick Baldwin and Lynn Bari the S. A. (June)

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME—Monogram

The sole reason for seeing this setup south of the Mason Dixon is the Hall Johnson Choir of colored singers. There's a to-do over the centennial of the founding of a molasses factory and a domineering matriarch's attempts to run the love life of Evelyn Venable. Molasses from start to finish. (April)

★ OF HUMAN HEARTS—M-G-M

Beautifully directed by Clarence Brown, this gentle, sincere picture is serious cinema at its best. Against a Civil War background, it tells the story of the heroic sacrifices of a poverty-stricken pioneer minister's family to subsidize their son who becomes a famous surgeon. Beulah Bondi, Walter Huston, Jimmy Stewart, the whole cast deserve enormous credit. Don't fail to see this. (April)

★ PARADISE FOR THREE—M-G-M

Frank Morgan, Mary Astor, Edna May Oliver, Florence Rice and Robert Young are the fun-makers in this hilarious tale of a wealthy old duck with a roving eye who goes vacationing incognito in the Alps. You'd better see this picture to find out what happens then. The direction is as smart as the dialogue. (April)

PENITENTIARY—Columbia

Here is a vivid commentary on convict psychology, though you might find it a bit on the somber side. When District Attorney Walter Connolly sends John Howard to jail and later attempts to help him out, he finds Howard prefers to live by a new found prison code. Jean Parker is the love interest. (May)

PENROD AND HIS TWIN BROTHER—Warners

Again the classic American brat returns to delight the children and amuse their elders. This time, there are two of them, the Mauch Twins who organize as young G-men, tangle with real gangsters. Preposterous and sentimental, but peanuts for small-town audiences. (April)

PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE—Warners

Give Junior his dime and send him off to the Saturday matinee if this is around. It's the Mauch Twins again playing Junior G-men. A new twist marks the climax of their adventure. Gene and Kathleen Lockhart are *Penrod's* new parents. (June)

★ PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M

An appealing and honest picture beautifully directed by James Whale (of "The Road Back"). Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of a French grocer, has a child by John Beal without benefit of clergy. When he attempts to break up her happiness with Frank Morgan, Beal's father, Wallace Beery, takes charge of the situation. Morgan and Beery have never been better. (June)

★ RADIO CITY REVELS—RKO-Radio

Hollywood has put out another musical and this is it. There is a lot of good music, some nice dancing and no story. Kenny Baker croons, Bob Burns bazoos, Jack Oakie romps airily about, and there's a to-do about an Ozark hillbilly who composes songs in his sleep. Jane Froman and other ether favorites do their stuff. (May)

RANGERS ROUNDUP, THE—Stan Laurel Production

Another singing troubador of the plains rides into the public eye in this unpretentious but clever Western. Fred Scott, the warbling cowhand, shares honors with pretty Christine McIntyre. Several good blood and thunder battles interrupt the music at times and Al St. Johns offers a few comical turns. (May)

★ REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—20th Century-Fox

Just forget you ever read the original "Rebecca" and enjoy every minute of the tantalizing Temple in the songs and dances with which she enlivens this story of radio broadcasting methods. Randy Scott and Gloria Stuart are a mild romance and Helen Westley is the sardonic owner of Sunnybrook. Shirley is delightful and Bill Robinson can't be sneezed at either. (May)

★ ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Paramount

A sophisticated farce with definite emphasis on the musical side, this is Gladys Swarthout's best picture to date. Playing a maid in opera star John Boles' home, together they concoct a scheme to win the attention of maestro John Barrymore. Boles and Gladys sing several solos and three duets together in superb style. (May)

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Monogram

Movita (remember her as Franchot Tone's native love in "Mutiny on the Bounty") is lovely looking enough to go to see, even though this is a juvenile arrangement about brigandage in Mexico years ago. Antonio Moreno is too kindly to be effective as a villain, but Lina Basquette as a jealous dancer, makes up for it. John Carroll is excellent. (June)

SAILING ALONG—GB

Jessie Matthews' dancing is as graceful as ever, Roland Young's wit as sly as usual and Jack Whiting's singing of the tuneful music is a joy, but, despite these things, this English yarn about a barge girl who becomes an actress is not up to the

usual Matthews' standards. Maybe it's spring in London or something. (June)

★ SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—20th Century-Fox

Another musical from the Zanuck mold. The slim story revolves around the ambitions of three chorines. You will love Alice Faye's singing, Joan Davis' awkwardness and Marjorie Weaver's charm. You will laugh at Fred Allen's wit, Gregory Ratoff's accent, Louise Hovick's vamping and Jimmy Durante's nosing. The songs are fun, too. (May)

★ SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER, A—Warners

Belonging to the addleheaded cycle of pictures started by "Nothing Sacred," a morbid humor is here squeezed from murder. The story concerns the plight of a gangster (Edward G. Robinson) and his low-brow wife (Ruth Donnelly) who try to go straight after Repeal. They fail in a mad, shocking, but outrageously witty way. (April)

SPY RING, THE—Universal

William Hall is the army hero of this fast melodrama on how to catch an enemy spy with a polo mallet. Jane Wyman aids Hall and Leon Ames and Ben Alexander are tossed an occasional scene. There is a timely entente with current headlines in the subplot. (April)

START CHEERING—Columbia

Bright as a new penny, this novel collegiate musical tells the story of a movie hero who gives up fame to attend a university. His manager, Walter Connolly, and Joan Perry, the dean's lovely daughter, fight to lure him back to the spotlight. Gertrude Niesen sings some swellish songs. You'll like it. (May)

★ STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount

A very enjoyable musical crook drama. Olympe Bradna fully justifies the promise of her debut in "Souls at Sea," and Gene Raymond, Lewis Stone, Glenda Farrell and Douglas Dumbrille do well in a yarn of a band of thieves in Middle Europe who hide from the police in the house of a famous pianist. Go and hear your special Liszt and Mozart melodies played beautifully. (June)

SWING YOUR LADY—Warners

A picture with an idea, even if it disappoints as a musical. Nat Pendleton, as a moron wrestler matched with Amazonian Louise Fazenda, will keep you in stitches; there is some good hillbilly music and a dandy "Big Apple" sequence. Add it up—and you have laughs galore. (April)

TELEPHONE OPERATOR—Monogram

You'll find this a neat package of entertainment dealing with the inside doings of a metropolitan exchange. Judith Allen and Alice White are the two "hello" girls who risk their lives when the dam breaks. Linesmen Warren Hymer and Grant Withers give Cupid something to work on. Adequate B material. (May)

★ TEST PILOT—M-G-M

Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Lionel Barrymore (try and top that combination!) in the most thrilling picture of the month. Gable is a pilot addicted to stunts and the bottle; Myrna is his wife; Spencer, his sacrificial pal. The shrieking whine of the motors will hum in your ears for a long time, but don't even consider missing this. (June)

★ THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Columbia

Built along the streamlines of "The Thin Man," this is a delightfully digestible dish. Melvyn Douglas, a private detective, and his frau, Joan Blondell, are both hired by opposite sides in a murder case. There are two fine assassinations and a lot of naughty but screamingly funny scenes of married life. Good work! (June)

★ THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Maggie Sullivan have plenty of dramatics and tragedy to contend with here, but it doesn't faze any of them. With unusual social implications, the picture tells of three youngsters banded together in business and friendship in a wasted country after the War. Orchids to this one. (June)

TRIP TO PARIS, A—20th Century-Fox

All the things that can happen to an average family in Paris including being gypped by a phoney count, happen to the Joneses, and it's all fun. Jed Prouty is *Pa*, Spring Byington is *Ma*, and both offer splendid characterizations as usual. (June)

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Be advised not to believe a word of this dismal pseudo-portrait of Broadway. It pictures the careers of six chorus girls, several of whom get liquidated in the vortex! Claire Trevor survives to claim Michael Whalen, but who cares? (May)

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Warners

Poor Kay Francis certainly got a dirty deal in this. Unbelievably gauche and tiresome, it attempts to show what gals are like in love and business. Kay is the wife of a drunken advertising man (Pat O'Brien) who uses her sex appeal to help his failing business. Maybe we'd better pretend we didn't know about it. (June)

★ YANK AT OXFORD, A—M-G-M

In this picture made in England, Robert Taylor emerges less the dandy, more the male. As the son of a small-town editor (Lionel Barrymore—can he act!) Taylor wins a scholarship, wins and loses Maureen O'Sullivan, takes a beating from his classmates, generally does a fine job. Credits to the entire cast. (April)

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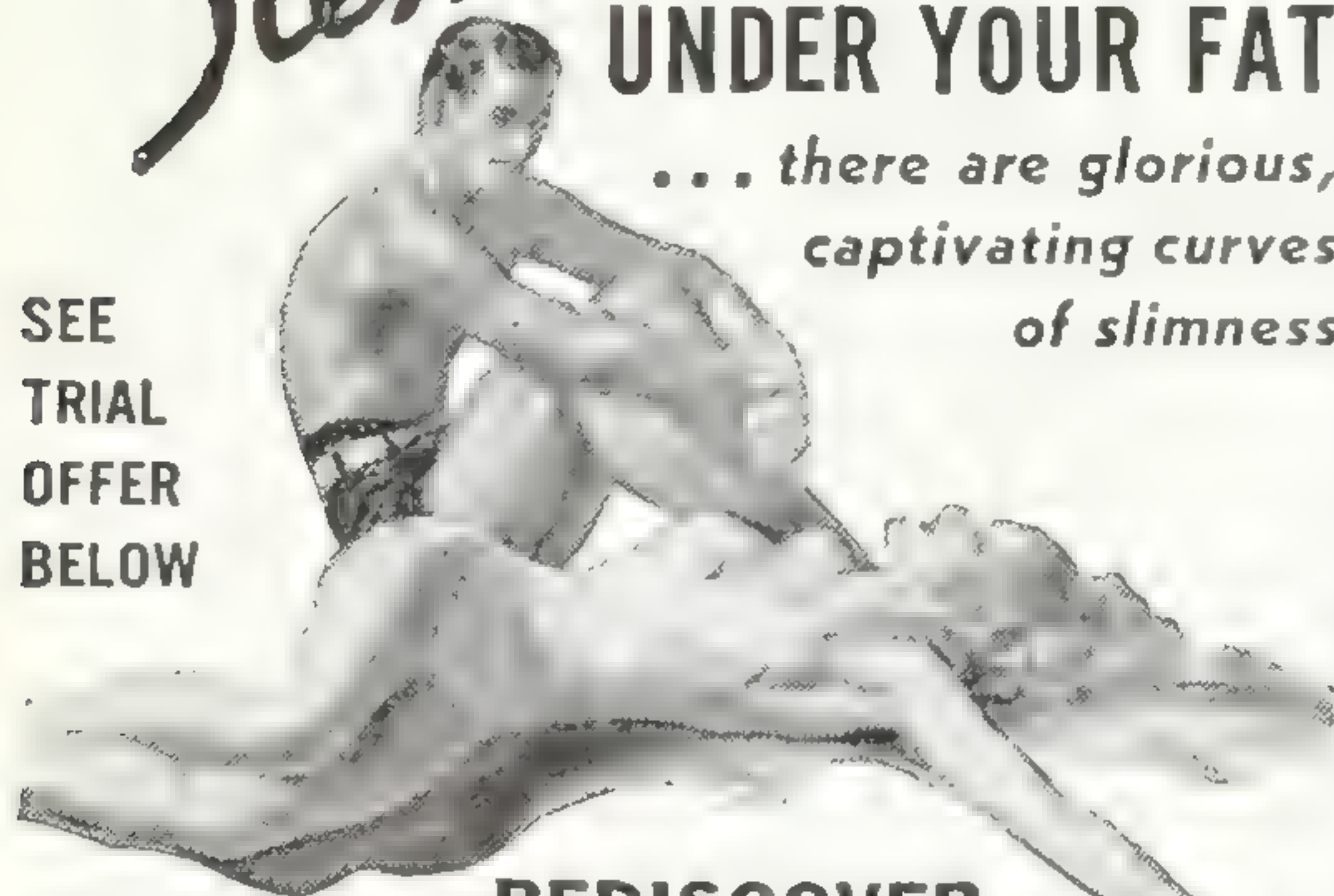
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An everyday business girl tells, in her own words, about her six glamorous weeks on the Joan Bennett set

EXPERIENCES OF A STAND-IN

BY VIVIAN DEWING

ONE Saturday morning the telephone rang and a very charming voice informed me that Mrs. Webster of the Assistance League was speaking. She told me that I had been recommended to her for a position as stand-in to Miss Joan Bennett whose regular stand-in had been suddenly taken ill. She explained that she had made an appointment for me at the Paramount Studio at 10:30 that morning and had arranged for a pass at the main office.

I thanked her and hung up the receiver, hardly able to believe that I actually had an appointment with a star in her own dressing room in less than an hour,—I who had never set foot on a studio lot before.

At exactly 10:30, I entered the studio office to find my pass—and Miss Bennett's secretary—waiting for me. The secretary took me to Miss Bennett's dressing room and I had a chance to see a large photograph of Miss Bennett's two lovely little girls and to pat the head of a beautiful spaniel, when Miss Bennett and her hairdresser, Helen, entered the room.

I was introduced and Miss Bennett asked me if I should mind bleaching my hair to the shade of hers. I told her that I should really like having a good excuse to do just that. She laughed and we stood back to back to measure the width of our shoulders. She commented on the fact that I, too, had small features and asked me again about my hair. After explaining about the salary and the long hours sometimes necessary in that work, she inquired where I lived and asked me if I had a car. Miss Bennett then turned to her secretary and said, "I think she will do."

I could not believe that I had heard rightly. She seemed to be amused at my incredible expression and asked her hairdresser if she would take charge of me to see that my hair was taken care of, my wardrobe assembled, my make-up applied and that I was properly registered with the casting office.

HELEN first took me to a sound stage and introduced me to the assistant director, Eddie Anderson, and the second assistant director, Percy Morris, who recorded my name, address and telephone number. I was to work in "13 Hours by Air," a film co-starring Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett, with Fred Keating, ZaSu Pitts, John Howard,

Brian Donlevy, Bennie Bartlett and many others in the cast. Mitchell Leisen was the director and the picture had already been in production about four weeks.

My hair is naturally blonde and it did not take the operator long to brighten it up and arrange it as Miss Bennett was wearing hers. Helen then took me to the wardrobe department where I was given a wine-colored wool dress, a shaggy brown fur jacket and an unbecoming brown felt hat, miles too large for me. The dress was a fair fit but it didn't do much for me and I was extremely glad when it was necessary for me to keep on the fur jacket over it. I hated to appear in the hat but there was nothing to be done about it. I had already visualized myself wearing scads of beautiful clothes but soon discovered that Miss Bennett was wearing only the one costume during the entire picture as the locale was a New York-Los Angeles plane.

AFTER registering in the Casting Office and obtaining my studio pass, plus a dressing room of my own, I was taken to the make-up department where I was made up to look like Miss Bennett. It was fun and the make-up man certainly did a marvelous job. I had to keep looking at myself to be sure that I was really there.

On the sound stage Percy Morris, not realizing that I was inexperienced, pushed me out on a set in front of a camera and bright lights where men were rushing around and yelling at each other. Noise and pounding came from everywhere and the lights were blinding.

I was terribly bewildered by all this activity. A young man suddenly grabbed my arm and rushed me across the set to a designated spot and back again, while a huge camera on wheels with two men sitting up high on little seats followed us everywhere that we went.

To add to this confusion I realized that I couldn't hear a word that the director or cameramen were saying. Thoroughly frightened, I explained what had happened to the young man who seemed to be dragging me around. He told me that this happened to many people when they first came on a sound stage. He advised that I tell the second assistant director and have him take me to the studio hospital and have my ears

pumped out. This young man was Fred MacMurray's stand-in, Henry Wise.

After the lights, camera and sound system were adjusted to suit the cameramen and the director, I had a chance to relax and watch the actual shooting of the scene. Miss Bennett, Mr. MacMurray and Mr. Keating had to go through the actions many times before the director would call "Cut" for the final time. Each scene had to be shot from three different angles. After each scene was completed, close-ups were made of those who took part in the scene.

OVER Sunday I had time to adjust myself to the fact that I had a job as a stand-in for one of the leading stars. On Monday morning I was on the set ready for work at 8:45 A. M., which meant that I had had to leave home at 7:15 A. M. and be in the make-up department by 8 o'clock. I soon learned to apply my own make-up and wore my wardrobe clothes back and forth to the studio. Mr. Westmore, who has charge of the make-up department at Paramount Studio, gave me a complete set of make-up to take home, thus enabling me to sleep an extra hour of a morning.

Lunch time never came too early to suit me. I usually ate mine in the studio commissary. Many famous people, actors, writers, directors and others important to the picture industry came into the café for luncheon. It was fun watching them while I ate my salad and roll.

After learning my way about the studio lot I felt perfectly at home, and each day became more interesting. People were constantly coming and going, some finishing their work as others started in. The prominent members of the cast were being interviewed and photographed for publicity work to be released ahead of the picture. A jewelry salesman was always around to show his rarest stones and bracelets to those who could afford to even look at them. The bookies were there to take the bets of those who followed the horses and that included everyone on the set from the stars to the prop boys.

THE entire cast was sent on location to the Alhambra airport during the second week that I was at the studio. A real passenger air liner was set in an artificial snow scene in a huge hangar. Miss Bennett had been called to New York because of the serious illness of her father and while she was away I had very little to do, as they shot around her.

A very nice box lunch was furnished us when we were on location by the studio commissary. When we were required to work after 7 P. M., delicious sandwiches, cake, pie, coffee and chocolate were served on the set. We did work many nights until 9 and 10 o'clock, for which we were paid overtime.

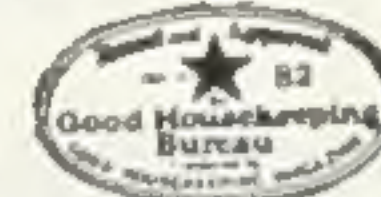
Fred MacMurray seemed to be liked as well as anyone on the set. He was as pleasant with the least important person on the set as he was with those of more fame and fortune. He, like Miss Bennett, is even more attractive off the screen than on. He was always the center of a group of people but he seemed to do most of the listening instead of the talking.

I worked as Miss Bennett's stand-in until the "shooting" was completed, a period of about six weeks. Many times I have wished that her regular stand-in would take a long vacation and that I might be called again to work on another of Miss Bennett's pictures. Just think of the scads of clothes I probably could have worn if I had been her stand-in for her picture, "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938!"

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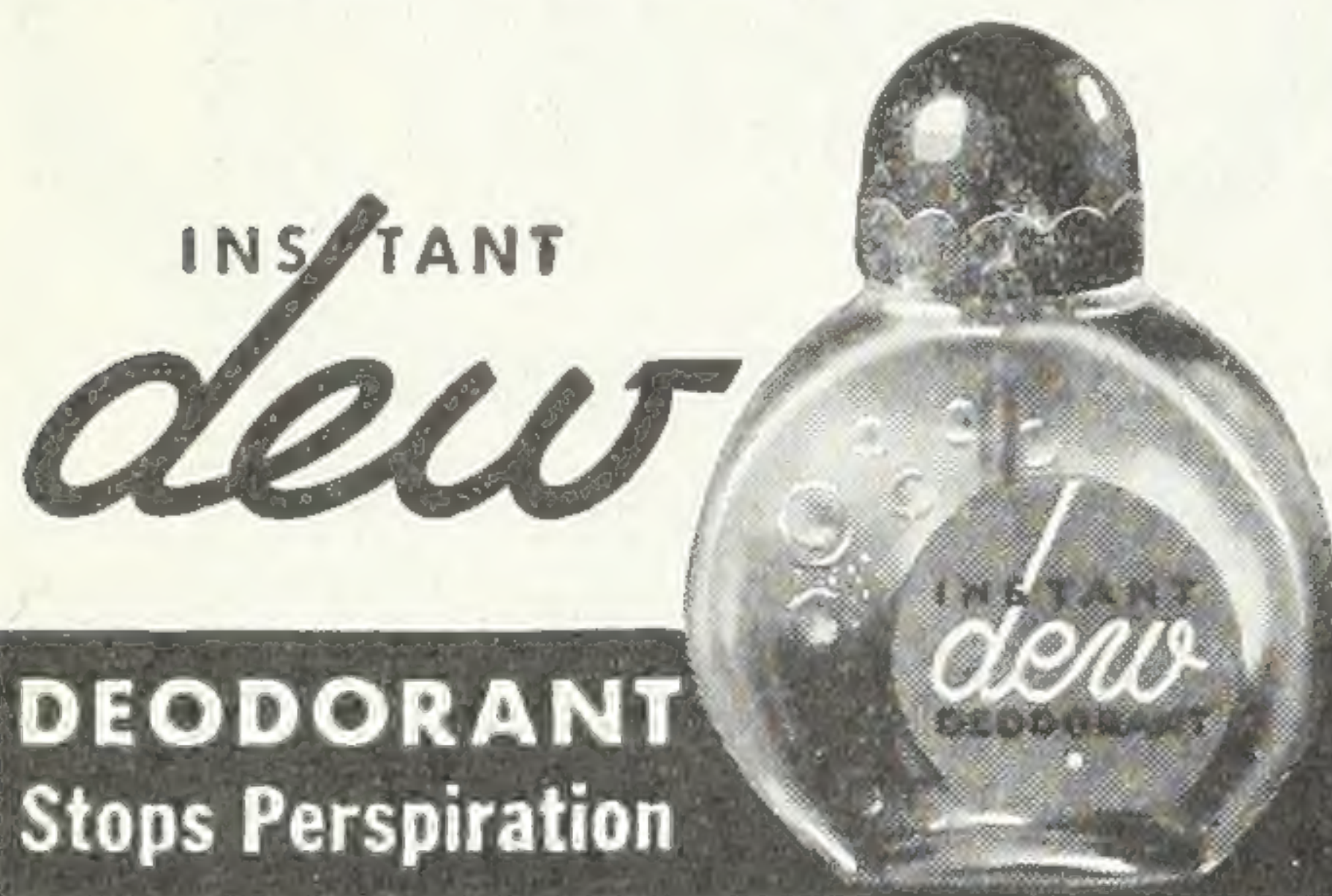


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Casts of Current Pictures

"BLOCKADE"—WALTER WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by John Howard Lawson. Directed by William Dieterle. The Cast: Norma, Madeleine Carroll; Marco, Henry Fonda; Luis, Leo Carrillo; Andre Gallinet, John Halliday; Basil, Norma's Father, Vladimir Sokoloff; General Vallejo, Robert Warwick; Eduard Grant, Reginald Denny; Magician, Peter Godfrey; Cabaret Girl, Katherine de Mille; Commandant, William Davidson; Pietro, Fred Kohler; Major del Rio, Carlos de Valdez; Beppo, Nick Thompson; Singer, George Houston; Palm Reader, Lupita Tovar.

"COCOANUT GROVE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Sy Bartlett and Olive Cooper. Directed by Alfred Santell. The Cast: Johnny Prentice, Fred MacMurray; Linda Rogers, Harriet Hilliard; Turk, Eli, Pete, Windy, The Yacht Club Boys; Joe De Lemma, Ben Blue; Bibb Tucker, Rufe Davis; Half Pint, Billy Lee; Sophie De Lemma, Eve Arden; Hula Harry, Harry Owens; Tony, George Walcott; Hazel De Vord, Dorothy Howe; "Dixie," Red Stanley and Harry Owens' Royal Hawaiian Orchestra.

"COLLEGE SWING"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Francis Martin. Based on an adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan of an idea by Ted Lesser. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The Cast: Mabel, Martha Raye; George Jonas, George Burns; Gracie Alden, Gracie Allen; Bud Brady, Bob Hope; Prof. Yascha Koloski, Jerry Colonna; Ben Volt, Ben Blue; Hubert Dash, Edward Everett Horton; Genna Ashburn, Florence George; Betty, Betty Grable; Jackie, Jackie Coogan; Slate Brothers, Themselves; Nell, Nell Kelly; Skinnay, Skinnay Ennis; Dr. Ashburn, Charles Trowbridge; Professor Jasper Chin, Jerry Bergen; Martin Bales, John Payne; June, June Ray; Dean Steel, Cecil Cunningham; Choir, St. Brendan's Choralists; Grandpa Alden, Tully Marshall; Dr. Nash, Irving Bacon.

"CRIME SCHOOL"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Crane Wilbur and Vincent Sherman. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The Cast: Mark Braden, Humphrey Bogart; Sue Warren, Gale Page; Frankie Warren, Billy Halop; Squirt, Bobby Jordan; Goofy, Huntz Hall; Spike, Leo Gorcey; Fats, Bernard Punsley; Bugs, Gabriel Dell; Red, Geo. Offerman, Jr.; Cooper, Weldon Heyburn; Morgan, Cy Kendall; Judge Clinton, Chas. Trowbridge; Joe Delaney, Milburn Stone; Guard, Harry Cording; Old Doctor, Spencer Charters; New Doctor, Donald Briggs; Commissioner, Frank Jaquet; Mrs. Burke, Helen MacKellar; Mr. Burke, Al Bridge; Mrs. Hawkins, Sibyl Harris; Nick Papadopol, Paul Porcasi; John Brower, Jack Mower; Junkie, Frank Otto; Officer Hogan, Ed Gargan; Schwartz, James B. Carson.

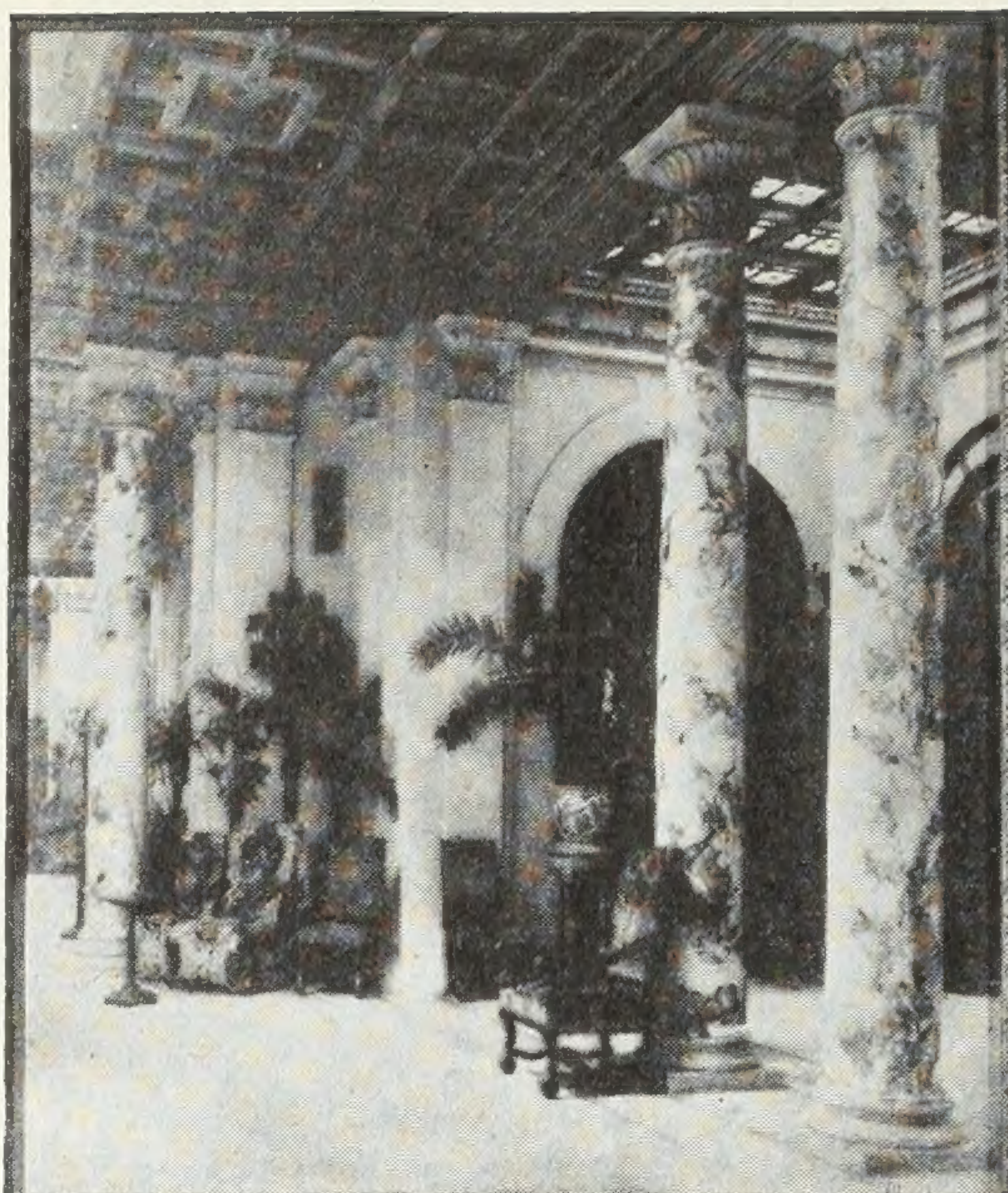
"DOCTOR RHYTHM"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Jo Swerling and Richard Connell. Based on "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon" by O. Henry. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The Cast: Dr. Bill Remsen, Bing Crosby; Judy Marlowe, Mary Carlisle; Mrs. Lorelei Dodge-Blodgett, Beatrice Lillie; Policeman Laurence O'Roon, Andy Devine; Al, the Zoo Keeper, Rufe Davis; Mrs. Minerva Twombly, Laura Hope Crews; Chris LeRoy, Fred Keating; Inspector Bryce, John Hamilton; Luke, the Ice Cream Man, Sterling Holloway; Otis Eaton (drunk), Henry Wadsworth; Mr. Slenchfield (Store Clerk), Franklin Pangborn; Mr. Martingale (Floor-walker), William Austin; Mr. Coldwater, Harold Minjir; Cazzatta, Gino Corrado; Sergeant Olson, Emory Parnell; Police Captain, Harry Stubbs; Lorelei's Butler, Frank Elliott; Chauffeur, Charles Moore; LeRoy's Henchman, Allen Mathews; Marvelous Marko, Alfonso Martel; Stage Manager, Desmond Gallagher; Nurse, Dolores Casey; Special Numbers, Louis Armstrong.

"FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Richard Sherman, Sonya Levien and Walter Ferris. From a book by David Garth. Directed by John Ford. The Cast: Lynn, Loreta Young; Geoff, Richard Greene; Wyatt, George Sanders; Chris, David Niven; Leigh, C. Aubrey Smith; Torres, J. Edward Bromberg; Rod, William Henry; General Sebastian, John Carradine; Furnoy, Alan Hale; Loveland, Reginald Denny; Cherrington, Berton Churchill; Mulcahy, Barry Fitzgerald; General Bryce, Claude King; Piper, Cecil Cunningham; Mullins, Frank Dawson; Drake, John Sutton; Ah-Nee, Lina Basquette; Defense Attorney, Frank Baker; Prosecuting Attorney, William Stack; Cherrington's Secretary, Harry Hayden; Cockney, Will Stanton; Judge, Winter Hall; Coroner, Lionel Pape; Jury Foreman, Brandon Hurst; Barristers, John Spacey and C. Montague Shaw.

"GO CHASE YOURSELF"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Paul Yawitz and Bert Granet. Original story by Walter O'Keefe. Directed by Edward F. Kline. The Cast: Wilbur Meely, Joe Penner; Carol Meely, Lucille Ball; Judith Daniels, June Travis; Nails, Richard Lane; Count Pierre, Fritz Feld; Ice-Box, Tom Kennedy; Halliday, Granville Bates; Frank, Bradley Page; Daniels, George Irving; Warden, Arthur Stone; Niles, Jack Carson; Police Chief, Frank M. Thomas.

"JOSETTE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by James Edward Grant. Based upon a play by Paul Frank and George Fraser from a story by Ladislaus Vada. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: David Brossard, Jr., Don Ameche; Renee Le Blanc, Simone Simon; Pierre Brossard, Robert Young; Barney Barnaby, Bert Lahr; May Morris, Joan Davis; A. Adolphus Heyman, Paul Hurst; David Brossard, Sr., William Collier, Sr.; Mlle. Josette, Tala Birell; Mrs. Dupree, Lynn Bari; Celeste Brossard, Jayne Regan; Bill, William Demarest; Belle, Ruth Gillette; Grandmere, Zeffie Tilbury; Thomas, Armand Kaliz; Le Blanc, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Toinette, Lillian Porter; Furrier, Maurice Cass; Doctor Lane, Harry Holman; Mose, Raymond Turner.

"KENTUCKY MOONSHINE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman. Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr. Additional dialogue and comedy songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden. Directed by David Butler. The Cast: Ritz Brothers, Them-



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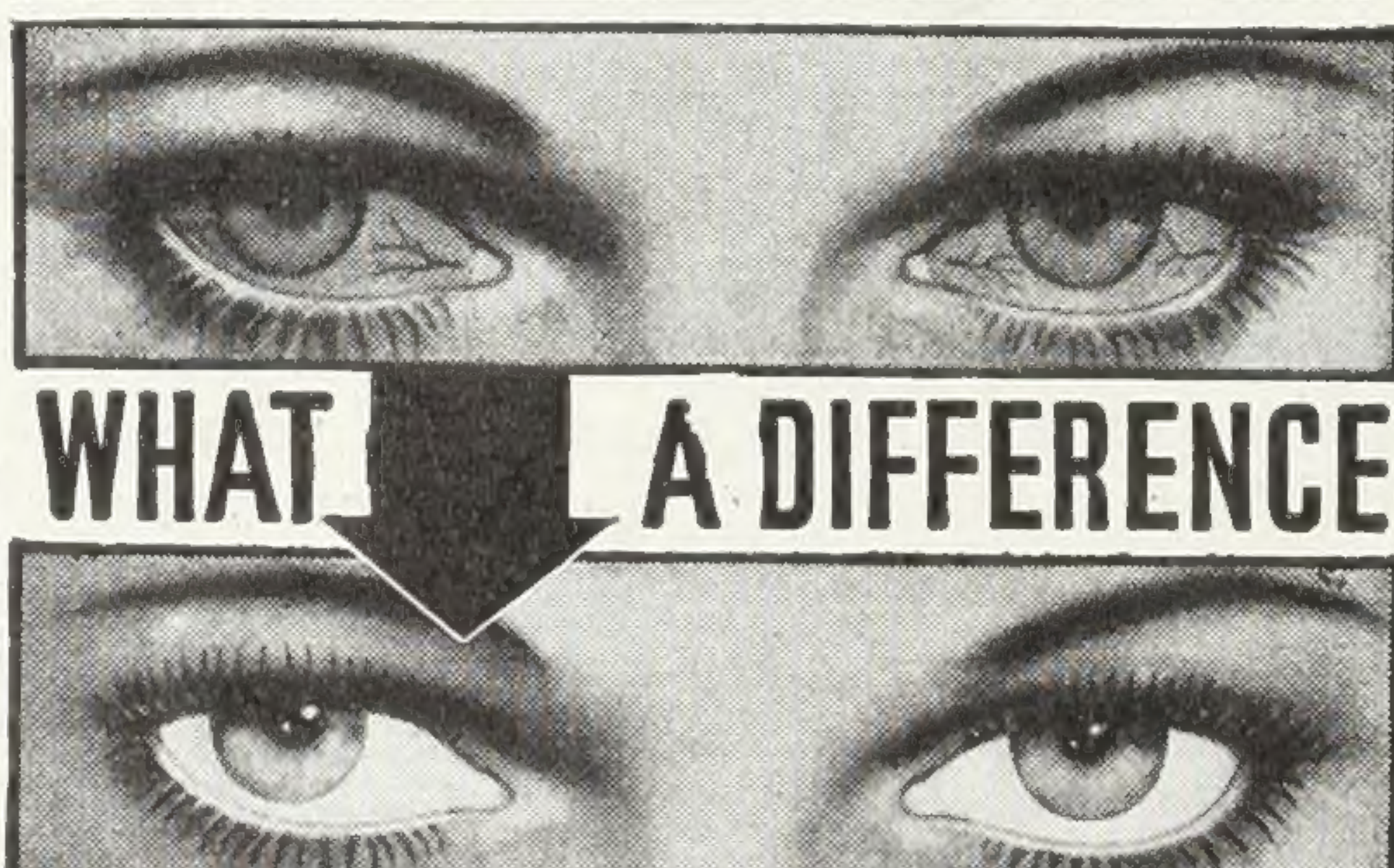
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Eddie Collins; Landlady, Cecil Cunningham;
Mortimer Hilton, Paul Stanton; "Sugar" Hatfield,
Mary Treen; Grandpa Hatfield, Francis Ford;
Specialty, Brian Sisters; Attorney, Clarence Hummel
Wilson; Lord Boffingwell, Claude Allister; Clem Hat-
field, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; Nurse, Jan Duggan;
Buckboard Driver, St. Jenks; Clerk, Joe Twerp;
Hotel Clerk, Irving Bacon.

"KIDNAPPED"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based
on the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Screen
play by Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest
Pascal and Edwin Blum. Directed by Alfred
Werker. The Cast: Alan Breck, Warner Baxter;
David Balfour, Freddie Bartholomew; Jean Mac-
Donald, Arleen Whelan; Duke of Argyle, C. Aubrey
Smith; Captain Hoseason, Reginald Owen; Gordon,
John Carradine; Neil MacDonald, Nigel Bruce;
Ebenzer Balfour, Miles Mander; James, Ralph
Forbes; Rankeiller, H. B. Warner; Riach, Arthur
Hohl; Minister MacDougall, E. E. Clive; Dominie
Campbell, Halliwell Hobbes; English Officer, Mon-
tagu Love; Ramsome, Donald Haines; Douglas,
Marion Olsen; Red Fox, Leonard Mudie; Mrs.
MacDonald, Mary Gordon; Innkeeper, Forrester
Harvey; Cook, Clyde Cook; Bailiff, Russell Hicks;
Bobby MacDonald, Billy Watson; Mrs. Campbell,
Eily Malyon; Captain Fraser, Kenneth Hunter;
Sergeant Ellis, Charles Irwin; Lieutenant Stone,
John Burton; Blacksmith, David Clyde; Judge,
Holmes Herbert; Doomster, Brandon Hurst; Cap-
tain, Vernon Steele; Scotch Statesman, C. Montague
Shaw; Warden, R. T. Noble.

"LITTLE MISS THOROUGHbred"—
WARNERS.—Screen play by Albert DeMond and
George Bricker. From the story by Albert De-
Mond. Directed by John Farrow. The Cast:
"Nails" Morgan, John Littel; Madge Perry, Ann
Sheridan; Todd Harrington, Frank McHugh; Mary
Ann, Janet Chapman; Colonel Whitcomb, Eric
Stanley; Officer O'Reilly, Robert Homans; Dutch
Fultz, Charles Wilson; Slug, John Ridgely; Sister
Margaret, Jean Benedict; Sister Patricia, Maureen
Rodin-Ryan; Mother Superior, Lottie Williams;
Interne, James Nolan; District Attorney, Cy Ken-
dall; Judge Stanhope, Paul Everton; Mrs. O'Reilly,
Dorothy Vaughn.

"NURSE FROM BROOKLYN"—UNIVERSAL.
—Screen play by Roy Chanslor from the story by
Steve Fisher. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. The
Cast: Elizabeth Thomas, Sally Eilers; Jim Barnes,
Paul Kelly; Larry Crane, Larry Blake; Danny
Thomas, Maurice Murphy; Inspector Donohue,
Morgan Conway; Detective Branch, David Oliver;
"Ma" Hutchins, Lucile Gleason.

"OVER THE WALL"—WARNERS.—From a
screen play by Crane Wilbur and George Bricker;
based on a story by Warden Lewis E. Lawes.
Directed by Frank McDonald. The Cast: Jerry
Davis, Dick Foran; Kay Norton, June Travis;
Father Neil Connor, John Littel; Ace Scanlan, Dick
Purcell; Maxine, Veda Ann Borg; Gyp, George E.
Stone; Eddie Edwards, Ward Bond; Warden, John
Hamilton; Governor, Jonathan Hale; Jimmy Davis,
Tommy Bupp; John Davis, Robert Homans; Mrs.
Davis, Mabel Hart; Convict, Raymond Hatton; Joe,
Alan Davis; Keeper, Eddie Chandler.

"RASCALS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original
screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan.
Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast:
Gypsy, Jane Withers; Margaret Adams, Rochelle
Hudson; Tony, Robert Wilcox; Gino, Borrah
Minevitch; Minevitch Gang, Themselves; Stella,
Steffi Duna; Mrs. Adams, Katharine Alexander;
Mr. Adams, Chester Clute; Baron Von Brun, Jose
Crespo; Dr. Carter, Paul Stanton; Dr. Garvey,
Frank Reicher; Buller, Edward Cooper; Nurses,
Kathleen Burke and Myra Marsh; Florist, Frank
Puglia; Police Lieutenant, Robert Gleckler; Dugan,
Edward Dunn; Judge, Howard Hickman.

"ROMANCE ON THE RUN"—REPUBLIC.—
Screen play by Jack Townley. Original story by
Eric Taylor. Directed by Gus Meins. The Cast:
Barry Drake, Donald Woods; Dale, Patricia Ellis;
Lily Lamont, Grace Bradley; Whitey, Edward
Brophy; Eckhart, William Demarest; Cooper, Craig
Reynolds; Ridgeway, Andrew Tombes; Happy
Drunk, Bert Roach; Pappy Hatfield, Leon Weaver;
Mondoon, Edwin Maxwell; Phelps, Granville Bates.

"SAINT IN NEW YORK, THE"—RKO-
RADIO.—Based on the novel of the same name by
Leslie Charteris. Screen play by Irwin Shaw and
Charles Kaufman. Directed by Ben Holmes. The
Cast: Simon Templar, Louis Hayward; Fay
Edwards, Fay Sutton; William Valcross, Frederick
Burton; Fernack, Jonathan Hale; Hutch Rellin, Sig
Rumann; Papinoff, Ben Welden; Henley, Thomas
Morgan; Jake Irboll, Lester Dorr; Red Jenks, Jack
Carson; Hymie, Paul Guilfoyle; Sebastian, Cliff
Bradgon; Phil, Paul Fix; Eddie Sodder, Jay Adler;
Bonacci, George Anderson.

"SINNERS IN PARADISE"—UNIVERSAL.—
Screen play by Harold Buckley, Louis Stevens and
Lester Cole. Original story by Harold Buckley.
Directed by James Whale. The Cast: Jim Taylor,
John Boles; Anne Wesson, Madge Evans; Robert
Malone, Bruce Cabot; Iris Compton, Marion
Martin; Senator Corey, Gene Lockhart; Mrs.
Sidney, Nana Bryant; Thelma Chase, Charlotte
Wynters; Ping, Willie Fung; Brand, Milburn
Stone; Honeyman, Morgan Conway; Jessup,
Donald Barry.

"TOY WIFE, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play
by Zoe Akins. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The
Cast: Gilberte Brigard (Frou Frou), Luise Rainer;
George Sartoris, Melvyn Douglas; Andre Vallaire,
Robert Young; Louise Brigard, Barbara O'Neil;
Victor Brigard, H. B. Warner; Madame Vallaire,
Alma Kruger; Suzanne, Libby Taylor; "Pick,"
Theresa Harris; Judge Rondell, Walter Kingsford;
Pompey, Clinton Rosemond; Brutus, Clarence
Muse; Gaston Vincent, Leonard Penn; Georgie, Alan
Perl.

"VIVACIOUS LADY"—RKO-RADIO.—Taken
from the short story by I. A. R. Wylie which ap-
peared in "Pictorial Review." Directed by George
Stevens. The Cast: Frances Brent, Ginger Rogers;
Peter Morgan, James Stewart; Keith Morgan, James
Ellison; Dr. Morgan, Charles Coburn; Mrs. Morgan,
Beulah Bondi; Helen, Frances Mercer; Jenny,
Phyllis Kennedy; Joseph, Alec Craig; Walter
Captain, Jack Carson; Hal Check Girl, Dorothy
Moore; Head Waiter, Maurice Black; Porter, Floyd
Shackelford; R. R. Conductor, Frank M. Thomas;
Husband, Spencer Charters; Wife, Maude Eburne;
Girl on Bus, Jane Eberling; Boy on Bus, Marvin
Jones; Italian, Bobby Barber; Men on Train, Ray
Mayer and George Chandler.

In This Splendid Book Sylvia of Hollywood Tells You

How To Reduce

Your Weight Fifteen Pounds or More a Month



Madame Sylvia Also Tells You How to Gain Weight and How the Movie Stars Keep Their Figures and Velvety Complexions

If you are overweight and wish to lose fifteen pounds of ugly fat during the next month—you can do it. Yes, it's as simple as that if you but follow the instructions of Madame Sylvia as given in her book *No More Alibis*.

Sylvia tells you how to lose those unnecessary pounds—and lose them safely. You won't have a drawn, flabby face. You won't feel half starved and you won't feel weak. In ten days you'll have new life and vitality. You will see the texture and tone of your skin improve. You will have an alert mind and your eyes will be clear and sparkling. And best of all you will see daily improvement in your figure.

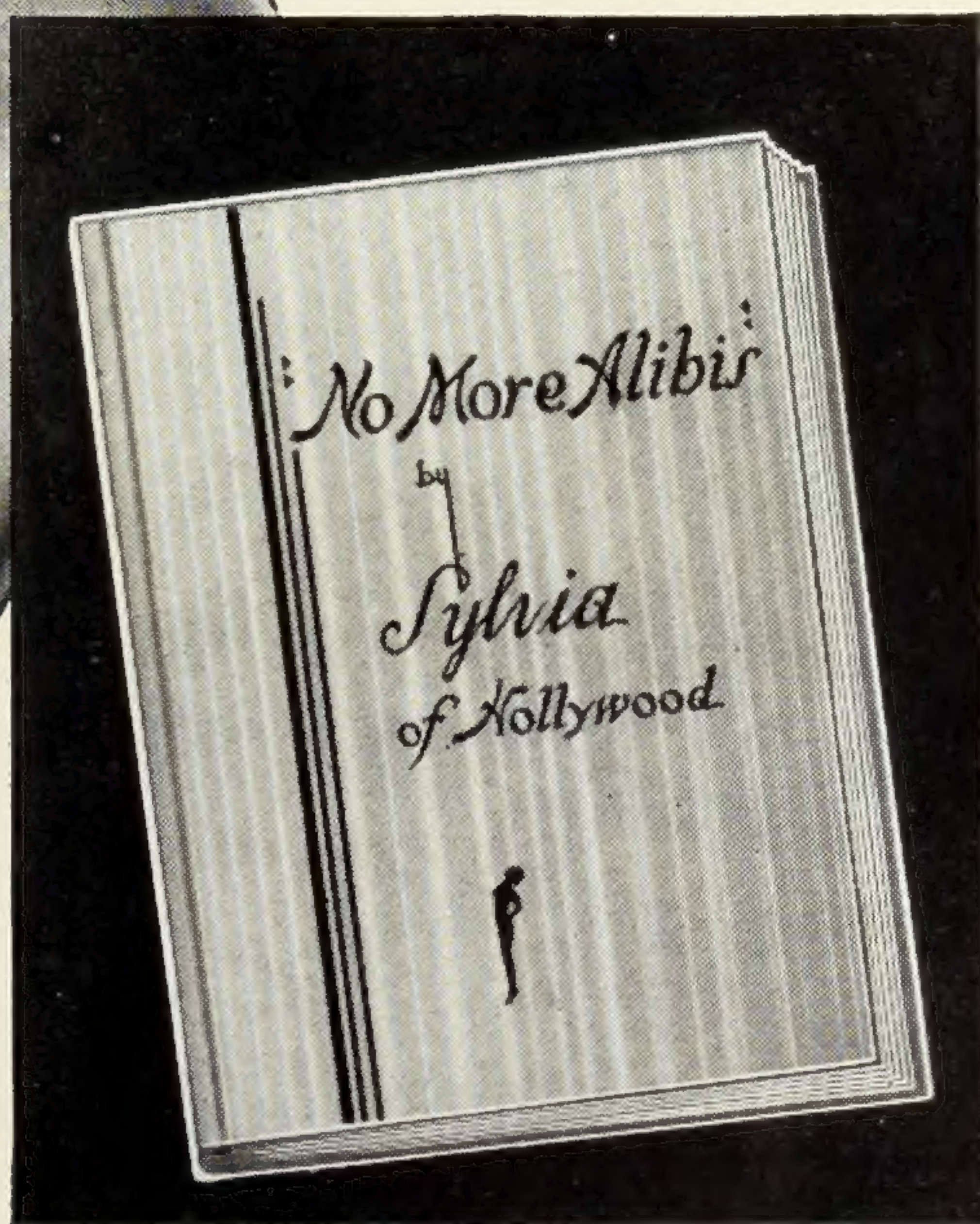
If you are skinny Sylvia's weight gaining regime adds flattering pounds at an amazingly fast rate. Just think what fifteen or more pounds could do for you. Wouldn't it make a tremendous difference if you have a flat chest and skinny legs? Of course it would.

As perhaps you know, Sylvia of Hollywood is the personal beauty adviser to the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In *No More Alibis* you will find *all* of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs and ankles. You will learn how to acquire a firm lovely face, beautiful hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets.

There is no other book like *No More Alibis*—for there could be none. In this one volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier! No matter how old you are, or how fat or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

And remember that this book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this book is only \$1.00. If unobtainable from your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—*today*



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